★Mar. 3, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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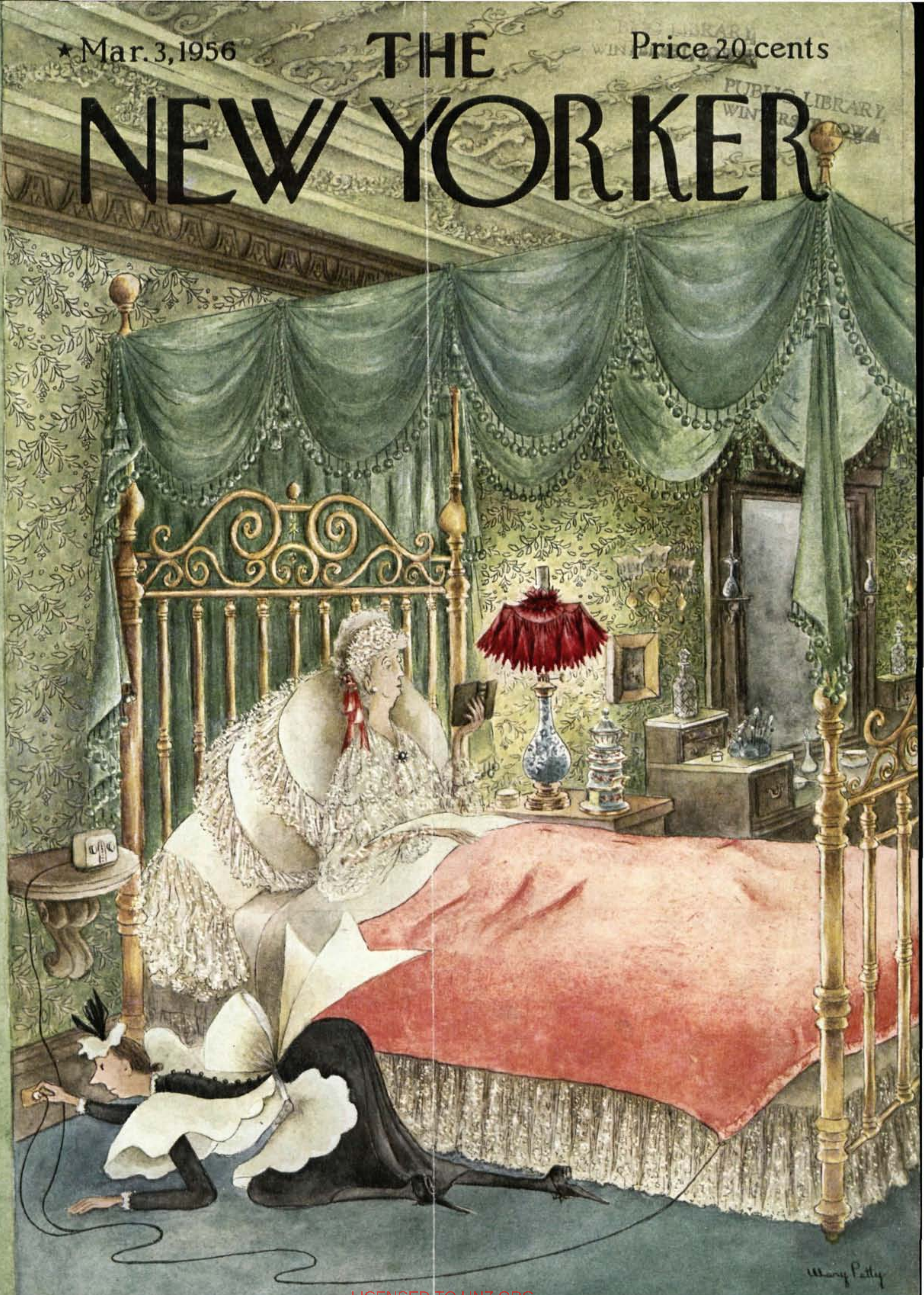

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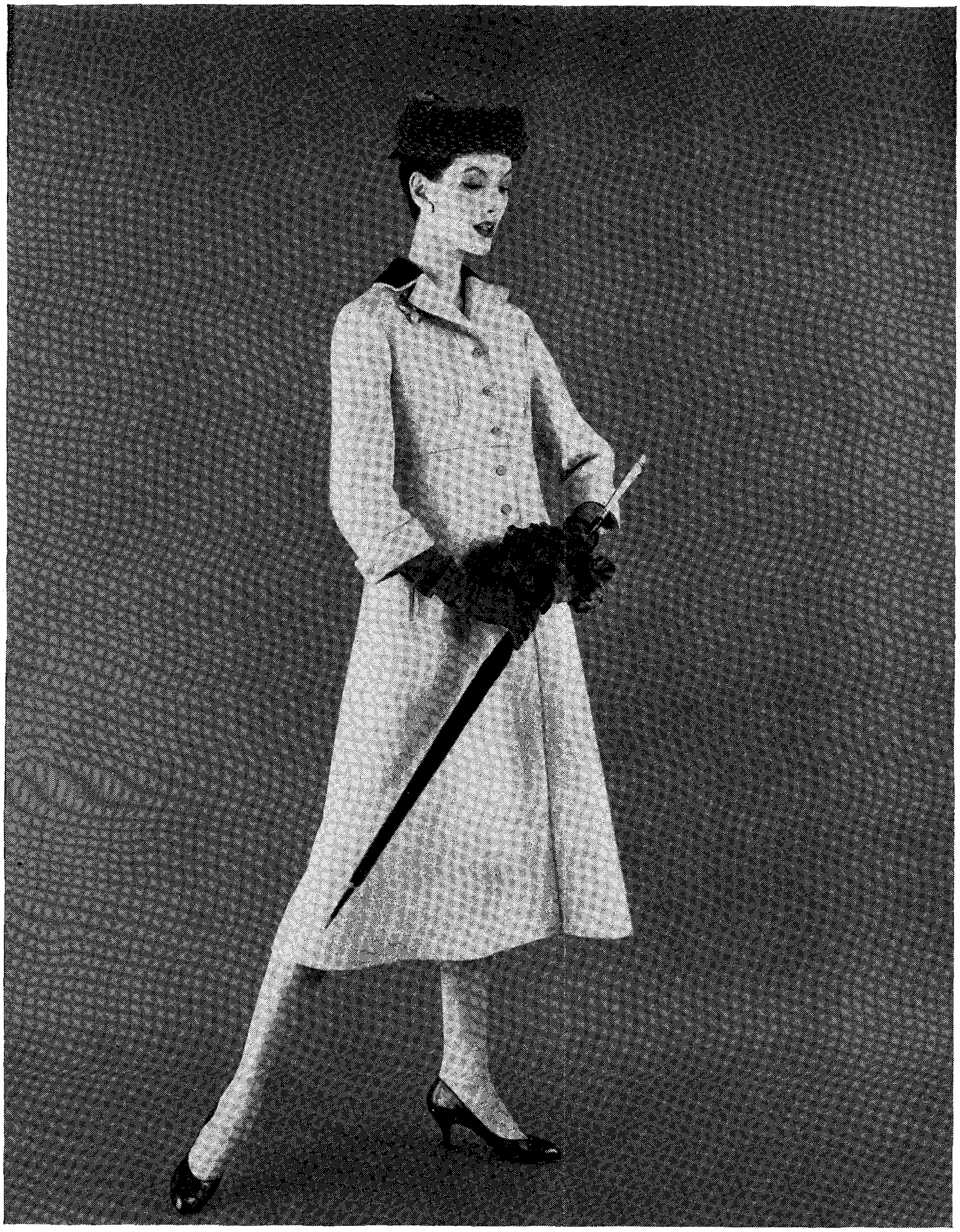

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Chalk Garden—A comedy of manners that has style, wit, and substance, and a cast that does beautifully by all three qualities. Gladys Cooper, Siobhan McKenna, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Percy Waram have the leading roles in Enid Bagnold's play, and the set and costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth is, as usual, magnificent in this comedy about automation or something, but the play really hasn't much else to recommend it. It employs, along with Miss Booth, Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—An extremely moving account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this memorable drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Susan Strasberg is remarkable as the young heroine, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as her father and mother, are superlative, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—This revival of Noel Coward's 1925 exercise in bibulous drawing-room foolishness becomes a very funny business when Nancy Walker cocks a snook at Coward's dialogue and reduces the affair to slapstick. She gets solid assistance from Margaret Phillips and Alice Pearce. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great Sebastians—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have turned out a comedy melodrama about modern Czechoslovakian politics that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne play for considerably more than it is worth. The cast includes Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are both laudable in this melodrama centering on a drug addict and his upstanding wife, the play itself, by Michael V. Gazzo, is not too expertly written. Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva are also in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Margaret Sullavan is certain to delight almost everybody in Carolyn Green's slight and fairly simple-minded comedy concerning adultery and its effect on the tax rate. Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin support her stoutly. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Julie Harris makes a wonderfully executive but still quite touching Joan of Arc in Lillian Hellman's trenchant adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play. Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are all praiseworthy in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson's fine acting does a lot to overcome the rather flat and stenographic quality of Paddy Chayefsky's play about a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker are in the supporting cast. Joshua Logan produced and directed. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force is one of the most hilarious low comedies you've ever seen. Andy Griffith is triumphant in his first New York appearance, and there are also exceptional performances by Myron McCormick, Roddy McDowall, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Joseph Fields' and Jerome Chodorov's adaptation of Eudora Welty's novel about the Deep South has only an intermittent resemblance to the original, but it is still often very funny. David Wayne is superb at the head of the cast that includes Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—Helen of Troy and all that in one of the really substantial plays of the season. Written by Jean Giraudoux and translated by Christopher Fry, it has in its cast the splendid likes of Michael Redgrave, Walter Fitzgerald, Diane Cilento, Leueen MacGrath, and Morris Carnovsky. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Limit!—This play about an American officer who goes over to the Chinese Communists for reasons of his own is a not entirely successful mixture of melodrama and political theory. Arthur Kennedy and Richard Kiley are expert in the leading roles, however. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

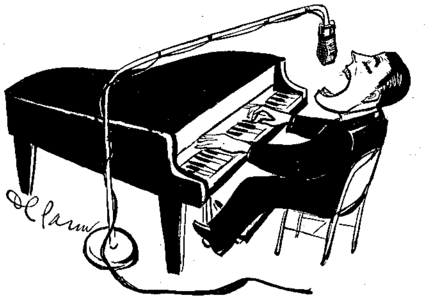
Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde, is alternately quite funny and very foolish. The accomplished cast includes Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BUS STOP:** A group of troubled travellers are snowbound in a roadside diner in this play by William Inge. Now with Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Elaine Stritch, and Albert Salmi. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** Tennessee Williams' play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives have the leading roles in a cast directed by Elia Kazan. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni, as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley, as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. At present, Eli Wallach and Gene Blakeley are representatives of the warring cultures. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 24.)... **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** Agatha Christie's exercise in mystery melodrama. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 4.)

MUSICALS

Pipe Dream—This Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, based on John Steinbeck's novel "Sweet Thursday," has its stirring moments, but altogether it will probably prove something of a disappointment to admirers of this famous pair. Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler are the highly engaging stars. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. With Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson are among the principal garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 79
BOOKS 102
THE CURRENT CINEMA 63
LETTER FROM NEW DELHI 81
MUSICAL EVENTS 100
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 72
THE RACE TRACK 64
TABLES FOR TWO 98
THE THEATRE 59

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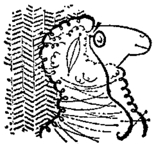

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAIN AND FANCY:** Spirited doings among the Amish folk of Pennsylvania. In the cast are Barbara Cook, David Daniels, and Evelyn Page. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 3.)... **SILK STOCKINGS:** A musical version of "Ninotchka," for which Cole Porter wrote the songs. Hildegarde Neff and Lawrence Brooks now head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY—Three one-act operas: "Opera, Opera," by Martin Kalmanoff, with libretto by William Saroyan; "The Pot of Fat," by Theodore Chanler, with libretto by Hester Pickman; and "Apollo and Persephone," with score and libretto by Gerald Cockshott. (After Dinner Opera Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, March 4. For tickets, call RH 4-9567, from 6 to 9.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Friday through Sunday, March 2-4: "Faust."...¶ Starting Friday, March 9: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—A double bill made up of Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and María Martínez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. José Quintero is the director, and Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—James Daly, Ruth Ford, and Viveca Lindfors in August Strindberg's play "Miss Julie," adapted and directed by George Tabori. Miss Ford and Miss Lindfors also appear in a companion piece—Strindberg's "The Stronger." (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PRESIDENT THEATRE—"Third Person," a play by Andrew Rosenthal, with Louise Allbritton at the head of the cast. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 10.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—Henrik Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and staged by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Romeo and Juliet," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 1: "Roma," "Allegro Brillante" (première), "Souvenirs," and "Fanfare."...¶ Friday evening, March 2: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper."...¶ Saturday matinée, March 3: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday evening, March 3: "Roma," "The Cage," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Sunday matinée, March 4: "Swan Lake," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper." ...¶ Sunday evening, March 4: "Roma," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Fanfare."...¶ Tuesday evening, March 6: "Serenade," "The Concert" (première), "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Western Symphony." ...¶ Wednesday evening, March 7: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."...¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Jeux d'Enfants," "The Concert," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Souvenirs," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Jeux d'Enfants," "Scotch Symphony," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 25.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS—Friday, March 2: Alexandra Danilova, Roman Jasinsky, Moscelyne Larkin, and Michael Maule in a program called "Great Moments of Ballet."... ¶ Wednesday, March 7: Sundari Shridharani presenting dances of India....¶ Saturday, March 10: Pearl Lang and her dance company, with Glenn Tetley. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Chauncey Gray's veteran varsity opens up in the Embassy Club, one of our most elaborate town houses, at ten, along with a rumba band; the music before then is strictly for dining, not dancing. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—At four, when James Kirk starts unstringing his harp, the Palm Court becomes a sanctuary for commuters and their shopping bags, and for junior misses and their dates. Mr. K. is there every day but Sunday, and Mondays through Fridays he's also audible from seven to nine in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Lucille and Eddie Roberts are reading minds (no tea leaves, just telepathy) and Gloria De Haven (chaperoned by De Haven *père*, an ancient and honorable vaudevillian) is doing the singing. All hands appear at dinner and supper. There's also first-rate party music by Stanley Melba's band and a trio. Sundays, there's only a dinner show; Mondays, the room is a closed shop....¶ Stanley Worth's quartet or a reasonable facsimile makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and male chorus, and Mark Monte's musicians, all of them standbys here, are having themselves quite a fiesta. Lillian Roth, author of the nation's best-selling temperance tract, is a much merrier girl onstage, especially when she reprises the hedonist ditties of her musical-comedy days. She signs off Wednesday, March 7; next evening, Edith Adams, whose musical-comedy days were much more recent and more sentimental, will begin her song recital. Closed Sundays....¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Cristof Kayloff's orchestras after eight-thirty....¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra hums away at teatime every afternoon in the handsome Palm Court. No dancing....¶ In the lofty Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group brightens one corner at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—One little, two little, three little Lombardos, and several big ones, pipe sweetly on the bandstand of the huge Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a reasonable likeness of heaven on earth, is enlivened all evening by the tinkling of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small bands. After the theatre, Lanny Ross, the air-wave veteran, does a half hour or so of song. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, in which Louis Bellson and Charlie Shavers are the most important enlisted men, sounds as hale and hearty as ever, but the ground rules of the Café Rouge allow the boys to exercise for only brief interludes. Closed Sundays.

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mercial, and malapropism. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—An acceptable variation on an old Versailles theme—boys meet girls onstage. The most neatly turned witticisms in the baby revue belong to Larry Daniels, a newcomer; the most neatly turned ankles belong to Neile Adams, another newcomer, whose singing and dancing are also commendable. They all perform at dinner and supper; Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Benny Goodman, whose recipe for clarinet marmalade has won him countless awards, is supervising (and occasionally participating in) the activities of his versatile followers, among them Urbie Green, Hank Jones, Mousie Alexander, Budd Johnson, Jimmy Maxwell, and Mel Davis. Their strength is of the strength of ten, and Mitzie Cottle's voice, when it joins in, is full and clear, too. The band is picnicking in the Empire Room, where it turns out both dance and listening music. Nat Brandwynne's more velvety dance tunes are also available. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight, in a clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's Mittel-europa band and Joe Harnell's trio until one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra, which performs from eight to twelve, is the whole deal.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): *Toujours la politesse* is the motivation of Cy Walter's piano, but it's *politesse* with a zing. He's in the bar for cocktails and dinner, and again after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The only change in this recently reopened oasis is the disappearance of the sunken living room. The candy-stripe décor, the bland piano of Kurt Maier, and the Fancy Dan clientele all seem refreshed by their long holiday. Mr. Maier is on point duty from eight to ten, and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the executive-suite genre, except when Renato Rossini applies himself and his guitar to smoldering Iberian music. He's on from nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Addicts of Goldie Hawkins' previous playpens should feel very much at home in his latest one. The salient features are a long bar, checked tablecloths, local firemen visiting one table after another, the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner, and the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders. The music starts at six every night of the week.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): This tiny diners' club becomes, at midnight, a runway for top-grade understudies from current musicals. As of the moment, Janet Pavek and Kevin Scott, both of "Fanny," are singing; as of Tuesday, March 6, Betty Carr and Ralph Lowe, of "Damn Yankees," will start performing. Ralph Strain and Carl Norman, both of whom understand the principles and purposes of mood music, take turns at the piano from seven o'clock on. The first is off Sundays; the second is off Mondays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasoning for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays.... **LE VOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): The stilly night is interrupted only by the venerable violin of the circumambulatory William Adler, who has walked the floor for many a dinner party in his time. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The locale is Hungary, the state of mind is one-big-happy-family. It is, in addition, a preserve for the nearly extinct zimbalon, two examples of which are often operated in tandem. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the pantry making fudge in this meeting place of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with whoever is at the Steinway.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier and her West Indian steel band offer a side of Caribbean life that cruise passengers rarely encounter. The words and the rhythms are not to be found in Webster's Collegiate. The rest of the cast comprises Jill Corey, a sprightly blend of wildflower and oriole; Jorie Remes, a *diseuse* so broody that she probably wouldn't even take yes for an answer; and Joey Carter, a fairly facile young wit. The proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements.... ¶ Alex Fogarty does quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge, except Saturdays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who has translated Shakespeare into sheer James Joyce, is presenting the results in his one-man repertory theatre. Nino, Continental to the teeth, is adroit enough to make the old trick of drawing caricatures of customers seem a funny idea; the Jackson sisters are in a jump-tune mood. The unique Norman Paris trio serves as a backfield. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Igor & H., two youngsters whose conversation pieces are apt to make most people's small talk seem very dull, are at large here. So are Ada Moore, a troupial with a sly-puss sense of humor and a down-with-love point of view, and Lynn Taylor, whose cantatas have a love-conquers-all twist. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Two recent arrivals are breaking this room up into even smaller pieces—Kaye Ballard, a hellion on wheels, offering observations on the *comédie humaine* that are pretty frightening but likewise pretty funny, and Sylvia Syms, whose songs beckon the latent lotus-eater in us all, and sometimes the latent laughter. Phil Leeds, a more diffident newcomer, is also quite comic. The resident company includes Tiger Haines, the manic court jester; the Three Flames, those manic musicians; Jimmie Daniels, a worldly balladeer; Bruce Kirby, utility comic; and Hazel Webster, the Village's pet pianist. Closed Mondays.... **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Mel Tormé, a wandering minstrel boy, has just begun one of his infrequent sojourns in town. He sings those tongue-twisting Tormé arpeggios after ten every night but Sunday. Corky Hale, a harpist, is also taking a bow as his right-hand girl.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer's kingdom of her own. The *spécialités du royaume* are knowledgeable piano (Sam Hamilton and Bob Printz) from the cocktail hour on and, after the theatre, Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of ballads that have extrasensory perception. Sundays are her holidays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): San Francisco night life at its harmonious best; i.e., Lovey Powell's songs, which are sadder and wiser by far than most; Brooks Morton's well-turned piano phrases; and Hal Holbrook's reincarnation of Mark Twain. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, Fay DeWitt is trying to bring her big-room comedy down to the confines of this little Village green; Stan Grover, the incumbent tenor, is in excellent voice. Sundays, there are ancient movies instead of Miss DeWitt, and Mondays, there are amateur nights instead of Mr. Grover.... **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): Bobby Short, who has sung his light, fantastic songs in supper clubs from his native Hollywood to Helsinki, has finally got around to New York, and high time, too. His upbeat piano is a tremendous help; the pillars across the room are not, so a table down front is almost a necessity. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, a well-remembered *conférencier*, is now operating one of the smallest off-Broadway revues on record (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, Jerry Matthews, all of whom have been on or near Broadway before) in one of the smallest cellars on record. The rumble starts at ten-thirty, and keeps on going, Mondays excepted.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. Ted Roy is the solo pianist. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' quartet starts chortling right after dinner; there's also the trio topped by Dorothy Donegan, whose triphammer piano may have been the downfall of the walls of Jericho. The extracurricular byplay of these performers is not up to their music. Sundays, the floor is held by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Weekend seminars on the American contribution to present-day music. Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, Don Elliott's abstruse but cheerful quartet, the intricate Kai Winding-J. J. Johnson quintet, and the split personality Don Shirley duo (is it Gounod or Gershwin?) will be on the guest list; Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, Calvin Jackson's quartet will be one part of the scheme.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIM-**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Keg Purnell, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Billy Taylor's pianoforte variations on the music of tomorrow tumble head over heels from a fertile mind; Eddie Heywood's piano is sturdy, solid, and much more set in its ways. The trios pertaining to these two gentlemen are all that they should be. This music starts around ten; the Heywoods are off duty Sunday, the Taylors Monday. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* is the Steinway modernist from six to ten in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he's on all night, and Saturdays, when he is absent. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Count Basie has a message for all the inhabitants of this small, tucked-away world, and his bandsmen do not deliver it in hushed tones. The only man who can outshout them is Joe Williams, a new blues singer in a fine old tradition. For very full measure, Lester Young's quintet is also included. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in bed. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Ralph Sutton, twenty of the busiest and dizziest fingers that ever touched a keyboard, is collaborating inside the oval bar with Vic Dickenson and Buzzy Drootin on a perfectly splendid jag. They set to at ten; Frannie Thorne, who has put Yale behind him and is concentrating on the piano, reports at nine. Monday is their sabbath. On Tuesday, March 6, the Sutton group will be replaced by the trio of Jutta Hipp, whose schoolgirl complexion and hairdo, to say nothing of her progressive piano, may have as big an impact here as they have had in the hot clubs of her native West Germany. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A perilous night at sea, midway between Scylla and Charybdis. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, and at 7 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Splinter groups anxious to get their side of today's music before the public. Enrique Villegas' trio and Eddie Bert's quintet will beat a no-doubt-complex retreat on Thursday, March 1. Next evening, Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets will open a one-week stand. Friday, March 9, Art Blakey, the Jazz Messengers, and Jimmy Smith's trio will take over. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Saturday, March 3, the grill will be brought far above room temperature by such early settlers as Billy Butterfield, Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Joe Marsala, Hank D'Amico, Zutty Singleton, Jo Jones, Herman Chittison, Hank Duncan, and Jimmy Rushing. Curtain at eight-thirty. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The forecast for Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, is winds of gale force (mostly from the Southland), among them Buck Clayton, J. C. Higginbotham, Panama Francis, Eddie Barefield, Tony Parenti, Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, and Don Kirkpatrick.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLI BAUMEISTER—A memorial exhibition of paintings by a leader of modern art in Germany who died last September; through Saturday, March 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—A dozen new oils, in a spirited and colorful showing; through Saturday, March 10. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

GEORGE BIDDLE AND HELENE SARDEAU—Water colors, drawings, lithographs, ceramics, and oils by Mr. Biddle, together with sculptures by Miss Sardeau, his wife; through Saturday, March 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROBERT BRADY—Gently atmospheric paintings of the Canary Islands and their people, in a first solo New York showing; through Saturday, March 3. (Sagittarius, 46 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6:30.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A review of his most recent works—not only mobiles and stabiles but oil paintings, gouaches, and ink drawings as well; through Saturday, March 10. (Perls, *1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)*

SYLVIA CAREWE—City scenes and other subjects, including a group of portraits, many of them done with a charming mingling of fantasy and humor; through Saturday, March 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

ADOLF DEHN—Along with his familiar landscapes and satirical pieces, there are a number of studies of the Mayan natives of Yucatán; through Saturday, March 10. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE—The initial showing as a group of twenty oils and two pastels (the earliest dated 1910 and the latest 1944), which have just been discovered by the Dove estate; through March 24. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils and ink collages produced in 1955 by this painter of the modern Paris school; through March 17. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—An exhibition arranged before his death in January and comprising thirty-three oils and water colors; through Saturday, March 3. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Large, loosely textured abstractions by a Paris-trained American, in his first one-man exhibition in this country; through Saturday, March 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Cape Cod and New York are depicted in oils and gouaches turned out between 1953 and 1956; through Saturday, March 10. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

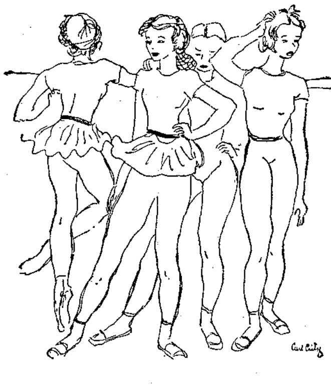
JOSEPH GLASCO—New paintings, sculptures, and drawings, all done in his odd "bloated" style, yet frequently filled with momentousness; through Saturday, March 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Recent abstractions, handsome in color, if a little tenuous in design; through Saturday, March 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KIENBUSCH—Sober, thoughtful abstractions in casein, principally of New England coastal subjects; through Saturday, March 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BENJAMIN KOPMAN—Solid, bulkily formed, and honestly painted Expressionist oils; through Saturday, March 10. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

MANLIO—The first American showing of oils, semiabstract in style and very glowing in color, by a contemporary Italian artist; through Saturday, March 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)



LOUISE NEVELSON—Dark, sombrely impressive sculptures in wood, truly primitive in both style and feeling; through Thursday, March 8. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES OSCAR—His first local one-man show consists of casein and ink paintings, some of which were done in Italy and the rest in New York since his return; through March 24. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Recent oils, as colorful as ever but much more abstract in approach, in his first exhibition in close to four years; through Saturday, March 10. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GEORGE SÉGAL—Still-lifes and figure studies, somewhat reminiscent of Matisse in their easy looseness of design; through Saturday, March 10. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

HEDDA STERNE—Adroitly simplified, very rhythmically organized abstractions, often suggesting modern industrial motifs; through March 24. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—A new series of his delicately handled gouaches, primarily concerned with India and points east; through Saturday, March 10. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

POLYGNOTOS VAGIS—Figures, animals, and other stone compositions by this Greek-born sculptor, who for many years has lived in America; starting Friday, March 2. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-first annual exhibition, containing two hundred and twenty-eight oils and sculptures, submitted by both members and non-members; through March 18. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS—The seventh annual exhibition of American paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by candidates (all non-members) for Institute Grants in Art; the twenty-nine participants include Carlyle Brown, Dong Kingman, and David Smith. Starts Saturday, March 3. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

COLLAGES—Eighty-five items, representing artists from seven countries, form a survey extending from the first collages by Picasso, Schwitters, and other early modern Masters to examples by such younger men as Motherwell and Marca-Relli; through March 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

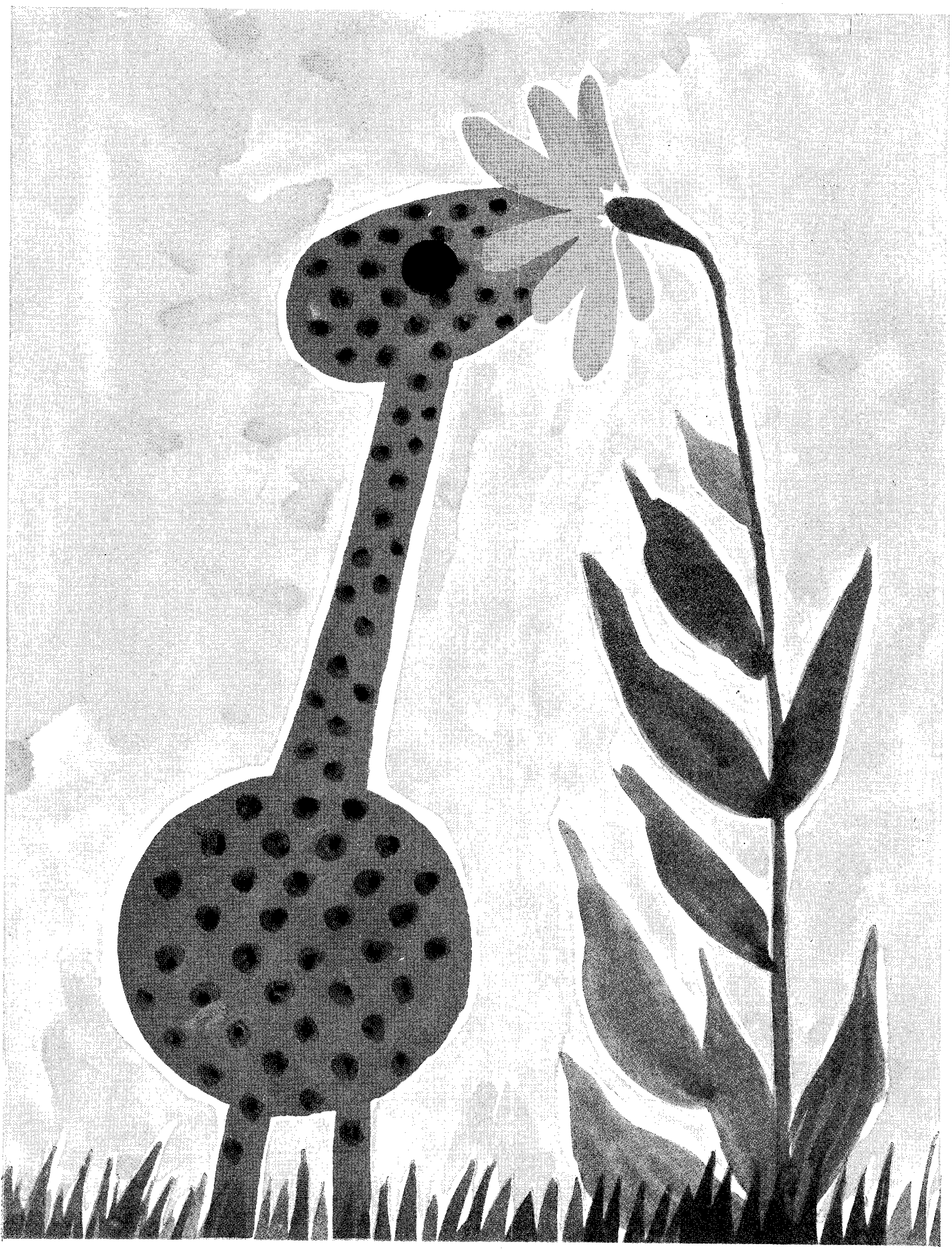
DRAWINGS—Works by old and modern Masters, ranging from Tintoretto and Callot to Matisse and Modigliani; through March 31. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils by such living artists as Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Leon Kroll; through March 17. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—A painting or sculpture apiece by forty artists, among them Chagall, Chaim Gross, and Sigmund Menkes; through April 30. (Art Center of the Congress for Jewish Culture, 25 E. 78th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **GALERIE HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Seven painters, including Buffet, Lorjou, and Dragomir; through Saturday, March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until midnight.) . . . **GALLERY 75,** 30 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Antoni Clavé, Jean Vinay, Claude Schurr, and others of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, March 3. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BORGENICHT,** 61 E. 57th St.: Edward Corbett; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: John Hultberg; starting Tuesday, March 6. . . . **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Franz Kline; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Diane Esmond; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Andrée Ruellan; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **ROKO,** 925 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Ruth Abrams; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Angelo Ippolito; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, March 5. . . . **WILLARD,** 23 W. 56th St.: David Smith; starting Tuesday, March 6.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by five major American artists who have died within recent years—Lyonel Feininger, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt—taken from the Museum's collection and on loan from several sources, including the artists' estates; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish sculptor known for his pioneering work in brazed and welded metal; through April 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, illustrated books, and other examples of work done during the past four years by advance students in graphic arts at Yale University; starting Tuesday, March 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection VI," composed of paintings and sculptures by Cézanne, Seurat, Bonnard, and others, mostly from the Museum's permanent collection; through April 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: An exhibition covering fifty years and including oils (a number of them dated this year and last, on view for the first time), gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; starting Friday, March 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

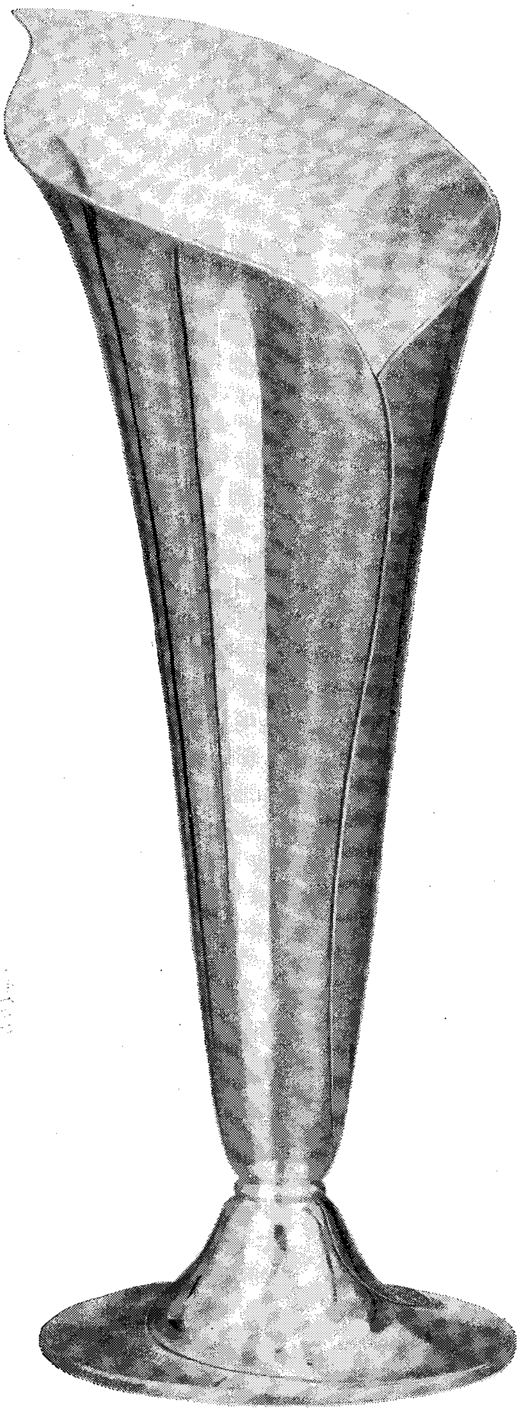
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of a hundred and one oils, temperas, water colors, and drawings by Morris Graves, many of them never shown before in New York; through April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 1, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, Dolores Wilson, Margaret Roggero, Cesare Siepi, and George London. . . . ¶ Friday, March 2, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, and Robert McFerrin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 3, at 8: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Cesare Siepi, Charles Kullman, Giulio Gari, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Monday, March 5, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Jean Madeira, Gino Penno, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 6, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, Theodor Uppman, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Dolores Wilson, Eugene Conley, Ettore Bastianini, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Campora, George London, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Risë Stevens, Roberta Peters, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Mildred Miller, George London, and Giulio Gari. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: Act II of "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren. "Soirée," a ballet, with Mary Ellen Moylan and Oleg Briansky. A group of arias sung by Lucine Amara, Hilde Gueden, Jussi Bjoerling, Gino Penno, Rich-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ard Tucker, and Ettore Bastianini. Act II of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting the opening concerts in a two-week Mozart festival on Thursday, March 1, at 8:45, and Friday, March 2, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano).... ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program on Saturday, March 3, at 8:45 (no soloists).... ¶ Bruno Walter conducting another concert in the Mozart festival on Sunday, March 4, at 2:30 (with Myra Hess, piano).... ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting a Mendelssohn-Beethoven program on Tuesday, March 6, at 8:45, for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund (with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).... ¶ Bruno Walter directing the final concerts in the Mozart festival on Thursday, March 8, at 8:45; Friday, March 9, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 11, at 2:30 (all with Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; William Warfield, bass; and the Westminster Choir).

Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg—Ernst Maerzendorfer conducting, with Emmy Loose, soprano, and Ralph Herbert, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Leonard Bernstein directing an all-Stravinsky program, with Jesús Maria Sanromá, piano; Conchita Gaston, mezzo-soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; George Gaines, baritone; Lee Cass, bass-baritone; Alistair Cooke, narrator; and a male chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8:45.)

Gershwin Concert—Paul Whiteman conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with soloists. A benefit for the Gershwin Memorial Foundation of B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Paulist Choristers—Father Foley directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

New York Concert Choir and Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing Mozart's Grand Mass in C Minor and Bruckner's "Te Deum," with Hilde Gueden, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Robert Falk, bass-baritone; and Harry Jacoby, tenor. The third in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Monday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, March 1, at 8:30. Unfortunately, all seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Nadyne Brewer—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Town Hall. A performance primarily for children on Saturday, March 3, at 2:30, and a regular program on Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Eleanor Steber—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—Herman Neuman conducting, with Valarie Lamoree, soprano. The fifth in a series of six programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-56—The fifth in a series of eight concerts (each followed by a discussion period, presided over by one or more composers) will involve Max Pollikoff, violin; Douglas Nordli and Josef Raieff, pianos; the York String Quartet; Tom Scott, folk singer and composer; and Louis Calabro and Roger Goeb, composers. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 4, at 5:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Contralto, in a recital postponed from Sunday, Feb. 12. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Claremont String Quartet—With John Barrows and Joseph Singer, French horns. The second in a series of three programs. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Monday, March 5, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 6, at 8:30.)

James Friskin—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Will Holt—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Aaron Copland, playing his piano sextet, and with Leonid Hambro, piano. The last in a series of three programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 10, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 2: Carmelo Costa vs. Baby Vasquez, lightweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 9: Ludwig Lightburn vs. L. C. Morgan, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 7, at 8: Golden Gloves Eastern Championships, semifinals and finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 4, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, March 3: Final match of the Sherman Memorial Tournament and a semifinal match of the Al Parsells Memorial Tournament. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10: Final match of the Al Parsells Memorial Tournament and the opening round of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, March 8, through Tuesday, April 17.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 3, at 7:30.)

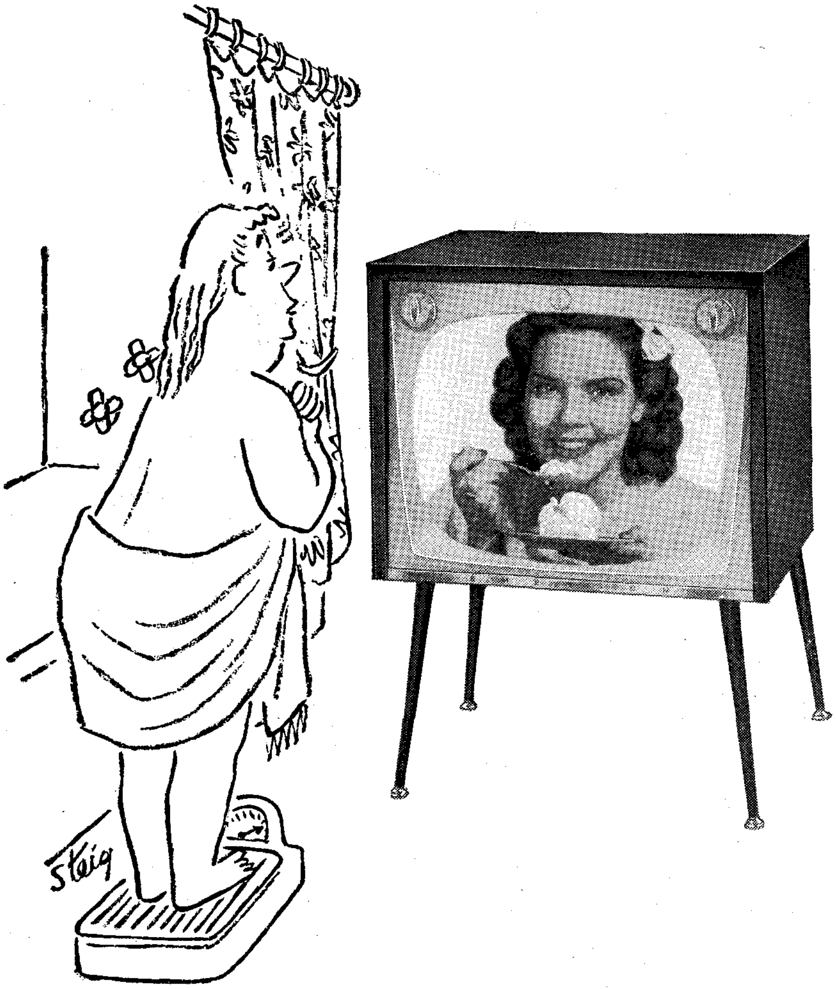
FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, illustrator; John Langstaff, baritone; and Max Leavitt, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 3, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting the last in a series of three children's concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 3, at 3.) . . . **philharmonic-symphony:** Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with William Warfield, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 10, at 11.)

Play—The Y Playhouse Company presenting "Greensleeves." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 4, at 3.)

Ballad Singers—Marais and Miranda, in a performance primarily for children. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 3, at 2:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1955 and previews astronomical events for 1956. Starting Tuesday, March 6, there will be a new program called "Our Spinning World." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30,



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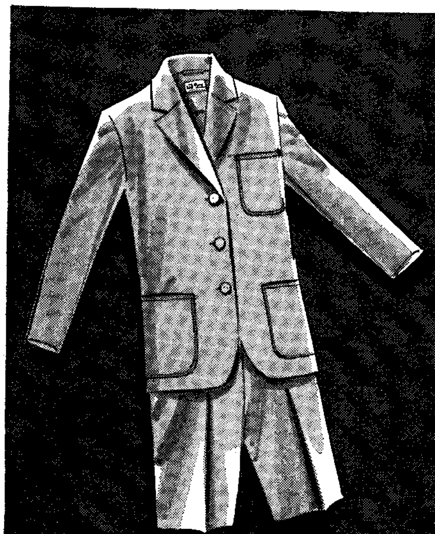

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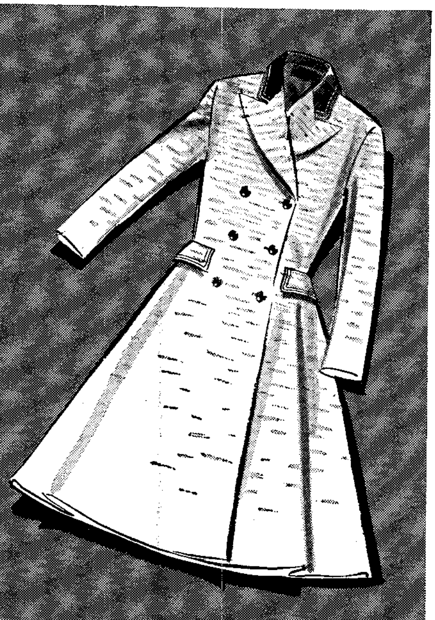

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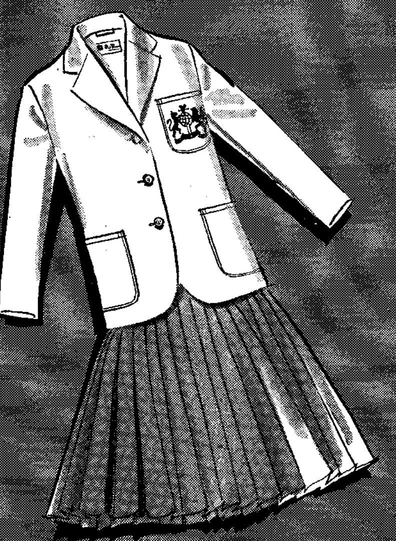

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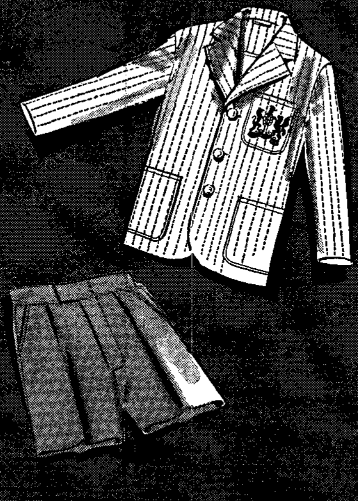

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Miscellany—"The Exploding Mandarin," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician, a clown, and trained animals. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 10, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Readings—John Malcolm Brinnin and Richard Wilbur reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, March 7, at 8:40.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits will be the first telephone, the second (or maybe the third or fourth) firearm, some pre-Columbian art treasures, some Colonial tools, and a large collection of Benjamin Franklin memorabilia. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Saturday, March 5-10, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 11, from 1 to 7.

The Empire State—A display of made-in-New York products, pointing up the state's economic, commercial, and industrial history. Included are an antediluvian Kodak, ageless but far from noiseless Remington typewriters, detached collars, a 1932 jukebox, and Lord knows what else. Through April 30. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 2-3, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations; Georgian and Early American silver; Sèvres, Dresden, and other porcelains; Siamese bronze heads and statuettes; eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings; and carpets. From the estate of Nathaniel Frucht and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—Exhibition games: Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field, April 14; and Yankees vs. Dodgers, at Yankee Stadium, April 15. . . . ¶ First league games at home: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, at the Polo Grounds, April 17; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, at Ebbets Field, April 17; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, at Jersey City, April 19; and Yankees vs. Boston, at Yankee Stadium, April 20.

Boxing—Carmen Basilio vs. Johnny Saxton, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Chicago. March 14.) . . . ¶ Isaac Logart vs. Gasper Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. March 16.) . . . ¶ Golden Gloves Tournament: Inter-City finals and Sub-Novice finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 21.) . . . ¶ Charles Humez vs. Tiger Jones, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. March 23.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 5-8.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 11, 15, and 18. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start the end of March.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 7.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 14.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 14.)

Racing—At AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 24. . . . JAMAICA: April 2-May 12.

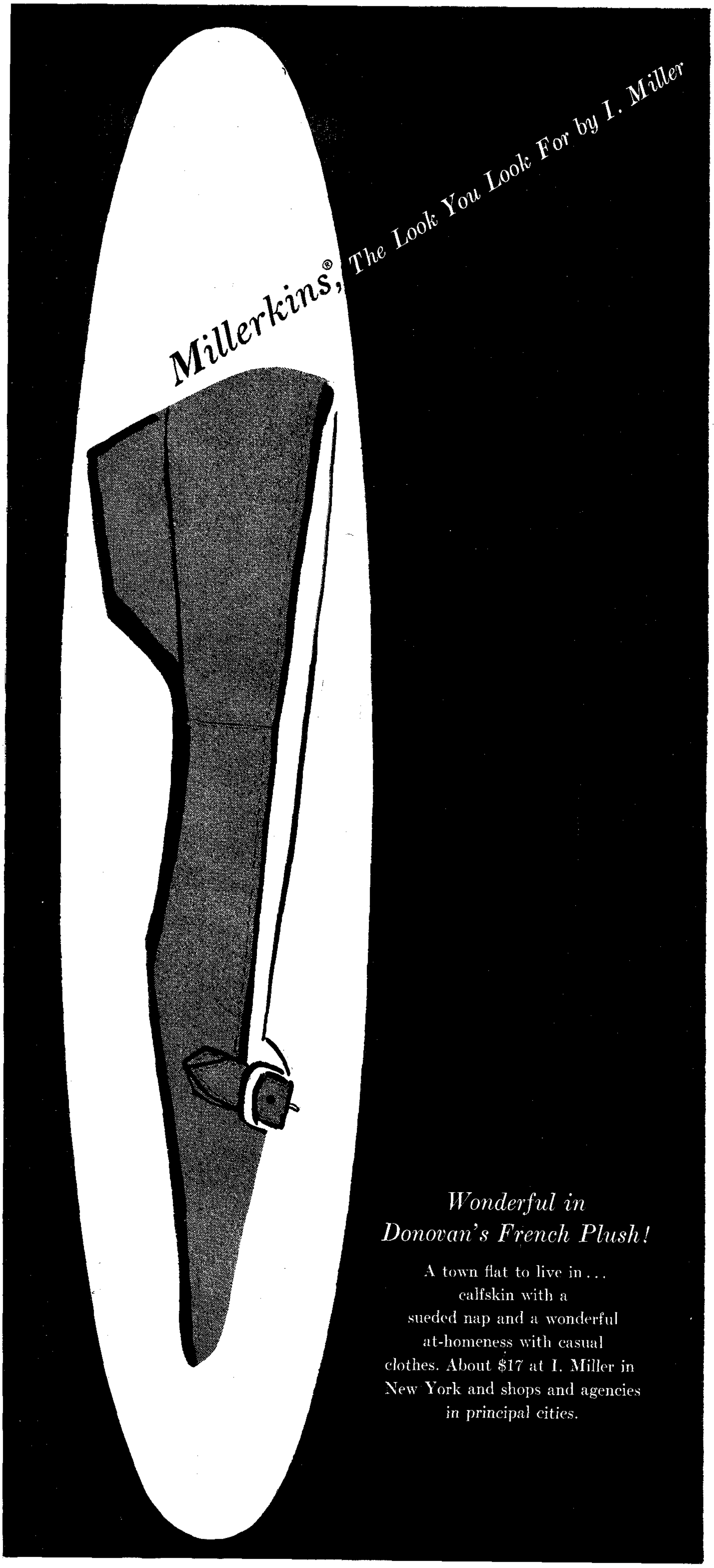
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, April 2-July 23.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 14. . . . CITY CENTER (CI 6-8989): The New York City Opera Company, March 28-April 15. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The Philharmonic-Symphony continues through April 29. . . . ¶ Vytautas Bacevicius, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 13 and April 3. . . . ¶ Friedrich Gulda, piano, March 16. . . . ¶ Roger Wagner Chorale, March 18. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 21 and 24. . . . ¶ Bach Choir of Bethlehem, March 27. . . . ¶ Walter Gieseking, piano, April 6. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, April 8. . . . ¶ Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, April 11. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Grace Castagnetta, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, March 12. . . . ¶ Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, March 14. . . . ¶ Donald Shirley, piano, March 17. . . . ¶ Harold Kohon, violin, March 18. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 19. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, March 20. . . . ¶ Helvetia Maennerchor, March 24. . . . ¶ Oberlin College Choir, March 31. . . . ¶ Knickerbocker Chamber Players, April 1. . . . ¶ New York Concert Choir and Orchestra, April 6. . . . ¶ Orchestra da Camera, April 11. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 13. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 14. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Zino Francescatti, violin, March 17. . . . ¶ Irmgard Seefried, soprano, March 24. . . . ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, April 6.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in "My Fair Lady," a musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Alan Jay Lerner did the book and lyrics and Frederick Loewe the score. . . . ¶ "Mr. Wonderful," a musical with Sammy Davis, Jr., Jack Carter, Pat Marshall, and Olga James. The book is by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman and the music and lyrics by Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener, and George Weiss. . . . ¶ A comedy by Bill Hoffman, "Affair of Honor," starring Dennis King. . . . ¶ Eva Gabor and Reginald Gardiner in "Little Glass Clock," a comedy by Hugh Mills imported from London. . . . ¶ "Mister Johnson," a play by Norman Rosten, taken from Joyce Cary's novel of the same name, with Earle Hyman, William Sylvester, Gaby Rodgers, and Josephine Premice. . . . ¶ A musical, "Strip for Action," adapted by Paul Streger and Eli Bass from the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Yvonne Adair heads the cast, Jimmy McHugh is responsible for the music, and Harold Adamson turned out the lyrics.

Poetry Readings—At the KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A. (TR 6-2366): Louise Bogan and May Sarton, March 14. . . . ¶ Robert Frost, March 25. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512, Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5): Robert Frost, March 22.

Other Dates—International Flower Show, in the south building of the former Wanamaker store, March 11-17. . . . ¶ The bock-beer season starts on March 12 at 8 A.M. . . . ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Saturday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 1. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 4-May 13. . . . ¶ Country Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 9-14. . . . ¶ Federal income-tax returns for 1955 and estimates for 1956, as well as New York State returns, are due Monday, April 16.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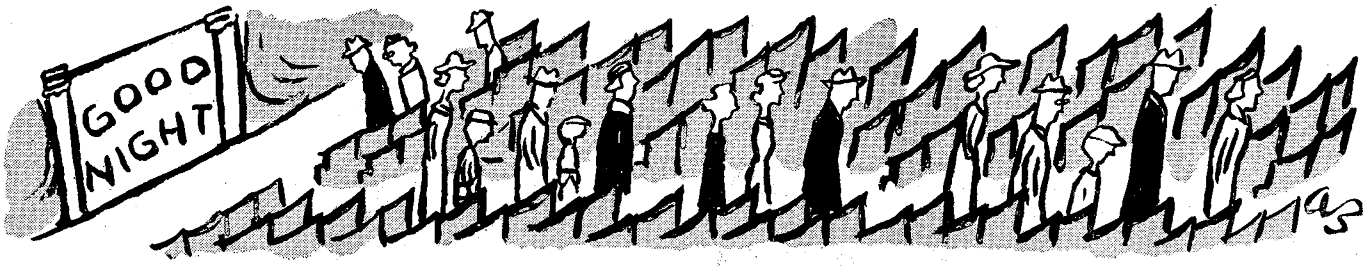

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Diabolique—A chilling description of the machinations of a wife and a mistress who combine forces to eliminate the object of their affections, since he has begun to get on their nerves. The picture winds up on an implausible note, but that isn't too much of a handicap, and the acting is first-rate throughout. Henri-Georges Clouzot directed it, Vera Clouzot and Simone Signoret play the lethal ladies, and Paul Meurisse is the unwanted gentleman. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Divided Heart—A German couple raises a Yugoslavian boy, and the boy's mother comes along and wants him back. A touching tale, based on an actual occurrence and excellently told. The loving foster parents are Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen, and Michel Ray is the sought-after lad. An English film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting March 3, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 4, tentative.)

Letters from My Windmill—Marcel Pagnol's version of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which concern themselves with life in Provence, particularly life as lived by priests in the area. The priests represented here—whether trying to stave off the Devil as he tempts one of them to speed up a series of Masses before a feast or raising funds for a monastery by the manufacture of an elixir—are all marvellously comical, and the actors, among them Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely, are delightful. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Marty—A fine little picture in which the love life of a Bronx butcher compels both laughter and tears. Ernest Borgnine is a most persuasive denizen of the northern borough, and Betsy Blair is just right as the lady of his dreams. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 3.)

Oklahoma!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prisoner—Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins as the spokesmen for the Roman Catholic Church and the Communist Party, respectively, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. Neither Mr. Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, nor Mr. Hawkins, as his inquisitor, makes entirely clear the position of the Church or the State, but both go about their acting with enormous skill. An English film, written by Bridget Boland and directed by Peter Glenville. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rose Tattoo—An adaptation by Tennessee Williams of his own play, in which Anna Magnani is outstanding as an Italian woman, resident in Louisiana, who can't get her late husband out of her mind but manages to squeeze in a thought or two about a very much alive truck driver. Burt Lancaster plays the truck driver in solid, rowdy style. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 7.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 6-7.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 3.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda. An English film, with Ralph Richardson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 4-5.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; March 4-5.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 3.)

Holiday for Henrietta (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegarde Neff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 6.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 4-6. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 6-7.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 6, tentative.)

Man on a Tightrope (1953)—Fredric March as the proprietor of a Czechoslovakian circus who escapes with his troupe into Bavaria. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 3.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 6.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 3.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 3.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 4-6. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 6-7.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through March 4: "The Penalty" (1920), with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ Starting March 5: "Potash and Perlmutter" (1923); and an excerpt from "The Eternal City" (1924), with Lionel Barrymore. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE ROSE TATTOO.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 2: "Three Bad Sisters," Marla English, Kathleen Hughes.
From March 3: "Sins of the Borgias," Martine Carol, Pedro Armendariz.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"All That Heaven Allows," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Picnic," William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Last Hunt," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Dark River" (in Spanish), Adriana Benetti, Hugo Del Carril.

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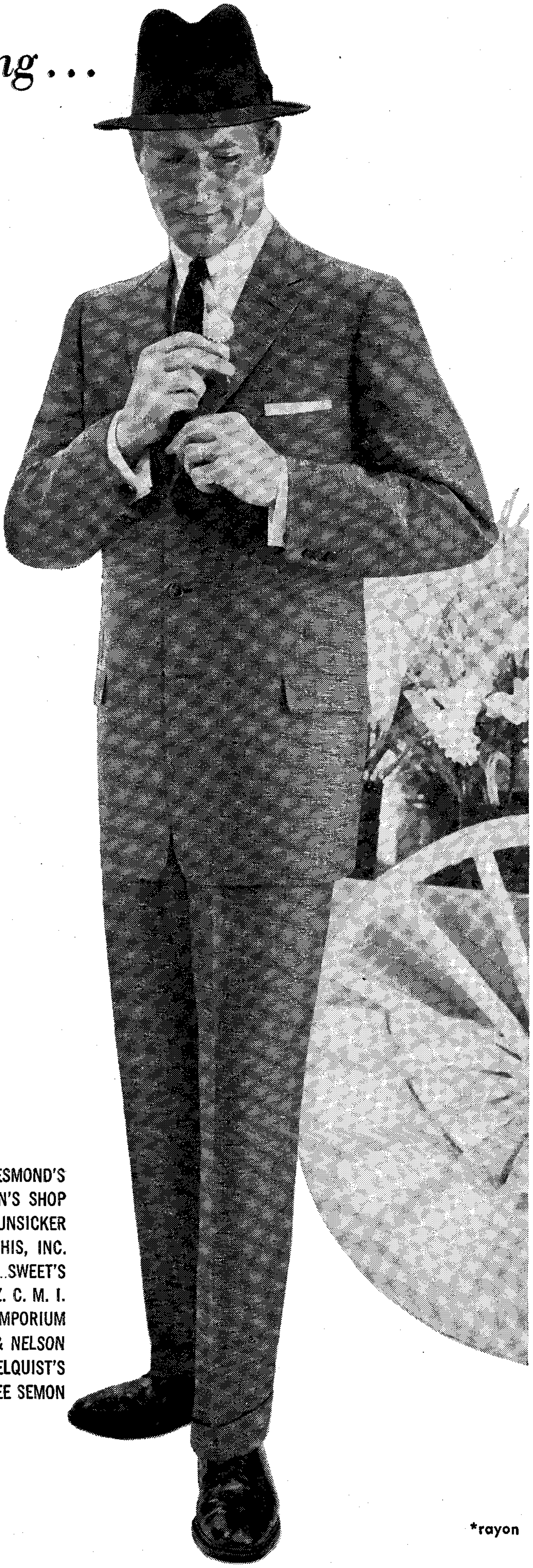

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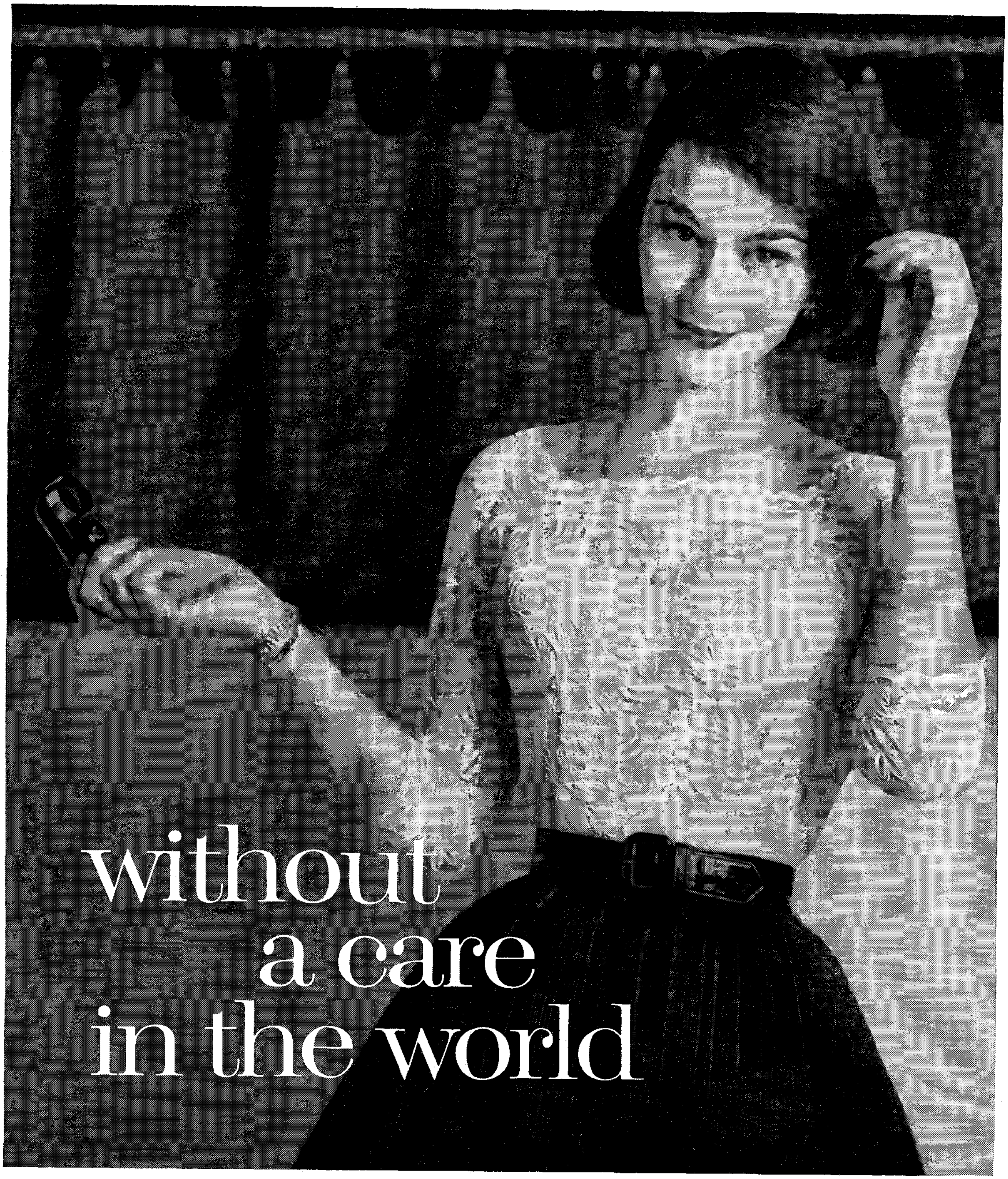

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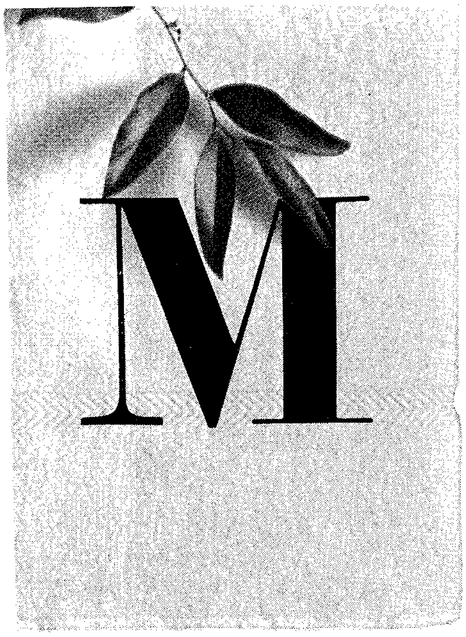

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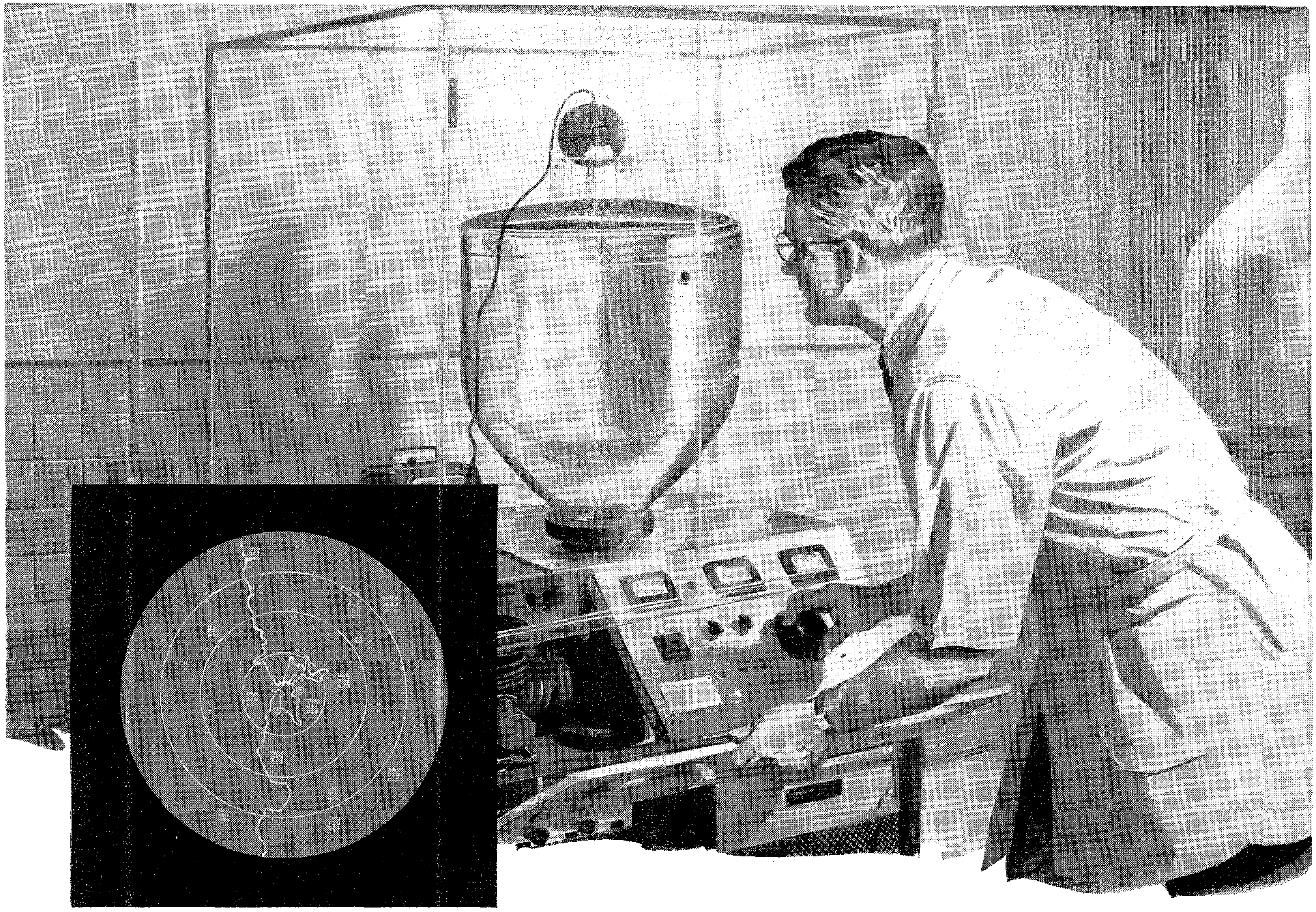

What's Television got to do with national Air Defense?

TV, as home entertainment, seems far afield from the problem of identifying unknown aircraft over our country. But some of the electronic *techniques* which make modern television reception so good make Air Defense better, too.

The white-coated engineer in the picture above is evaporating aluminum on the screen of a 19-inch tube. This will *not* go into a home receiver. This electron optic tube, sold under the trademark *Charactron®*, is used in "SAGE" . . . the Continental Defense System for air surveillance and is easily adapted for civil air traffic control as well.

A typical "picture" produced by this system is shown at the left of the illustration above. Here is shown the air above San Francisco, California, along about 3 o'clock in the morning. The groups of letters and numbers on the face of the tube are the system's "read-out" of information gathered by radar. There are 34 aircraft overhead—3 unknown, but circled as such, and 31 completely identified, in code, as to type, identification, direction of flight, speed and altitude.

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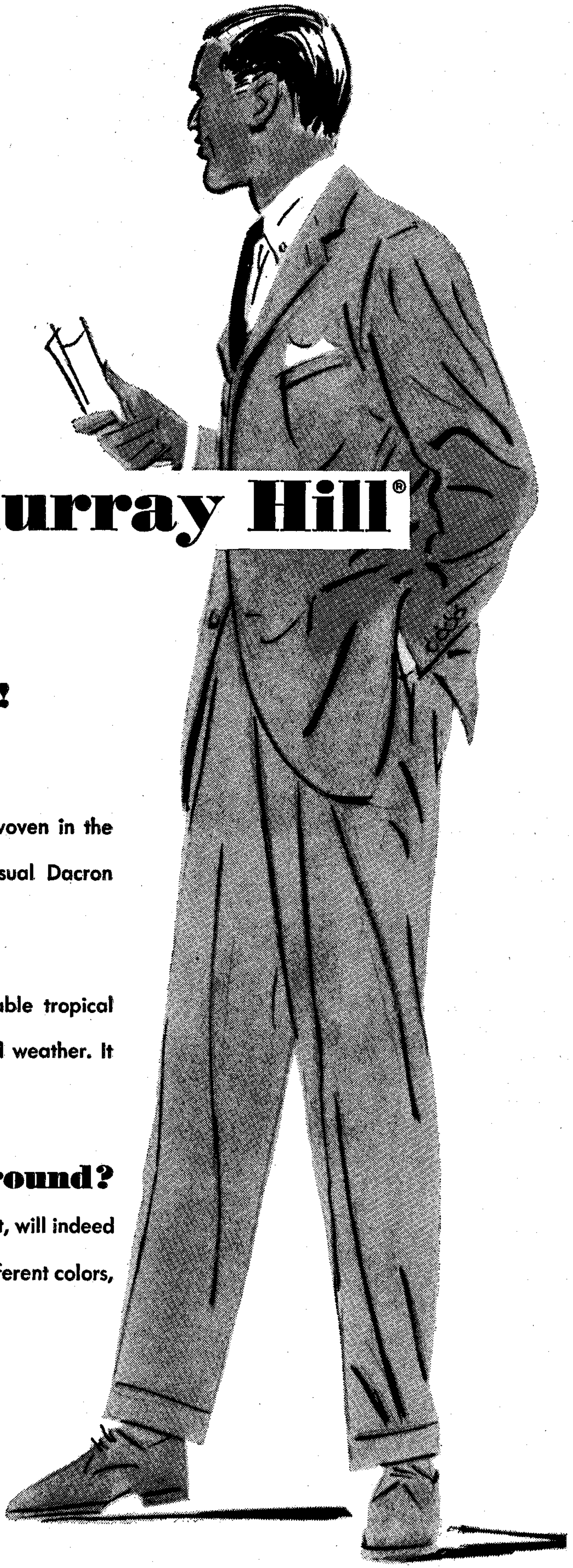

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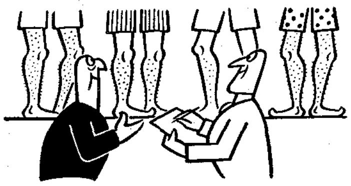
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR eight-year-old son had his first taste of hospital life over Washington's Birthday, and also his first taste of notoriety, being cited by a New England daily as one of "four who took advantage of Saturday's snowfall to break a leg skiing." While this was an accurate account of his misadventure, the paper got both his name and his address wrong. But how could one complain about the faulty reporting of a small-staffed rural paper when on the very next day the heavily manned *Times* ran a dispatch from the village of Buckland Brewer, England, also about legs, that said, in its entirety, "A competition to find the best pair of male legs in this Devonshire village was won by a retired rear admiral"? What rear admiral, for goodness' sake? And what were the terms of the competition? We think the *Times* might have queried its Buckland Brewer correspondent for a few more details.



We once broke a leg skiing ourself, when our son was an infant, and we were astonished at how similar accidents of this sort are: the awkward, flailing fall; the downed skier not arising; the victim's attempts to shrug off the injury ("I think I must have cut myself," the boy told us, sweating in the cold snow); the call for a toboggan, and the strangers who magically appear with one; the hasty, amateur diagnosis in the ski hut (people who hang around ski huts know about bones); the search for a doctor (a girl we'd never seen before flagged down one who was driving by); the long ride to the hospital, invariably in the next county; and the ceremonial cutting off of the ski pants. New England doctors hate to destroy clothing. The one who operated on our son's trousers began delicately snipping up the seams, explaining that he had high hopes the pants could recover. The child's mother, impatient and prodigal, grabbed the surgical shears herself and, with hurtless, expeditious, maternal, loving strokes, shredded the pants into irreparable tatters. Mothers know some things that doctors don't—that a boy of eight grows fast, for instance, and the pants would have been too small *next year anyway.*

A children's ward is a sobering place, for a child as well as his elders. Until our son was trundled in, he had never thought much more about polio than that it is a scourge that can usually be exorcised by Salk-vaccine injections. He's had two. Then he got acquainted with a polio patient in the bed alongside his, who had just had an operation on one leg. The other was withered. "I got surgery scheduled three times more before summer," the post-op lad told our son calmly. "But I know they won't work. The good leg'll go, too, sooner or later, same as the other." This philosopher was eleven years old.

A friend asked us to take our boy a holiday medallion—Washington's head sculptured in maple sugar—which prompted a three-year-old in the ward (burn case) to ask whether, if there was going to be a birthday party, he was well enough to go. We'd delivered the gift before we realized it was contraband. A nurse's aid called our attention to a sign that said, "Please do not bring fruit, candy, or food for children." We were tempted to recommend a rephrasing of this imprecise injunction, but we held our tongue, for in a hospital the dietitian properly outranks the English purist, just as the immobilized child outranks the ambulatory adult.

American Beauty

JUNZO YOSHIMURA, the architect who designed the exquisite Japanese house in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, recently arrived in this country from Tokyo and has been sketching away for dear life in a sunny room on a mountaintop twenty-seven miles north of here, at a point on the outskirts of Suffern where the Thruway, the Ramapo River, the Erie Railroad, and three major state highways all meet, mingle, and marvellously disengage themselves. The room in which Mr. Yoshimura works is cantilevered out over a sheer cliff, and from the balcony beyond its floor-to-ceiling windows one sees, jutting up from an apparently unbroken forest on the horizon, the shining and improbable towers of Manhattan. So far, Mr. Yoshimura hasn't been much tempted by those towers. When he isn't drawing red or black lines on large sheets of flimsy tracing paper, he's out on the cold mountain, scampering at top speed over rocks and mosses, and calculating heights and distances. For he hasn't a moment to waste; buildings not yet imagined, much less ready for blueprinting, must be erected upon the mountain and be open for business by late summer.

Mr. Yoshimura's combination drafting room and bedroom is in one of a number of low brown buildings, linked by covered walks and resting on slender steel columns sunk in bedrock, that make up an astounding architectural tour de force called the Motel on the Mountain. The motel overlooks the intricate cloverleaves of the Thruway from a height of three hundred-odd feet, and so conspicuous are its attractions that though it opened with forty-six bedrooms three months ago and is by no means cheap—single bedrooms start at nine dollars a day, double bedrooms at twelve—fifty more bedrooms and a restaurant capable of seating two hundred and fifty people are already urgently needed. Hence Mr. Yoshimura. Furthermore, Robert L. Schwartz, a former New York journalist, whose brain child the motel is, foresees the time when it will have two hundred bedrooms, a swimming pool, and perhaps even a theatre. Scattered like children's blocks in adroitly measured disarray along the brow of the mountain, the present buildings are the work of a well-known American architect, Harwell Hamilton Harris. The atmosphere of the place is, however, distinctly Japanese, and one reason for this may be that Mr. Yoshimura has had a hand in it from the beginning.

"The Japanese know how to deal with mountains," Mr. Schwartz told us when we visited him and Mr. Yoshimura last week. "After all, mountains are what they've got the most of over there. I met Junzo at the Museum in 1954 and felt at once he was our man. The trouble was he was already booked to go home and could spare us only a day or two. We clambered up and down these cliffs a dozen times, cutting our way through the underbrush with machetes, and Junzo gave us a dozen good ideas. Good *expensive* ideas. Like building our entrance road up the face of the mountain, as you see it now. The rock we had to blast out! The fill we had to lug in! But Junzo knew that a long back-and-forth road would marry the motel up here to the valley below. If we'd built the road somewhere in back, where the grades are easier, the mountain, with all these little houses perched on its bean, would have looked plain silly. Anyhow, when my partners and I found that the motel was even more popular than we'd hoped, we sent a hurry call to Junzo in Tokyo, begging him to drop everything and come a-flying. And come he did."

Mr. Yoshimura beamed modestly and said, "My wife says, 'Your friend Bob needs help. Go help him.' I am very glad of this chance to design in America. Motels and superhighways are among the best American things. Those cloverleaves down there I call the true American beauty. Headlights crisscrossing over them at night turn the valley into fairyland. My designs are to make people feel good—if possible, to make them happy. I am not for hard designs but soft. Not the stern lines of machines but the gentle lines of nature. I see this mountain as one big design, and in the design will be rocks, buildings, trees, paths, flowers, people—all important together." Seemingly dismayed at having said so much, Mr. Yoshimura turned to his drawing board and sketched two bold red lines on a sheet of paper. "Bob," he said, "if we could put a new road here—"

"*Junzo!*" said Mr. Schwartz, with a mock groan. "No more roads! My partners have been very brave, but remember that they're businessmen. Don't push them too far."

"Many beautiful things come dear," said Mr. Yoshimura, and we perceived that he would have his road.

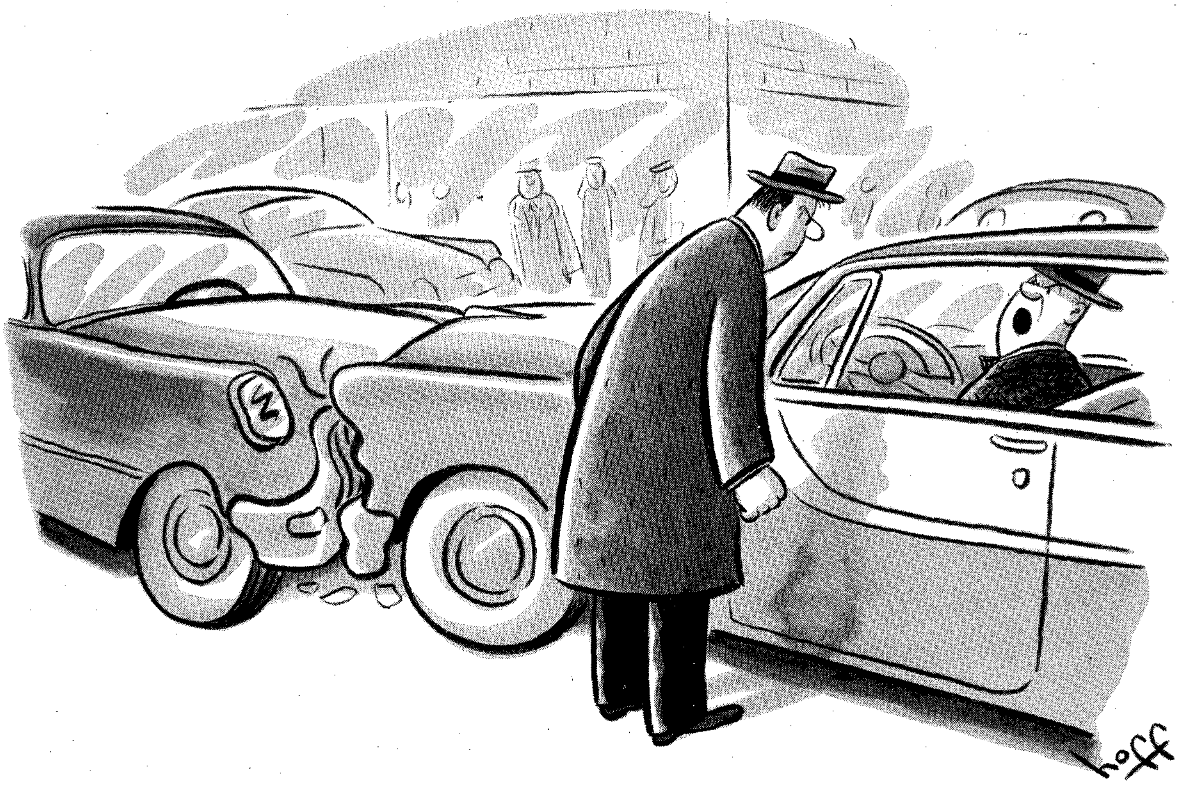
•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a dairy in Baltimore that advertises "Cloverland Farms Milk, the Dairy with Cows."

Made in New York

NEW YORK STATE leads the nation in the manufacture of pulp, paper, and paperboard, ranks second only to Michigan in the production of salt, and makes fourteen and a half per cent of the country's shoes. The typewriter, the jukebox, the washing machine, the wearable hearing aid, condensed milk, Jell-O, and the detached collar have long been manufactured here. We learned this, and more, at the New-York Historical Society, where manifold objects made in New York are on view until May, with appropriate identification—geographical, industrial, and historical. Take the detached collar. Once upon a time (1820), in Troy, New York, there lived a fastidious blacksmith named Orlando Montague. His work was dirty, and yet he was always needing irreproachable shirts for what have come down to posterity described as his "civic and choral engagements." Mrs. Montague wearied of washing. "His shirts are clean but his collars are foul," she said to herself, and put the two asunder, attaching strings to the collar so it would stay in place. The concept was catching. Soon everywhere in Troy shops were filled with working girls attaching strings to detached collars. An industry was born. The Cluett, Peabody Company, an eventual titan of the trade, has lent the Historical Society a gamut of detached collars, which, arranged on sky-blue paper, look like a tray of parts used in assembling angels.

Take the Kodak camera. In the good old days (1888), you



"We'll see whose fault it is just as soon as I can get out of this damn safety belt!"

"Sober up for Westport and Saugatuck!"

pulled the string (curious how heavily the nineteenth century depended on string) at one side of the camera, which was just a black box with a porthole in front, pressed a button, and wound a key one revolution. You could do this a hundred times, and when your quota was at last exhausted, you sent the entire camera off to Rochester. In due time, the camera, reloaded, and the film, developed, were returned. The prints were circular and two and a half inches in diameter. The shape seemed strange to us, but the material, as depicted in four sample prints, looked familiar: a shyly smiling woman leaning against a ropy post on a wharf; two children striking each other with sticks; three girls, the middle one of whom, a lens extrovert, was laughing and hugging the two others; and a man sitting on some steps and wearing a wing collar and that fixed, far-off expression assumed by persons, mostly young men, who have been asked to look at the camera and grin but believe that their face shows to most flattering advantage semi-averted and solemn.

Things hadn't changed much with typewriters, either. The first successful commercial typewriter, Remington Model 1, made in Ilion, New York, in 1873, had keys as big as pennies, but they spelled qwertyuiop all the same. Though the space bar was wooden and the frame festooned with roses and slogans, Model No. 1 appeared to be about the same size as Remington's fifteen-millionth machine, turned out in 1954 and on display beside its granddaddy. The modern model did look a good deal less like a sewing machine, and was gold instead of black. Quite the opposite with Bausch & Lomb microscopes; it was the 1886 Library Model, made in Rochester, that was aureate and streamlined, while the magnifier of today was black, ponderous, and knobby, as if a sea mine and a rhino had been blessed with a tiny child. The Sonotone Corporation's pocket hearing aid, manufactured in Elmsford, represented an advance over the ear trumpet on view, which looked like a trombone gone limp.

The products testified to certain possibly alarming anatomical changes in people. A study of the old-fashioned gloves and bathing stockings provided by the Kayser Company proved that arms and legs have got smaller while hands and feet have swollen—a loss or gain, depending on where your sympathies lie. In 1886, Avon Cosmetics, of Suffern, christened its inaugural perfume Extract of Sweet Pea, prompting in us, seven decades later, when aromatic nomenclature has become a sin-soaked mystique, thoughts of evaporated innocence. Why, even jukeboxes. The first turned out by Rudolph Wurlitzer, of North Tonawanda, in 1932, was a dignified product of the cabinetmaker's art, a fit home for Strauss, if not Bach. Compared to it, today's model seems the fantasy of a chromatic sadist.

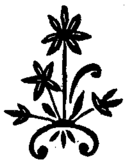
Industrial evolution can double back on itself. The first Easy Washer, created by Cyrus Dodge in 1877 in what is now downtown Syracuse, consisted of a cone attached to one end of a stick, which, pumped up and down in a tub of clothes, tended to loosen the dirt; this crude and strenuous device possessed a real simplicity echoed by the apparent simplicity of that great white omnipotent cube, the 1956 Easy Automatic Combination Washer-Dryer. Between these two poles lies the Easy Washing Machine used by the family of Calvin Coolidge until 1936. Made in 1920, the contraption, a copper tub established in a black frame fitted with two rubber rollers, took the show's cake for both historical interest and artistic merit. Homely, secure, trustworthy, patented, it might have been a statue titled "Normalcy." Pleased beyond measure to find that evasive ideal bodied forth in a physical thing, we were still gazing at the washer when the closing bell sounded throughout the New-York Historical Society.

◆

OVERHEARD outside Saks Fifth Avenue: "You know, if this were down home in Dallas, it would be Neiman-Marcus."

Dog Lady

THE Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show brought a number of interesting visitors here recently, among them Mrs. Milton Seeley, proprietress of the Chinook Kennels, Wonalancet, New Hampshire, who trained thirty sled dogs for Operation Deepfreeze, the current Byrd expedition to the antarctic. We called on her at her hotel, the Piccadilly, and were met in the lounge by a tiny, vital woman with black hair that covered her head like the frosting on a cupcake. The pockets of her skirt bulged with photographs of dogs. She spread the pictures on a table and told us that the Byrd dogs consisted of seventeen Alaskan malamutes, nine Siberian huskies, and four crossbreds; that the malamutes were descendants of dogs that had gone on the second Byrd expedition (1933-35); that sled dogs make ideal pets, faithful to their masters but not quarrelsome with others; that she has fifty or so of them in her kennels; and that she had driven two of them—a malamute and a husky—to town, for television purposes. "I tried to enter them in the Dog Show, but my application came in too late," she said. "They're staying at Dr. Glass's, on East Sixtieth Street. I had them in my room, but they raised too much of a ruckus."



Mrs. Seeley, who is the former Eva Brunell, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and raised in sporting surroundings. Her father was a noted amateur skater and horseman. She attended the Sargent College of Physical Education for Women, in Cambridge, and subsequently taught sports at the Oliver Ames School, in North Easton, Massachusetts; the Bancroft School, in Worcester; and Oregon State College. During the First World War, she did physical-reconstruction work for the Army Medical Corps. "In 1923, I read in one of the Boston papers about Arthur T. Walden's famous crossbred lead dog Chinook," she said. "Walden really started the interest in sled-dog racing in this country. I visited his kennels, at Wonalancet, was allowed to stand on the runners and drive, and bought a puppy son of Chinook. I married the next year. My husband, who was in the chemicals-and-essential-oils business in New York, had to retire, for reasons of health, in 1928. We moved to Wonalancet and my husband became a partner of Walden in the Chinook Kennels. That year, Walden dogs went on the first Byrd expedition, and so did Walden. Chinook died in Antarctica, and Walden sold the kennels to my husband in 1930. I've lived in a dogs' paradise ever since. Twenty-five acres of beautiful country near Lake Chocorua, four of them turned over to kennels."

The Seeleys got interested in huskies and malamutes at about the time Walden sold the kennels. "We improved their heritage, organized the Alaskan Malamute Club of America, and reorganized the Siberian Husky Club of America," Mrs. Seeley said. "During the war, we lent our place to the government and had two hundred and fifty dogs in sled-dog training. My husband died in the middle of this, in 1943, and I carried on with it. I had soldiers all over the place. The dogs themselves are four-footed soldiers; Admiral Byrd has called them the infantry of polar exploration. He has visited the kennels several times. I love sled-dog racing myself. In 1932, I was the only woman racer at the Olympics at Lake Placid."

Mrs. Seeley gathered up her photographs, stuffed them back in her pockets, and invited us to accompany her to Dr. Glass's, which we did. "Could I see my babies?" she asked an attendant there. Presently, two splendid silvery beasts came bounding out and almost knocked her down with their affectionate greetings. "Alyeska's Suggen of Chinook and Kotzebue Chocorua of Chinook," she said, introducing them. She put on a pair of gray kid gloves, picked up the leashes, and let her babies pull her out onto the street. "Heel! Heel!" she cried as we followed her. "They can sense a crevasse under their feet," she flung over her shoulder. "I can't wait to get back to New Hampshire—we have thirty-one inches of snow up there."

We lost her on a change of traffic lights.

Roundabout

A TRAVELLER has informed us that he made a deposit on a reservation for a trip to Europe with Pan American World Airways. His receipt for the money read, "Deposit Receipt for Passage Fare. Description of Passage: From Philadelphia to New York, via London."

Doubleheader

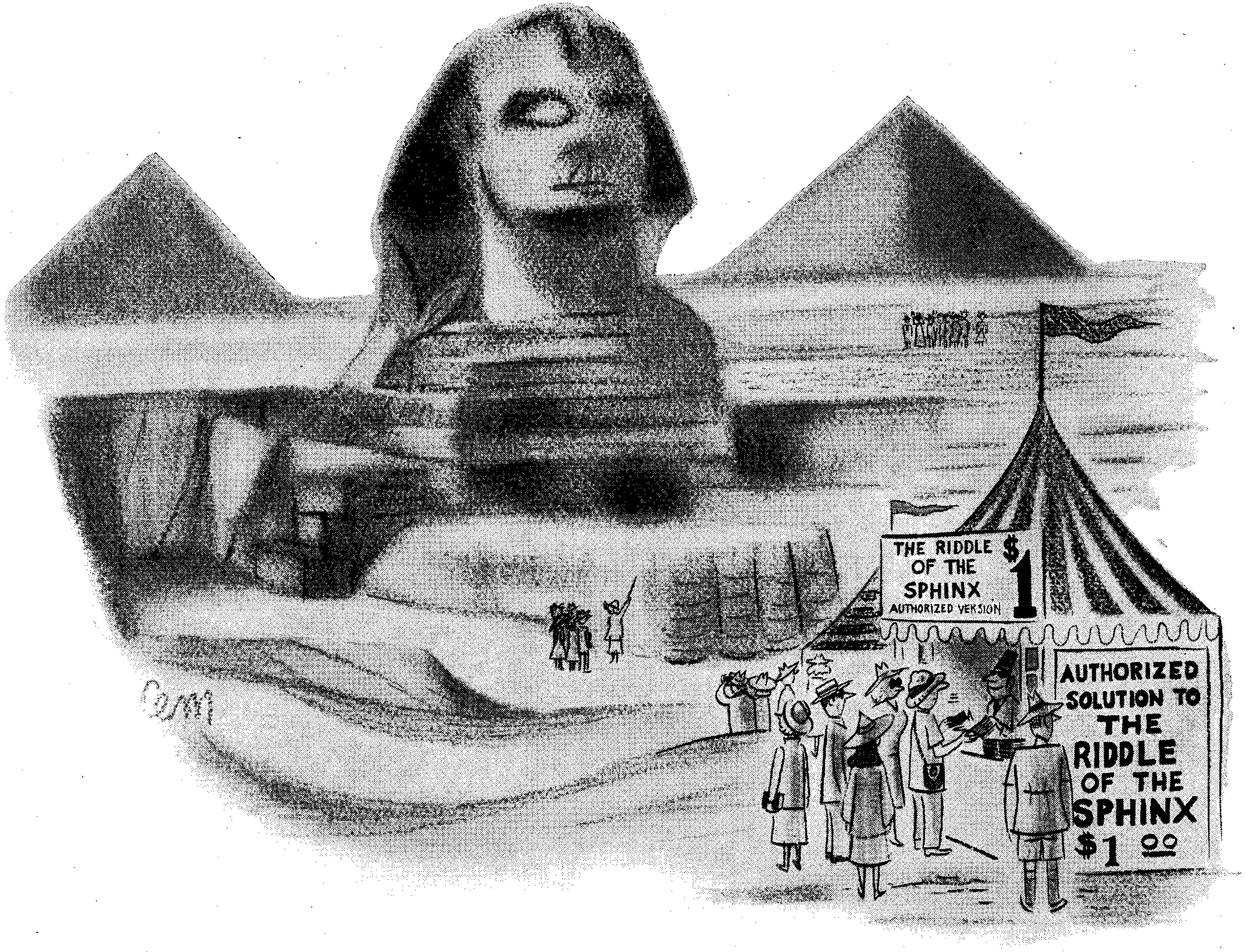
PARTIES continue to abound. We turned up at the Waldorf last week for a reception given by Otis L. Wiese, the editor and publisher of *McCall's*, "to meet The Duchess of Windsor on the occasion of the publication of her Autobiography in McCall's," and, after triumphantly weathering a three-way check of our invitation—by a uniformed Pinkerton man, a girl at a table, and two other girls at another table, where we signed a guestbook—shook hands with the Duchess and the Duke, who were receiving formally. A lady near the reception line played soft music on a piano. We moved on and fell into conversation with Miss Jeanne Sakol, of Barkas & Shalit, a publicity firm that was handling the event. "The Duchess is wearing a two-piece black velvet Dior original with a white ermine collar, and a small white ermine pillbox hat, green turquoise earrings with a bluish cast, which match her eyes, a white pearl single choker, and white French kid gloves," she said. "On her sleeve is a diamond heart pin, and on her wrist a charm bracelet of diamond hearts, all jingling. She has very little makeup on. Her skin looks wonderful. I'm wearing a two-piece velvet suit myself, but it isn't by Dior. I know how warm she must feel. The girl at the piano is Vicky Autier, who comes from Monaco and is playing at the Viennese Lantern here—one of the Duchess's favorite places. Miss Autier will entertain at the Grace Kelly wedding. Her husband, Ricky Ostric, books all talent for the Monte Carlo Casino. He's a good friend of Bob Hope."

We lit into some caviar pancakes and champagne, and Miss Sakol advised us that the refreshments and floral decorations had been selected by the Duchess. "There's Will Rogers, Jr.," she said. "And there's Jinx Falkenburg, Arlene Francis, Martin Gabel, and Louis Sobol. Lennie Lyons is talking to the Duke."

"I'm wearing what I was wearing in Brazil yesterday," said Miss Falkenburg, who was clad in an accordion-pleated silk dress. "I was opening my brother's ice-cream shop in Rio."

"I've got hearts on my wrist, just like the Duchess," Miss Francis said. "Only they're crystal."

The Duke took out a cigarette, and Mr. Lyons gave him a light. The Duke looked sunburned, fit, and boyish, and was wearing a double-breasted blue


THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX
AUTHORIZED VERSION
$1
AUTHORIZED SOLUTION TO THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX
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suit, a blue striped shirt with a white collar, a blue-and-white dotted tie, and two or three heavy gold rings on the little finger of his left hand.

A lady asked him if his tie was tied in a Windsor knot. "I don't know what a Windsor knot is," he said, with a crinkly smile.

The Duchess, with her husband, had left the receiving line, since most of the guests had arrived, and was now milling around with one and all. We told her we'd heard she had selected the flowers. "I arranged them in our apartment upstairs, and we took them down in four elevator trips," she said. "Forsythia, Easter lilies, and anthuriums from Hawaii. Those are the red ones, with petals like patent leather. They have a great advantage—they last about three weeks. They're an economy flower."

We strolled over to the refectory table, working our way around Mary Margaret McBride, had another helping of caviar, from a tin marked "Product of the Soviet Union," and noted that the section of the table given over to tea and raisin cakes had had no takers. On our way out, one of the invitation-checking ladies handed us a release indicating that we had just participated in a buffet consisting, in part, of "Six pounds of Finest Caviar Served from large Ice Socles with Complete Garniture, 300 Clams Casino, Oysters Rockefeller and Tiny Roquefort Cheese Feuilletes passed in small heaters, 50 Finger Tea Sandwiches with Waldorf Pate, white of Chicken and Tongue Served on 3 Large Compotiers, Ritz Crackers and full selection of English Cheese Crackers (not sweet) arranged on Small Silver Compotiers on Cocktail tables."

We had another invitation in our pocket, to wit:

> Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Dali and Mr. Maurice Sandoz request the pleasure of your company at a champagne buffet . . . at the Hotel Ambassador. . . . At that time an interesting announcement will be made concerning an artistic venture connected with the forthcoming wedding of Miss Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier III.

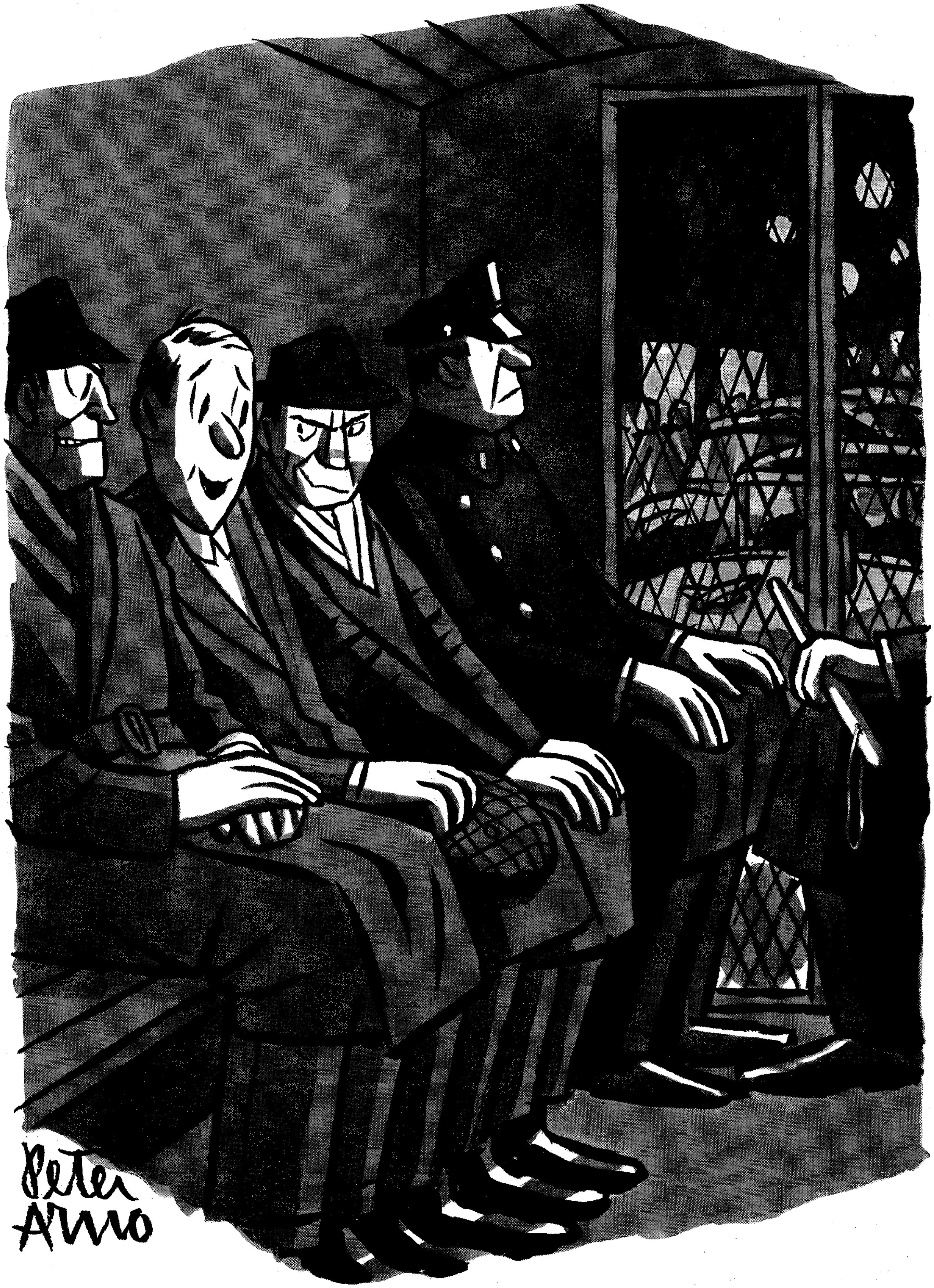
We therefore walked two blocks north, and, without benefit of roadblocks, found ourself in a room dominated by Dali's mustaches.

"At the request of Princess Antoinette, mother of Prince Rainier III, of Monaco," he told us, "a special ballet is being created in honor of the forthcoming marriage of the Prince and Miss Kelly. It will be performed at the Monte Carlo Opera House. Mr. Sandoz is writing the music for it, and I am designing the décor, costumes, and electrical effects. My last obsession is about the horn of the rhinoceros. My painting is now the rhinocerotic painting."

The champagne had run out, and we ran out, too.

No Talking Down

NOBODY can say that the Quaker Oats Company hasn't a high regard for the intelligence of the kids who send it box tops in exchange for premiums. As evidence of this, we submit a letter received from the outfit by a seven-year-old of our acquaintance. "Dear Friend," it reads. "Because of the unprecedented demand our supply of Ore Detectors is temporarily exhausted. We expect to resume shipments in approximately three weeks when our factory will once again be able to make delivery to us. We hope you will understand our problem and we apologize for any inconvenience this delay might have caused you. Sincerely, Quaker Oats Company."



"Gee! According to our timetable, we would have been halfway across the George Washington Bridge by now."

A SALESMAN'S ROMANCE

My friend Charlie Ford was a commercial traveller in the office-equipment business, and one of the nicest commercials I have known. And in spite of all the propaganda against them, you meet some very nice commercials, and they are artists in their own right, who make something out of nothing.

Charlie had only one drawback, from my point of view, which was that he could never resist trying to sell me things, just for practice. And they did not have to be office chairs, or any other sort of commodity. That is the sign of a true salesman; it is the art rather than the practical results of salesmanship that appeals to him. Charlie, for instance, was from Connemara, and wild horses wouldn't have dragged him back to it, but I couldn't mention Connemara over a drink without Charlie's trying to sell it to me, and the tears would come to his eyes and a catch would come in his voice, and the Mother Machrees and the evening Rosaries would get so colorful that nothing but blasphemy would put a stop to them. Then Charlie would smile at me sadly, put his fat hand on my shoulder, and tell me in a deep voice that he wished I weren't such a wrecker; that I wasn't a real wrecker, of course—not at heart; at heart, I loved all these beautiful things as much as he did, but I had a sort of modesty which made me hide it . . . And, I declare to my God, before I knew where I was, Charlie would be selling me a substitute self with a heart of gold that the manufacturers would replace within two years unless it gave perfect satisfaction. All the same, Charlie liked me. I was a sort of laboratory for him, and when he succeeded in selling me anything, like a new movie or a funny story, it set him up for a week.

He had little difficulty in selling himself to Celia Halligan. Celia was a handsome girl with a tart and amusing tongue and an attitude of cynical but good-humored contempt for men that seems to me peculiarly Irish, but even she could not resist the colored enlargement of herself that Charlie presented to her in a handsome gilt frame, and she did her best to act up to the image.

But one night the two of them were motoring back from a pub outside Rathfarnham, cruising gently down the mountainside and admiring the toylike whitewashed cottages above them and the valley of the city far below, with the lamplit prow of Howth thrusting out into Dublin Bay, when all at once, as they turned a corner, there was a jaunting car ahead of them, going hoppity-bump, with no lights, on the wrong side of the road. Now, Charlie was a first-rate driver and boasted that he had been driving for fifteen years without an accident, and he didn't run the car into the ditch, or try to pass on the outside. Instead, he put his brakes on hard and ran the bonnet of his car under the rear of the jaunting car without doing any more damage than to raise the driver and pitch him gently forward onto the back of his old horse. The bump was so slight that the driver's bowler hat still remained on his head, and the horse, who had all the sense of responsibility required by the situation, stopped dead, with the jarvey plastered affectionately across his back.

Then presence of mind came to the jarvey's assistance; he judged the road and the steadiness of the horse and the intentions of the driver behind him, and slid gently to the ground. It was as neat a bit of work as Charlie had seen in years. By the time Charlie reached him, he was doing a takeoff of unconsciousness so convincing that it deceived even Celia.

"Is that fellow dead, Cha?" she asked anxiously.

"No, dear, only stunned," Charlie replied thoughtfully; but it was he who felt stunned. He knew he had a ripe and subtle intelligence to deal with. Then he cursed softly, because he heard two cyclists coming up the hill, pushing their bikes and talking.

The jarvey heard them, too, and lay doggo till all the proper questions had been asked. Then he opened his red-rimmed eyes and asked feebly, "Where am I?"

"In the presence of witnesses," retorted Charlie, who couldn't resist it.

The driver, a small man with a thin, mournful face that had the blue glaze of the confirmed alcoholic over it, looked at him reproachfully. Charlie could smell the whiskey off him from the side of the road.

When they had found a farm laborer to look after the horse and car, the jarvey, whose name was Clarke, permitted himself to be driven to hospital, where an overconscientious medical student decided to detain him for the night, and Charlie went off to report the accident to the police, with a sour satisfaction at the thought of the presence of mind that enabled a boozy little man like that to seize on a moment's opportunity and turn it into a career.

And a career it looked like becoming. The solicitor for the insurance company, an old friend of Charlie's named Cronin, agreed to fight the case instead of settling out of court, but this was mainly on Charlie's account, for Charlie felt about his driving as good women feel about their virtue. You could call Charlie a sex fiend and he only smiled; you could call him a swindler and he positively chortled; but suggest that he hadn't taken proper precautions at a corner and you were in danger of losing a friend. As the weeks went by, the jarvey's case grew like a masterpiece in the artist's mind. After months, he was still in bed, for, according to him, he got reelings when he rose.

"Ah, it's the girl," said Cronin.

"What has she to do with it?" asked Charlie in alarm.

"You'll soon see when they ask you what you were doing with her in the car," said Cronin.

"But that's scandalous," Charlie said hotly. "I'm not the man to do that sort of thing when I'm driving a car."

"You're not like hell!" said Cronin, leaving Charlie uncertain whether to take it as a compliment or an insult.

Altogether, it was a shocking experience for Charlie. He was a man of eager temperament—not the sort who can bear to have something hanging over him; and he had the illusion, common to eager men, that he could speed them up by calling regularly on his solicitor, whose office was in a little lane off Dame Street—a sunless hole where Charlie could not imagine anyone as prosperous as Cronin choosing to work. He usually had to wait for half an hour in the outer office with the secretaries, who were as unattractive as the office, and he passed the time by trying in vain to sell them his version of the accident. Finally, when he was admitted and burst into a long tirade, Cronin listened to him with the same cynical, pitying expression he always seemed to wear. Charlie, as I say, could not stop trying to sell you things, and again he tried to sell Cronin the scandalous story of the drunken jarvey, and the idea that he should bring a countersuit for damages against the jarvey or one for blackmail against the jarvey's lawyers, but he couldn't even work Cronin up to the point of telling the jarvey's solicitors that their client had been drunk.

"You don't understand these things, Charlie," Cronin said wearily. "Linnane isn't going to do anything like that." Linnane, an associate of Cronin's, was the counsel who would represent Charlie in court. "This is a jury case, and juries are trickier than judges, and judges are trickier than the devil. You're a fine-looking, well-dressed man, and, by your own account, this fellow is a shrimp. Now, what happens if you get a jury of shrimps is that they'll decide that the poor shrimp in the box ought to get provision for life from the insurance company, which can damn well afford it. The less we say about booze the better."

BY the time the case came up for hearing, Charlie was feeling like a wreck. He hadn't slept for two nights, going carefully over all the points on which the other side might try to trap him, and all the sins of his past life that they might resurrect against him, and he went to court with Celia, looking like death, and saying in a dull voice that he didn't know if he'd ever be able to drive again after this. It would hang over him for the rest of his days, and it was blackmail, and everyone knew it was blackmail, but the state permitted it and the lawyers encouraged it. Celia said nothing at all. She was going to a dance that night with another fellow. She had asked Charlie to take her, and he had refused. He thought it heartless of her, considering that he was a man with no future. And there in the courtroom, at the other end of the seat from him, was the man who had blasted his career, looking sick and resigned, his bowler hat on the seat beside him.

They listened to the first case, and Charlie's depression grew, because he didn't understand a word of it. The judge was an oldish man who seemed to be deaf and irritated with everybody. When the case of Clarke v. Ford was called, a lawyer named Michael Dunn rose for the jarvey. He was a fellow Charlie knew well—a tall, sour-looking man with a neat black mustache and great dark glasses like goggles. When he rose, he took off the glasses and gestured with them to the judge. Dunn was an old friend of Celia's family, and you might have thought this would make him discreet in the things he said about Charlie's driving, but it didn't.

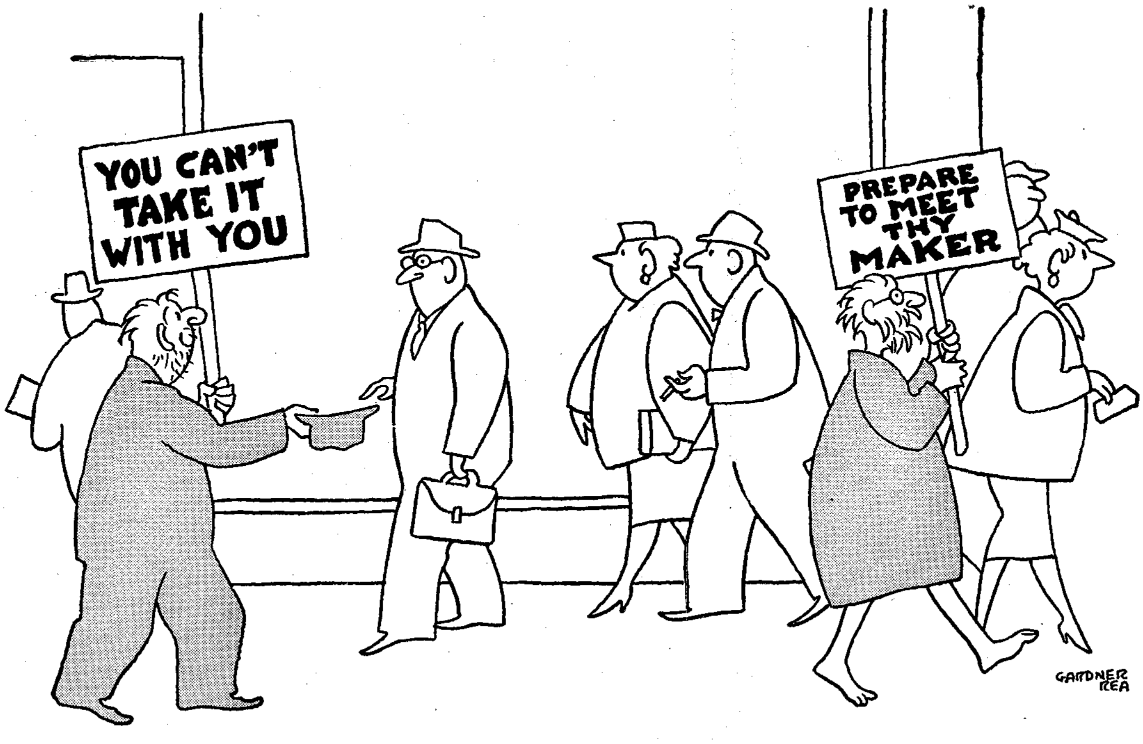
The jarvey was called, and went slowly up the courtroom, looking as though he might drop dead at any moment. He answered questions in such an ailing voice that the judge called him up to the bench and put him sitting beside himself. This didn't upset the jarvey much. He had the jarvey's technique of plausibility, and he treated the court as if it were a party of American tourists he was taking on a conducted tour of the Lakes of Killarney. He pointed to the places he felt the pains in as though they were the beauty spots. As for reward, he indicated that he was an unworldly little man who had no notion of the value of money, and left it all to the natural generosity of his fares. Fortunately, it became obvious after a quarter of an hour that the judge thought he was trying another case, and was confusing the jarvey with a truck driver who had been hit by a railway wagon. Michael Dunn, in his attempt at getting His Lordship on the right track, almost suggested that there wasn't really much difference beween a jaunting car and a truck, but the judge wasn't having any. "I'd be very pleased if counsel would *realize* that I still have my wits about me," he snapped.

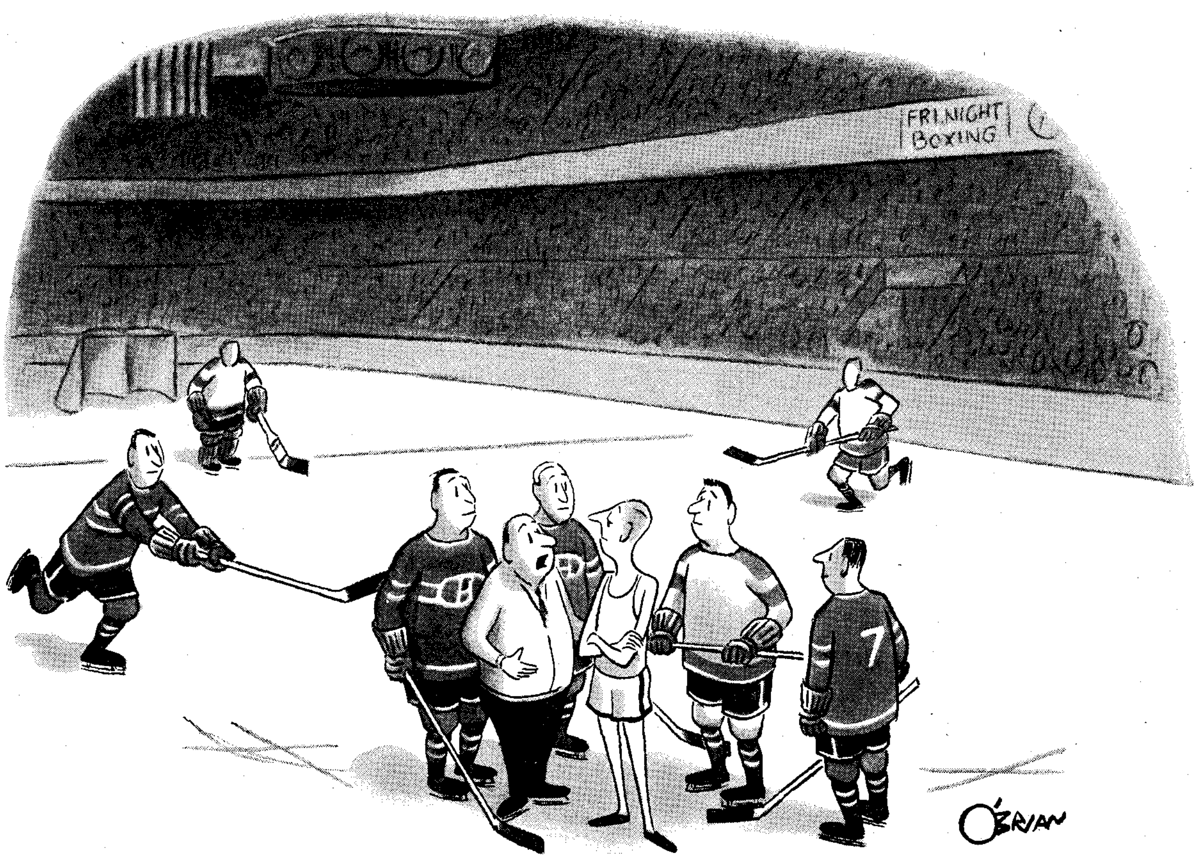
"I beg Your Lordship's pardon," Dunn said fervently. "I was not suggesting—"

"And though I may not be quite so young as counsel, I still know the difference between a truck and a jaunting car," said the judge, and he continued to nag, to interrupt, and to ask awkward questions until the jarvey's pose was broken down and he was yelling. The atmosphere of the conducted tour had been completely dissipated.

WHEN Charlie's turn came, he recited the oath in a thrilling voice that made it perfectly clear that here, at least, was a man who knew the solemn meaning of every word. The judge glanced at him with the air of a child who sees a new toy. Charlie bowed very low to the judge, who was so astonished that he bowed back, and then Charlie bowed to the jury, and sat down, crossing his legs. He looked up at the little bank of faces in the jury box and realized that for a whole morning the wretched occupants had been sitting there, trapped and bored, and he knew somewhere deep in his heart there was only one way of relieving boredom like that, and that was to sell the poor creatures something. So Charlie proceeded to sell them the story that no lawyer had been prepared to buy. He took Linnane's questions for what they should have been, rather than what they were, and proceeded to dispose of them as though they were no more than the promptings of a good listener. He demonstrated exactly how the accident had occurred, using his hands, his feet, and even his magnificent voice, till the judge himself turned into a possible customer. He threw in amusing little sideswipes at the County Council and the condition of the roads, and, ignoring Cronin's warnings, one at the jarvey's drunkenness, as well. Dunn was on his feet in a moment with an outraged expression, but the judge had still not forgiven him his unmannerly correction and snubbed him at once. He said that Charlie struck him as an honest and unprejudiced witness, who told his story in a straightforward and, above all, audible way.

Even when Dunn got up to cross-examine, Charlie


YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
PREPARE TO MEET THY MAKER
GARDNER REA



"Look, Mac, for the last time there ain't any Knights of Columbus Mile going on here."

did not feel in the least rattled. On the contrary, Charlie had been having it almost too easy, and now welcomed the chance of a really difficult customer. He at once put on the air of melancholy that would appeal to such a person as Dunn.

Dunn had a trick of taking off his spectacles and molding his questions with them. "Mr. Ford," he said, giving the spectacles an airy wave, "you ventured to suggest that my client was under the influence of liquor on the night in question. Now, perhaps, before we go any further, you wouldn't mind enlightening the court as to where you and your lady friend were coming from?"

"Not in the least," said Charlie gallantly. "We were coming from the Red Cow."

"The Red Cow?" repeated Dunn, who was under the illusion that to repeat a name as though he had never heard it before was a good way of making it seem significant. "Would I be correct in assuming that the Red Cow is a hostelry?"

"You'd hardly be correct in assuming it, Mr. Dunn," Charlie replied with amusement. "Assumptions are made about things of which we have no direct knowledge."

There was a slight chuckle from the jury box at this, and Dunn grew red in the face and went on hurriedly, "And did you have some—um—refreshment there?"

"Yes, sir," Charlie replied meekly. "That was my purpose in going there."

Dunn waved his big spectacles in the direction of the judge. "Tell My Lord and the jury how many drinks you had," he said.

"Three," Charlie replied steadily. "You see, it was a very hot night, and I'd been driving for a good part of the day, and I was rather thirsty."

"And you ask the court to believe that after three drinks, on a very hot night, when you had been driving for a good part of the day, as you've admitted, you were still capable of driving a car properly?"

"I ask the court to believe that if I wasn't capable of driving properly I wouldn't have been driving at all," said Charlie.

"The guards made no test to ascertain if you were capable of driving?" asked Dunn.

"I presume the guards are aware that there is no test known to science that will prove the existence of lemonade in the system," Charlie replied sternly.

Of course, Charlie didn't know whether there was a test or not, nor was there much danger of his being examined about it if there was. Several of the jurymen laughed outright, and even the judge gave a smile of glee. His own style of wit was rather like that.

"You mean you drink nothing but lemonade?" snapped Dunn, who was beginning to lose his temper, and with good reason, for it wasn't often he had a witness like Charlie to deal with.

Charlie paused for a moment before replying. "I mean nothing of the sort, Mr. Dunn," he said sweetly. "I mean that a man who drinks anything stronger when he's in charge of a car is a dangerous lunatic."

"An exceedingly proper remark," said the judge, nodding four times and thumping his bench. Nothing goes down so well in a court of law as a well-aimed platitude.

Dunn had given up hope of shaking Charlie's version of the accident, and contented himself with a few perfunctory questions intended to suggest that Charlie and Celia had been too busy in the car to watch the road. Even these Charlie did not let by.

"This young lady and you are old friends?" asked Dunn.

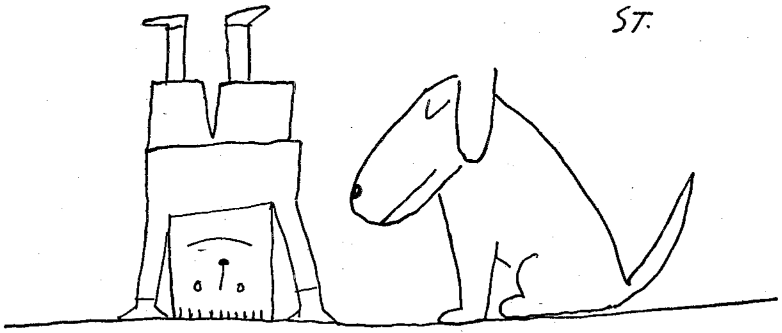
"No, Mr. Dunn," Charlie said gently. "Just engaged."

"And you hadn't your arm about this young lady's shoulder?"

"Ah, not at all, Mr. Dunn," Charlie said wearily. "You and I ought to be past the juvenile stage."

This produced a real roar, and after a few further efforts Dunn sat down and pretended to be absorbed in his papers. Charlie bowed again to the judge and jury, and returned to his seat. His solicitor winked at him, but he was still so buoyed up with his own eloquence that he failed to return it. Instead, he smiled wanly, and, closing his eyes, he covered them with his hand. He, of course, knew as well as Cronin did that the case was now in the bag. Charlie, the universal salesman, had sold his story to the jury, and it looked as if nothing less than an earthquake would break the spell he had woven about them.

But then it was Celia's turn, and



Charlie's heart sank when he saw that she had learned nothing from his example. Instead of taking the oath as though she had been waiting months for it, she took it like a woman who had to have every word extracted from her and expected each word to contain a trap. She looked beautiful and angry and, what was worse, alarmed, and Charlie knew within a few minutes that her unhappiness was affecting the courtroom. She replied to Linnane's friendly questions as though he were cross-examining her, and when Dunn rose, she gave him a positive scowl. Charlie hoped that, as an old friend of the family, Dunn might show some sense of decency, but he was still smarting under Charlie's thrusts.

"And were you also drinking lemonade, Miss Halligan?" he asked, brandishing his spectacles and looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

"Ah, I was not," she said, with a shrug. "I wouldn't touch the blooming stuff."

At this simple statement of personal prejudice, a shudder seemed to go through the court.

"Tell the court what you were drinking."

"Whiskey, of course," she replied in a shrill, shocked tone. "As if you didn't know!"

Dunn leaned forward on the table, bowed his dark head, and looked at her over his spectacles. "I did not know, Miss Halligan," he said reprovingly. "I merely wish to find out if at the time of this accident you weren't a little—elevated, shall we say?"

"Is it after three small ones?" she asked incredulously. "What do you think I am?"

At this point, Linnane tried to go to Celia's rescue, but the judge had taken an instant dislike to her, and he had the last word. The judge lived in hope that someday he would find one of these modern girls before him, and then he would speak for an hour. He was so full of things he wanted to say about them that he knew it would make splash headlines. And he had a strong suspicion that Celia was a modern young woman. He told her that this was a court of law, and that he would not permit her to reply to counsel in that impudent fashion, at which Celia only looked mutinous as well as angry, and the judge held the case up for several minutes to glower back at her, waiting for the back answer that would give him the opportunity of starting all over again. Dunn now knew that the road was clear for him.

Charlie covered his face entirely. To give him his due, he went through agonies. As Dunn framed each question, Charlie answered it in his own mind, tossing off the awkward ones with light feminine banter, lingering gravely over those that raised moral issues, smiling, frowning, and even prepared to shed a tear behind his hands. And on top of the ideal reply came the real one, all in one tone, bewildered and maddened, and sounding as if it came from the lips of some international courtesan. Linnane tried to interfere, but the judge said with a snort that the witness appeared to be one of those modern young women, so she probably expected to be dealt with in a modern way. Dunn made Celia admit that she was often at the Red Cow, that she had been going there for years, with different men, and that she had been kissing Charlie in the car before they started; and he almost trapped her into saying that she was in no state to describe what had happened. "Salesmanship!" Charlie thought despairingly. "That's what the girl lacks. Salesmanship!"

Celia came down from the stand sulky and furious. Charlie rose with an angelic, welcoming smile to let her pass in front of him, and tried to put his fat hand consolingly on hers, but she whipped away from him as though he were to blame for everything, and stalked out of the court. He had to sit there and wait for the verdict, and though it was a verdict for him, it brought him no comfort. It even left him wondering why he had caused himself so much anxiety over it.

NEXT morning, Charlie received a shock. In town, he ran into a gossipy married woman, who had heard all about the case and wanted to talk of it.

"And I saw Celia at the dance last night," she went on joyously. "I'll give you three guesses who she was dancing with."

"Who, Babe?" Charlie asked, in his fatherly way.

"Michael Dunn! What do you make of that?"

"Dunn?" Charlie exclaimed, growing pale. "Are you sure of that, Babe?"

"Sure, I saw her, I tell you. He went up to her, and they were talking for a few minutes, and after that she danced with him twice. I nearly dropped dead."

"I'm a bit surprised myself," murmured Charlie, who preferred not to show his own bewilderment and alarm. "I wouldn't have thought she'd speak to him again. I know I wouldn't."

That evening, he went to the Halligans', but he got no satisfaction whatever from Celia. She seemed surprised and irritated by his attitude.

"And why wouldn't I dance with him?" she asked. "Sure, he only did what he was paid for, like anyone else. He'd do the same to his own mother. Did you ever know a lawyer that wouldn't?"

But reasonable as this sounded, it carried no conviction to Charlie's mind. Reason had never yet made a woman speak to a man she had cause to dislike. Could it be that she hadn't really resented Dunn's tone? That she might even have enjoyed it? He felt he would never understand women now.

He felt it with a vengeance when Celia returned the ring and told him that she and Dunn were getting married at once. Charlie was a rational man, and, like all rational men, took the irrational badly. It was not the loss of Celia only that upset him but the unreasonableness of it all. He took to the drink, and for months it looked as if he would never be himself again. Woebegone and haggard, he went over every detail with me a hundred times. But gradually, as he repeated it, he began to realize that it was an excellent story, a story you could sell to prospective customers. "Did I ever tell you," he would ask with a reflective smile, "how I won the case and lost the girl?" And suddenly he was himself again. Art had triumphed over nature. It was the old story. *Out of my great sorrows I have made little songs.*—Frank O'Connor

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Young Benton described the eight boys in the class as much smaller than him, though of the same age. "I would guess that the tallest one was about 5-foot 4, while a am over 8-foot 8," he said.—*Hartford Courant.*

Tall, lanky, Southern type?

RUMMAGE SALE

THE town of North Monroe, Connecticut, had no ambulance, and no one thought of doing anything about it until old Mrs. Conway fell and broke her hip at a canasta party at Miss Josie Boardman's and had to be taken to a hospital in New Haven. She had been helping Miss Josie carry in the refreshments, and she slipped on some meringue that had been spilled on the kitchen floor.

The next day, Miss Josie, torn between anger and guilt, told her friend Mrs. Lyman Hull that she didn't see how Clara Conway could have *broken* anything. Mrs. Hull had missed the canasta party because she had gone to a play at the Shubert in New Haven, and now she had dropped by to hear all about the accident and to take a look at the spot where Mrs. Conway had fallen. "I've fallen on that floor a thousand times," Miss Josie told her, "and the worst that ever happened to me was *shock*. But the minute I heard the crash and ran out and saw her *lying* there, I knew it was more than shock, because of the way she was *twisted*. Fortunately, she hit her head on the stove on her way down, and felt *nothing*."

Mrs. Hull sighed. She was disappointed that the kitchen showed no signs of the disaster and looked the way it always did. "It was too bad the meringue was *there*," she said.

"I'm sure you have far worse things on your floor than a little meringue, Kitty," Miss Josie said. "Besides, I hadn't asked Clara to help. She offered to, the way she always does, because she likes to see what goes on behind the scenes."

Mrs. Hull pressed her for more details. "What did you *do*?" she asked. "I hope you didn't move her."

"I took that first-aid course when you did," Miss Josie reminded her. "I knew enough to leave her with her head under the sink. And I called Dr. Hughes, but I think he must have been out with that nurse of his, because he wasn't *home*. So I left word, and called New Haven for an ambulance."

"I hear they took hours," Mrs. Hull said. "You must have been frantic, you poor thing."

"They took long enough," Miss Josie said bitterly. "*They* don't care. Oh, if you fell in New Haven, I daresay they'd condescend to come and pick you up quick enough, but try falling in *this* town and see where it gets you. I think they resent us being twenty-two miles away. *That's* what I'd like to talk to you about. Don't you think it's high time we got an ambulance of our own?"

Mrs. Hull looked at her as though she had lost her mind. "An *ambulance*?" she repeated. "Do you know how much they cost? Where would we get the money?"

"I don't expect to get it all at once," Miss Josie said. "I realize it may take years. But we could *start*. We have to think of others. Suppose something happened to *you*, for instance."

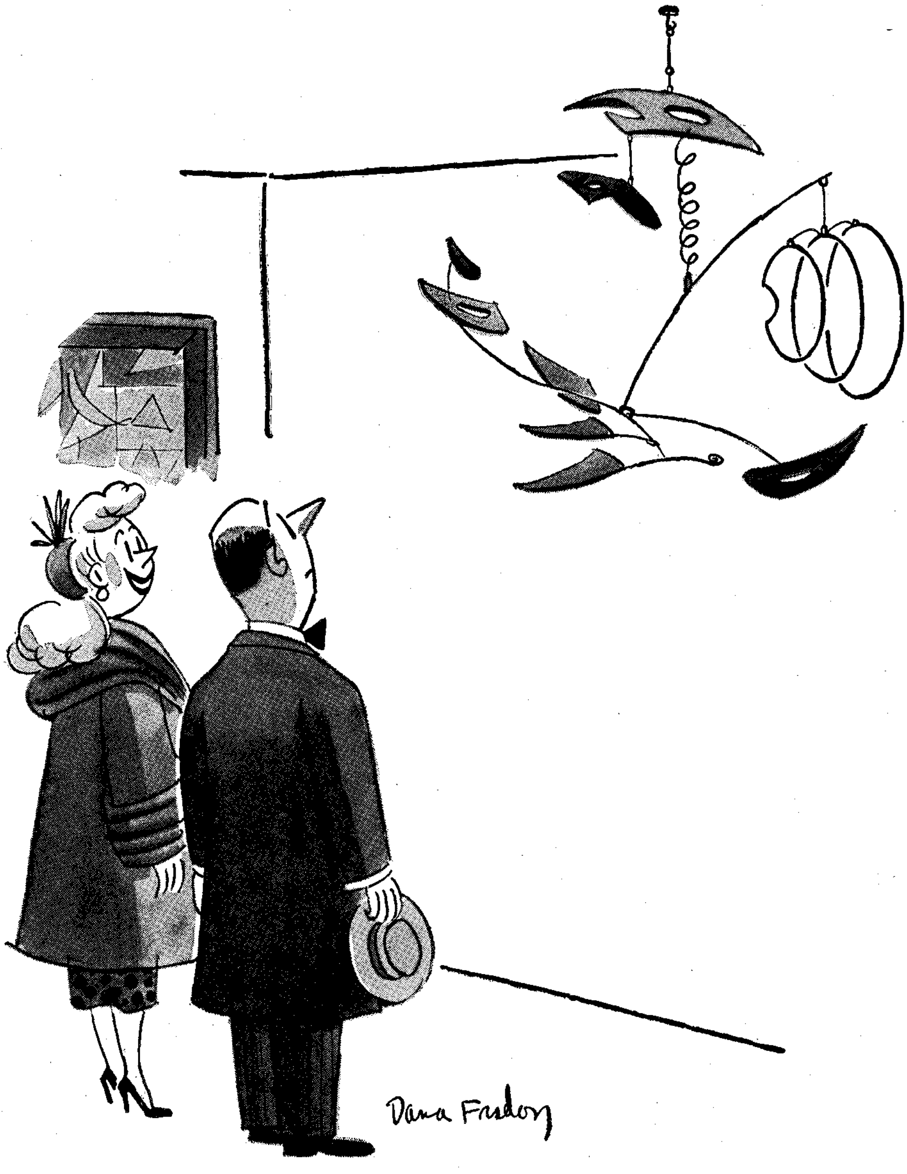
"Lots has happened to me," Mrs. Hull said. "I've ridden in ambulances—plenty of them. But I didn't get hysterical and was always quite calm waiting. How is Clara today, by the way?"

"All right," Miss Josie answered. "I take it, then, that you don't approve of my plan to raise funds for an ambulance in this town?"

"You haven't got a plan. And anything we could think up would turn out to be a mere drop in the bucket, moneywise," Mrs. Hull said.

"I have always taken the long view," Miss Josie told her. "And I am willing to start in a small way. I thought we could have a rummage sale. They don't bring in much, but when the summer people come, with all that money, we could strike again." And although Mrs. Hull didn't think the idea of a sale was such a good one, she agreed to do what she could to help.

Miss Josie ran into a snag when she called on old Mrs. Conway at the hospital two days later. Mrs. Conway, lying in bed with her leg attached to a pulley, in a room filled with wilting flowers in papier-mâché vases, flatly refused to serve as a pitiful example. "The whole thing's ridiculous," she said. "It will make me sound like a charity case. I had to shell out twenty-five dollars for that ambulance that brought me here, and I don't expect to ride in one again,



"Did I ever tell you I was born in Mobile?"

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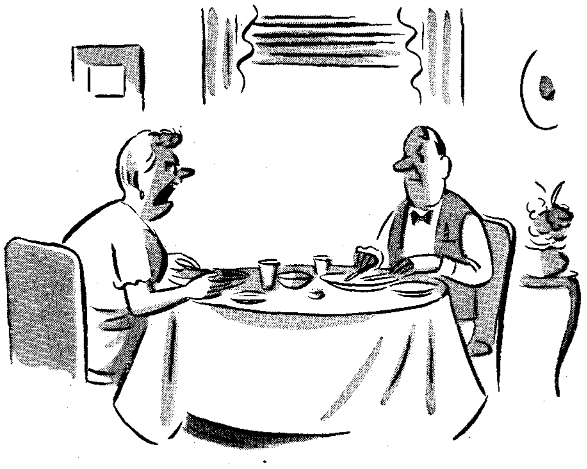

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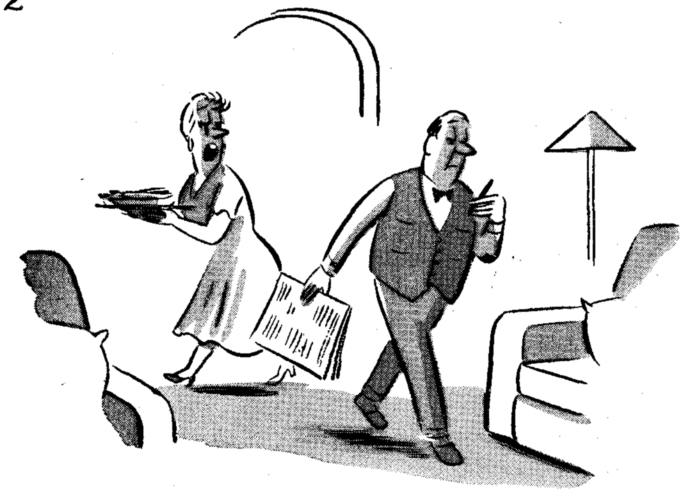


ever. Instead of wasting your energy on a fool scheme like this, why don't you get up at the next town meeting and try to get all homeowners to carry insurance? Because if you weren't my friend, Josie, I honestly think I could sue you and win."

"Blue Cross is taking care of you," Miss Josie said tartly. "I took the trouble to find *that* out. Anyway, can't you think of the others who will come after? I thought we could call it 'Rummage Sale for the Clara Conway Ambulance Fund.'"

Mrs. Conway moved her hand cautiously, so that Miss Josie wouldn't see that she was pressing the button to summon her nurse. "I forbid it," she said. "And now I think I'll close my eyes for a bit. I'm full of codeine."

BY the next Saturday, Miss Josie had collected enough things, from people who didn't want them, to feel sure the sale would be a moderate success. She had got permission to hold it in the basement of the Stanton Memorial Library, which had to be cleaned first, and in the meantime the things for the sale were piled up on Miss Josie's back porch. She decided to call a meeting of her Sunday-school class that afternoon and ask the girls to help her. There were nine girls in the class, and they ranged in age from ten to twelve years. After she had telephoned their mothers, impressing on them the necessity for prompt attendance, she made a large pitcher of lemonade and a batch of marguerites. The recipe for the marguerites was a simple one. It was, in fact, the one she had used on the night of the accident. She beat up the whites of three eggs until they were stiff, added powdered sugar and a teaspoon of vanilla, and spread this icing on saltines. While the marguerites were browning in the oven, she went into her living room and removed the Staffordshire figurines from their places on tables and mantel and put them away in the breakfront, which she then locked. She glanced around the room to see if there were any other treasures the girls shouldn't be trusted with, shook some salted peanuts into a silver dish, and opened the windows from the top, so a little fresh air would blow through the place and disperse the odors of damp wool and bath powder in which the girls always seemed to be enveloped.

The girls arrived promptly at two, but it took them some little time to settle down. Susie Hart's mother worked, so Susie had to bring her little sister Priscilla, who was only three and who in no time at all had made deep inroads into the salted peanuts. Susie caught her and kept her away from them by holding on to the back of her hair. When the girls were quiet, Miss Josie explained what the rummage sale was being held for and described the nerve-racking wait for the ambulance on the night of the accident. She recalled an incident that had happened ten years before, when a boy named Buck Sanders crashed head-on into an elm on his Flexible Flyer, and she reminded them of the time a year ago when Gert Myers' appendix almost burst. She wound up her talk with eloquent, if confused, references to Florence Nightingale, Robert Montgomery in "Yellow Jack," Sister Kenny, Pasteur, and the TV show "Medic." When she sat down, the girls applauded wildly. Susie Hart raised her hand and, at a nod from Miss Josie, got to her feet, still holding on to her sister's hair. She was a stocky, brown-haired child with untamed eyebrows and an inexhaustible store of energy. "Miss Josie, what can we *do*?" she asked intently.

Miss Josie, who had only considered asking the girls to help sort the things and perhaps assist in making a few posters to be placed in shopwindows, took another look at their flushed, eager faces and decided that not to harness all this vitality would be silly. "Susie! Girls!" she cried. "What do you want to do?"

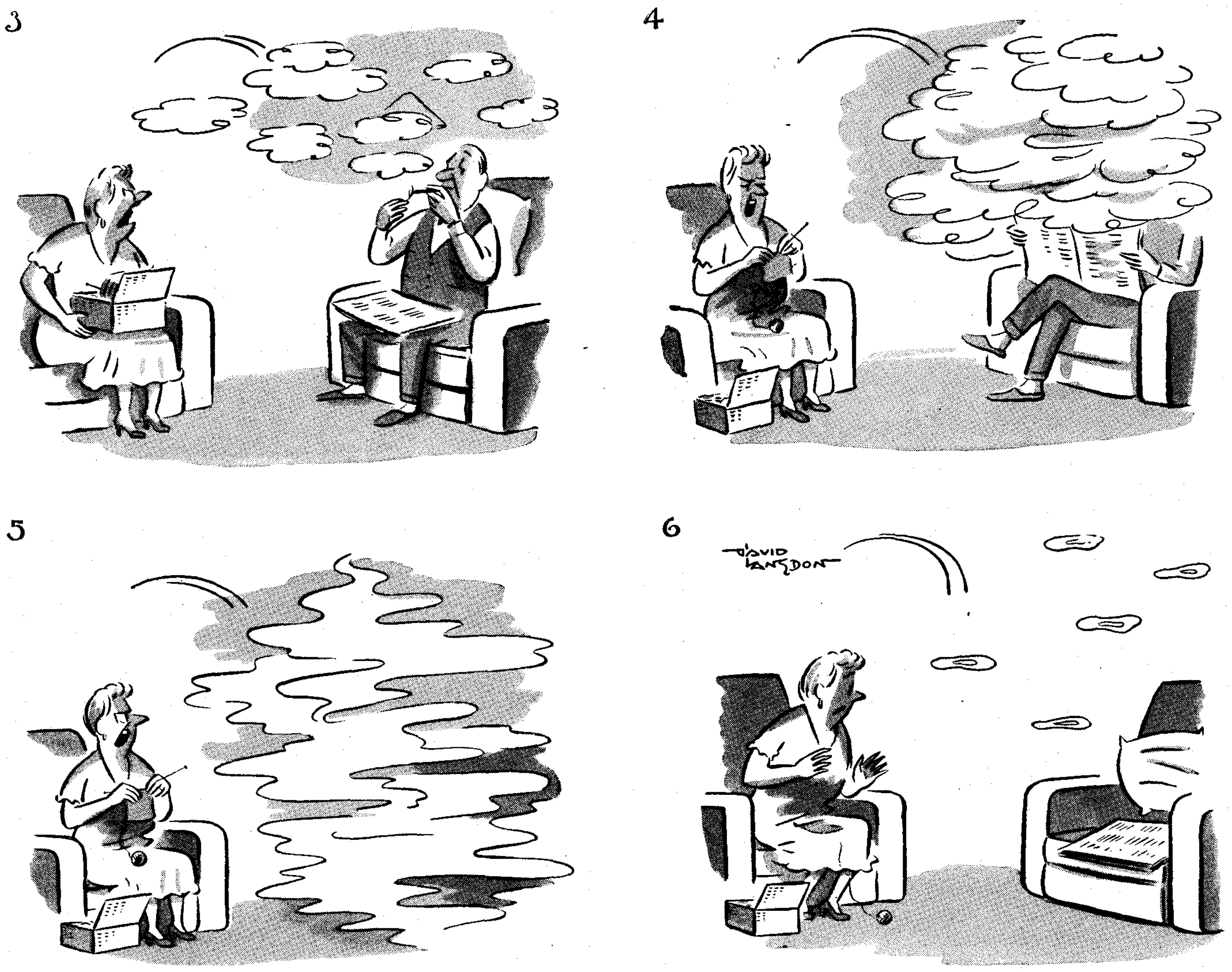
"Miss Josie, we will do anything!" Susie answered in stirring tones. "I almost cried when you told about that boy, Buck, lying in the snow and having to get fourteen stitches." Priscilla began to slide toward the floor, making low, whimpering sounds, and Susie paused long enough to jerk her back to her feet. "Anything!" she repeated. "I think we should all devote our time to *making* things and *selling* them at the rummage sale. We can crochet pot holders, and bake stuff. We can do *anything!*"

"Splendid!" Miss Josie exclaimed. "I'll lend my coffee urn, and we can serve coffee and cakes!"

The hands shot up and waved wildly. Miss Josie nodded at Katy Masters, a towheaded child with light-blue eyes, who resembled a not too clean rabbit. Katy got to her feet, pulled at her plaid skirt, and ran her tongue over her lips. "Miss Josie and everybody!" she said. "I move that we make a list and have committees. I can make collars out of felt and bead them. They are perfectly beautiful. And I move that I be the head of the committee that has charge of them."

"I don't think we'll have to have a committee for beaded collars," Miss Josie said, smiling. "But you may head the group of needleworkers. And you, Susie, take charge of the home-baked projects."

"Thank you, Miss Josie. I will do it, and you can count on me all the way," Susie said, loudly and fervently. "And, Miss Josie, you may sell my bird cage for this cause. Petey—" Her



voice broke, and she swallowed hard. "Petey was taken from me two weeks ago by an uncurable disease that made him molt. I was saving his cage for a shrine, but now I'd like to contribute it. You see, he suffered, and this cause is for an ambulance for people who suffer, and I know that if he were still alive and could understand, it would make him happy." Her eyes filled with tears, and Mary Dee, a plump little girl whose clothes fitted her like a sausage skin, hurried to her side and put a comforting arm around her. With an effort, Susie pulled herself together. "I will have it fumigated," she said.

"Well, now!" Miss Josie said, after a moment of silence. "Suppose we have a little refreshment and then get to work."

"I couldn't touch food," Susie said.

"You have to keep up your strength," Mary Dee said. She pushed Susie gently down on the couch, loosened her fingers from Priscilla's hair, and, after a slight scuffle, caught hold of it herself. Susie put her head down between her knees for a minute, and then lay back against the pillows and accepted a plate of marguerites and a glass of lemonade from Katy Masters.

"Thank you," she said. "I thought I was going to black out."

BY late afternoon, the big basement room at the library had been cleaned and all the things from Miss Josie's back porch had been moved into it. Mrs. Hull had arrived with contributions from the merchants in town—an electric toaster, a set of cocktail napkins with strawberries embroidered on them, a pair of hurricane lamps, ceramic earrings, a dozen cocktail glasses with roosters on them, a Pyrex casserole, two rag rugs, two baskets of canned delicacies, packages of flower seeds, a bird feeder, a croquet set, and an assortment of garden tools. "The liquor store said it would send over a case of beer and six bottles of crème de menthe," she said. "What do you think?"

Miss Josie sat down and pushed her felt hat back off her forehead. "No," she said. "It's liquor, and I think we'd get into trouble selling it without a license."

"Neither beer nor crème de menthe are really intoxicating," Mrs. Hull said. "You'd have to drink an awful lot of them before you got drunk."

"Well, maybe we could raffle them," Miss Josie said. She looked up as Susie Hart came into the room carrying a tin clothes hamper stamped with a floral design.

"This is the last," Susie said. "Now I think I'd better let Priscilla out of the toilet. How do you do, Mrs. Hull."

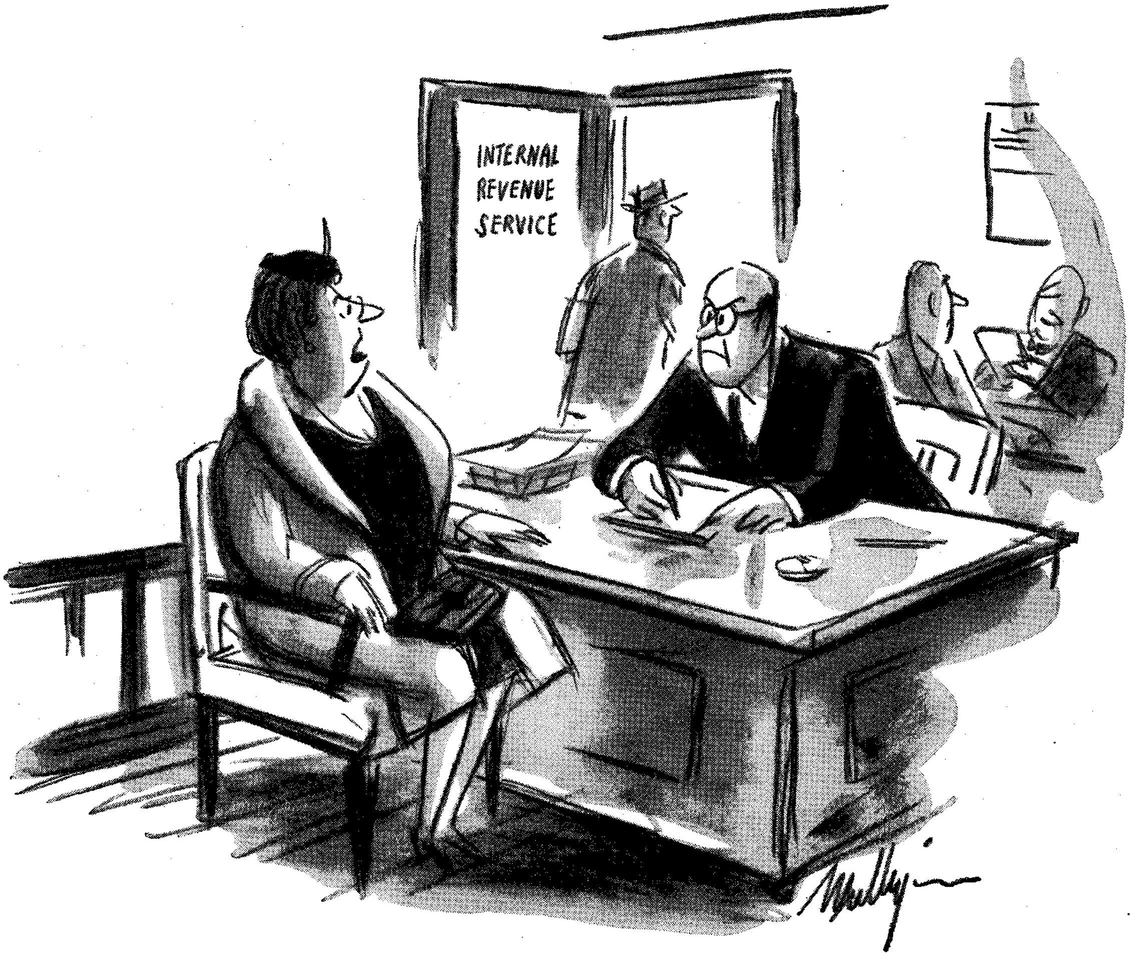
"How do you do, Susie," Mrs. Hull answered.

"I'm fine, thank you," Susie said. "She's stopped screaming, so I think I'd better let her out. She may be taking things apart. And then, if you don't mind, Miss Josie, I'll take her home. We feed her early to get rid of her."

"Very well, Susie," Miss Josie said. "I'm going home myself. Thank you for all you've done."

"Don't mention it," Susie said, smiling at the two women. "I am and will be prepared to do anything."

When she unlocked the bathroom door and opened it, Priscilla lay curled up on the cement floor, asleep. Susie lift-



“I'd just like to get a peek at your return.”

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ed her to her feet, and Priscilla's head bobbed about limply like a rag doll's. “It's time to go home now,” Susie said gently. “Stop making your legs like rubber. Don't you want your nice cereal and your pretty jello?”

Priscilla opened her eyes, and Susie took her by the hand and led her down the corridor and up the steps to the street. She walked along, pulling Priscilla after her. It was cool out, the fog blew in from the Sound, and the setting sun was a dull gold through the mist. The leaves of the trees were a soft, green blur, and the familiar street had a mysterious look. It seemed to her that her feet barely touched the ground, and that she was walking into the setting sun as she had seen people do on the screen at the end of a moving picture. She tried to think back to the way she had felt this morning, and it occurred to her that until today nothing had ever happened to her. Nothing inside, that is. She even wondered if she had ever done any good, and decided that she hadn't. She tried to add up the things she did every day that could be put down to her credit—like making her own bed, bathing when she was told to, doing her homework, running errands, not stealing, not taking the name of the Lord in vain, and not telling any real lies. They didn't amount to much. They were such little things that they barely showed. She realized, of course, that nothing much had come her way—no opportunity to stick her finger in a dike, no need to sell matches in the snow. Until now, she had never wanted to be anything in particular, except once, when she was eight and thought she would like to be a cowgirl. Now she knew she wanted to be a saint.

Priscilla stumbled, and Susie started to jerk her up by her arm, but then she remembered that in all things, even little ones, she must be sweet and humble. She stopped and drew Priscilla to her. “Did you hurt yourself, dear?” she asked in her new, saint's voice.

Priscilla gave her a shove. “You shut up,” she said.

They walked on, and Priscilla's gritty hand in hers was her only hold on reality.

At home, Susie turned her sister loose and went up to her own room. Petey's cage sat on the table by the window. A white bow decorated it, and woven through the gilt bars were his feathers—quite a lot of them, since he had gone to his death almost naked. She untied the bow and folded it carefully, and then removed the feathers, made them into a bunch, and put a rubber band around them. From her closet she took down the shoe box that contained Petey's toys—the little bell that tinkled when he pecked at it, the brush for him to tug at, his cuttlefish, his little stepladder, a piece of egg roll, and his plastic bath—which she had put out of sight after he died. She laid the feathers and the bow on top of these things and then stood on the toilet seat and took down a bottle of Lysol, which had been put on a shelf out of Priscilla's reach. She got a rag from under the washbasin and, going back to her room, started to clean the cage. The sharp, heavy smell of the Lysol filled the room, and the undiluted liquid burned her skin. After she had finished cleaning the cage, she rubbed cream into her hands, and then went downstairs to the kitchen, where her mother was giving Priscilla her supper.

Her mother sniffed as she entered. “Good heavens!” she exclaimed. “You smell like a hospital! What have you been doing?”

“Killing germs,” Susie said.

“Well, don't get too close to me, you smell awful,” her mother said. She poured some milk into a bowl of cereal and stirred it with a spoon. “Priscilla tells me that you pulled her hair.”

“She was disgracing herself at Miss Josie's,” Susie said. “I was only trying to hold on to her.” She started to add that in her opinion Priscilla was a tattletale and a sneak, but, remembering that she was on the first rung of the ladder toward sainthood, she decided not to.

“She says that you locked her in a toilet,” her mother said, frowning.

Susie reminded herself that from now on it was her unhappy lot to be misunderstood. “Priscilla is just a little child,” she said. “I love her, but she needs guidance.”

“You *what*?”

“I love her,” Susie repeated doggedly.

“Don't talk silly,” her mother said. She wiped Priscilla's mouth with a paper napkin. “I mean of course you love her. At least, you should, because she's your sister, but you don't have to say it in that tone of voice."

"No little child is really bad," Susie said.

"No?" her mother said. "Well, right now this one needs a good slap." She wiped the table where Priscilla had spilled her cereal, and handed her a glass of chocolate milk with a straw in it.

"Mum, is anyone going to be using this kitchen next Saturday morning about six A.M.?" Susie asked.

"I hope not," her mother answered. "Why?"

"I have to make some cakes for the rummage sale," Susie said. "I'm going to make them like the ones we made in Domestic Science, only I'm going to have the icing *colored*."

"Oh, that sale!" her mother said. "All right, you may make them. And now run along, Susie. You're stinking this whole place up."

THE EYES OF THE DROWNED

Where the light has no horizons we lie.
It dims into depth, not distance. It sways
Like hair; then we shift and turn over slightly,
As once, on the long swing, under the trees,
In the drowse of summer, we slid to and fro
Slowly in the soft wash of the air, looking
Upward through the leaves that turned over and back
Like hands, through the birds, the fathomless light,
Upward. The keels go over us swinging
Jaggedly, laboring between our eyes
And the light, churning their wrought courses
Between the sailing birds and the awed eyes
Of the fish, with the grace of neither, nor with
The stars' serenity that they follow.
Yet the light shakes around them as they go.
Why? And why should we, rocking on shoal-pillow,
With our eyes cling to them, and their wakes follow,
Who follow nothing? If we could remember
The stars in their clarity, we might understand now
Why we pursued stars, to what end our eyes
Fastened upon stars, how it was that we traced
In their remote courses not their own fates but ours.

—W. S. Merwin

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AT half past eight in the morning on the day of the sale, Miss Josie drove up in front of the library and saw that Susie Hart was already there, waiting at a side door that led to the basement. She was holding a large box carefully in both hands, and she had Priscilla with her.

"Well, you *are* an early bird!" Miss Josie called as she got out of her car and walked toward the two children. She looked at the box. "I bet you have something good there!"

"They're little cakes," Susie said. "I made forty of them. *Lime* cakes. The icing's *lime*."

"Well!" Miss Josie said, fishing in her bag for the key. "I don't think I've ever tasted lime cakes before. Good morning, Priscilla. Have you come to help?"

"No," Priscilla said. "They made me come."

"I never tasted lime cakes before, either," Susie said. "That's why I thought they'd be unusual. They're green."

They certainly *are* green, Miss Josie thought when she opened the box in the basement room. The cupcakes were a violent shade, between jade and kelly, and they looked poisonous. "Gracious!" she said.

Susie glanced at her anxiously. "Do you like them?" she asked.

"I love them," Miss Josie lied. "I never saw such an unusual color. Now, let's arrange them on that large platter I brought, and we'll sell them with a cup of coffee for twenty-five cents. And, dear, what shall we do with Priscilla?"

Priscilla had wandered over to one of the tables and had picked up the collar Katy Masters had made, of bright-pink felt, stiff with a design of sequins and beads. Susie went over and took it away from her. "Musn't touch," she said. She looked at the price tag and saw that the collar cost a dollar.

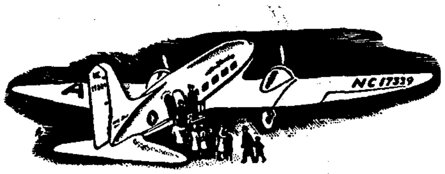
"It's mine," Priscilla said.

"It's too old for you, dear," Miss Josie said. "It's for a *big* girl."

"You can stand and look at it, Priscilla, but you mustn't touch," Susie said.

"Yes, won't that be nice?" Miss Josie said. "And, Susie, you take charge of the coffee urn." She showed her the paper plates, the spoons, the cups and saucers, the can of cream, and the bowl of sugar. Together, they arranged the lime cakes on the willowware platter.

At nine o'clock, the sale opened officially, and the girls of the Sunday-school class came with their last-minute contributions. Mary Dee brought a fruitcake from the A. & P. and a batch of brownies her mother had made. Some of the other girls brought candy boxes filled with cookies that had crumbled somewhat, fudge, butterscotch kisses, and fondant. Mrs. Hull arrived, apologizing for being a little late, and announced that she had sold all the raffle tickets for the case of beer and the six bottles of crème de menthe. "I haven't had a bite of breakfast," she said. "And, my, but that coffee smells good! May I have a cup, Susie?"



"Certainly, Mrs. Hull," Susie said professionally. She slid a cup under the faucet of the urn, and the coffee trickled into it. "And will you have one of these refreshing lime cakes?"

Mrs. Hull looked at the cakes. "What on earth—" she began, and then went on, tactfully, "I think I'll just have a plain cookie *now*."

"You'll be getting more for your money if you take a cake," Susie said. "I happen to know that they are full of butter." She eyed Mrs. Hull anxiously.

"Just a cookie, dear. I'll try one of the cakes later," Mrs. Hull said. She took her plate and went over to Miss Josie.

"Enjoying your coffee?" Miss Josie asked as she struggled with the wrapping on a hand-painted lampshade.

"My dear!" Mrs. Hull whispered, nodding toward the cakes. "*What* are we going to do? I'm sure that a tiny bit of that icing could wipe out the whole town!"

Miss Josie lowered her voice. "Susie made them," she said. "And be careful! Little pitchers, you know." She indicated Priscilla, who still stood by the table, keeping a loving eye on the pink beaded collar.

"Miss Josie!" Katy Masters said loudly. "Can't you keep that child away from here? Nobody can see all the handwork that's on that collar!" She pushed Priscilla away.

"Oh dear," Miss Josie said distractedly. "Priscilla, don't you want to let

Susie give you a nice piece of candy?”

“No,” Priscilla said. She edged toward the table again.

THE day wore on. And the room grew crowded and smelled of coffee, perfumes, and cigarettes. Petey’s bird cage was sold to a woman who thought she might use it for a parakeet, if she decided to buy one. By lunchtime, the brownies, the fruitcake, and most of the cookies were gone. But no one had wanted the lime cupcakes. Susie worked busily at the food table, and Miss Josie, glancing at her occasionally, saw that her face was set and that she looked pale. She barely nibbled at the sandwiches that Mrs. Hull brought in for the workers. Someone had found a chair for Priscilla, and she sat, almost asleep, with one hand resting near the collar, one finger touching it.

By late afternoon, most of the things had been sold and the room had emptied. The girls of the Sunday-school class were getting ready to leave, and they talked excitedly about how much they had made for the Ambulance Fund. Although no one had bought the pink collar, the pot holders that Katy Masters had also made had gone like hot cakes, and she was triumphant. “I could almost make a living doing them,” she said.

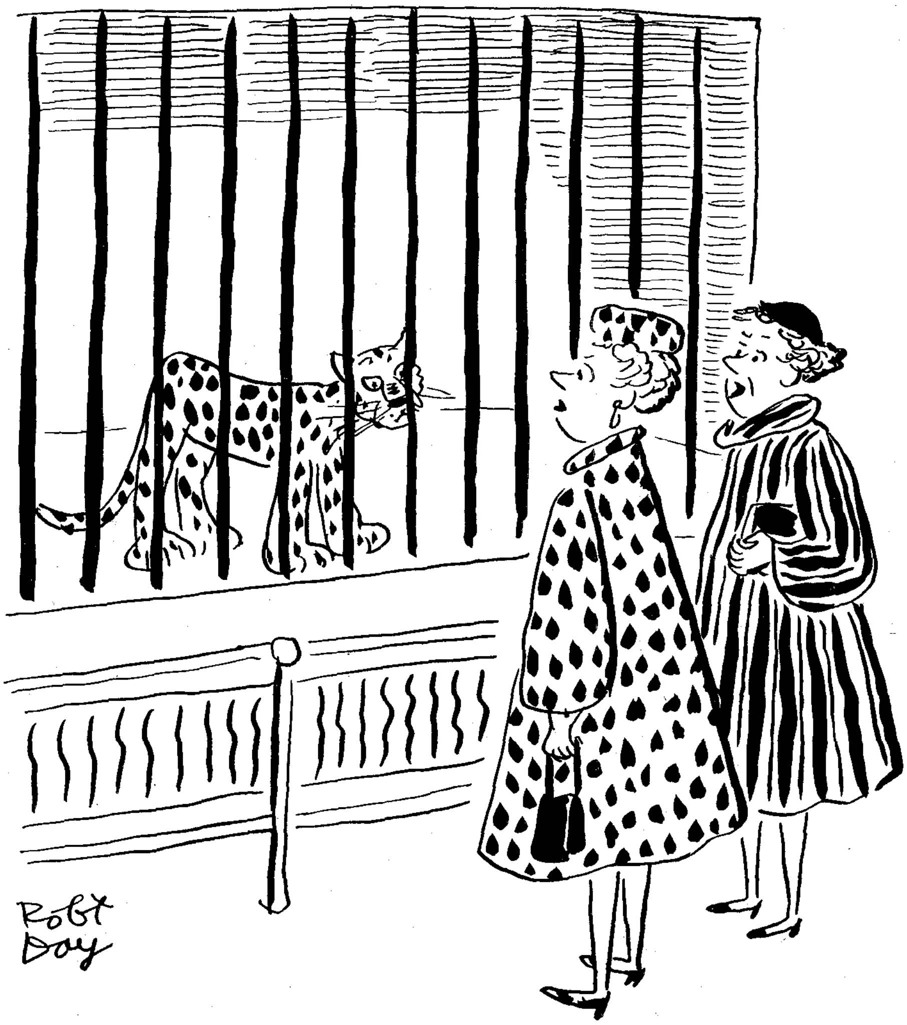
Mrs. Hull came back into the room. She had helped carry the case of beer out to Miss Merrivale’s car. Miss Merrivale was the librarian and the happy winner of the raffle. “Well, I guess that about does it,” Mrs. Hull said, looking around the room.

“Just about,” Miss Josie agreed. She thanked the girls as they straggled out, and then she saw that Susie was still sitting by the coffee urn. Miss Josie could stand it no longer. She walked over to the table and smiled down at Susie. “Is there a *last* cup of coffee for me? And one of those lovely cakes?”

Susie kept her eyes lowered. She filled a cup, and selected a cupcake and passed it on a plate to Miss Josie. Miss Josie bit into the cake bravely. It tasted overpoweringly of lime, and she could barely swallow it. “Delicious!” she said. She kept her eyes averted from the willowware platter. “How many are left?”

“Thirty-nine,” Susie said.

“Well!” Miss Josie fished in her bag, which was slung over her arm. “That’s fortunate! You see, I’m having a little party tomorrow night, and I would love to serve these. Now, say at fifteen cents each—if you’d sell me what you have—”



“*Oh, I think yours is much nicer.*”

“You mean you want to buy them?” Susie asked.

“Of course,” Miss Josie said. “They’re delicious.”

Susie raised her eyes and looked directly at Miss Josie. She was not deceived. She turned and began packing the cakes, one by one, into the box that had originally held them.

“I think that will be five dollars and eighty-five cents,” Miss Josie said. She counted out the change and laid it on the table with a five-dollar bill.

“They don’t cost anything,” Susie said. “They are free.”

“Oh, no!” Miss Josie said. “You can’t do that! The money’s for charity—for the Ambulance Fund.”

“No, it isn’t,” Susie said. “I mean not really.”

“Look, Susie,” Miss Josie said. “The last time I counted the money we made, it came to ninety-three dollars and fifteen cents. And this will make it almost a hundred.”

“Almost a *hundred*?” Susie repeated. “A hundred *dollars*?”

“That’s right.” Miss Josie waited anxiously, and then relaxed as she saw Susie reach down and pick up the five dollars and eighty-five cents.

“Almost a hundred,” Susie said. Her eyes were wide with wonder, and the color had come back to her cheeks.

“It’s a splendid start,” Miss Josie said. “And now that you’re all cleaned out, Susie, wouldn’t you like to run along? You’ve had a long day.”

“Thank you,” Susie said. “I would.” She reached into her pocket and brought out a crumpled dollar bill, which she handed to Miss Josie, with the money for the cakes. “My mother gave me this to spend, because she couldn’t come herself.” She walked over to the table where Priscilla was waiting, lifted the beaded collar from the table, and, stooping, fastened it gently around Priscilla’s neck. Then she picked her up and carried her toward the door.

Miss Josie looked down at the dollar bill. “Susie!” she called. “This will make it a hundred!”

Susie turned, Priscilla’s arms hugging her close. “I know,” she said. “Isn’t it glorious?” —SALLY BENSON

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Writer’s Digest*]

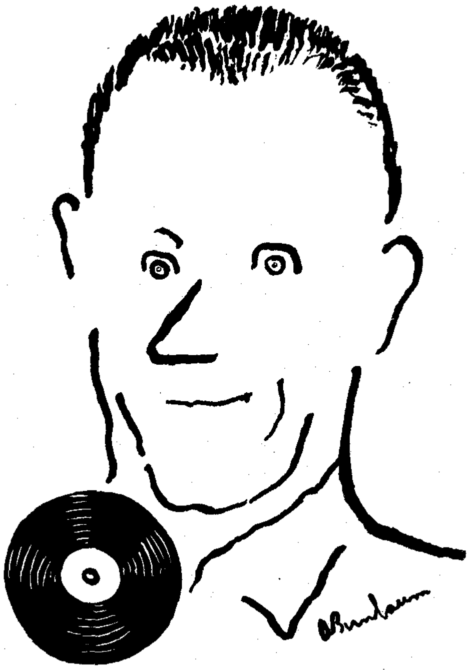
There is always something interesting going on somewhere.

PROFILES

EAR-DRIVEN—I

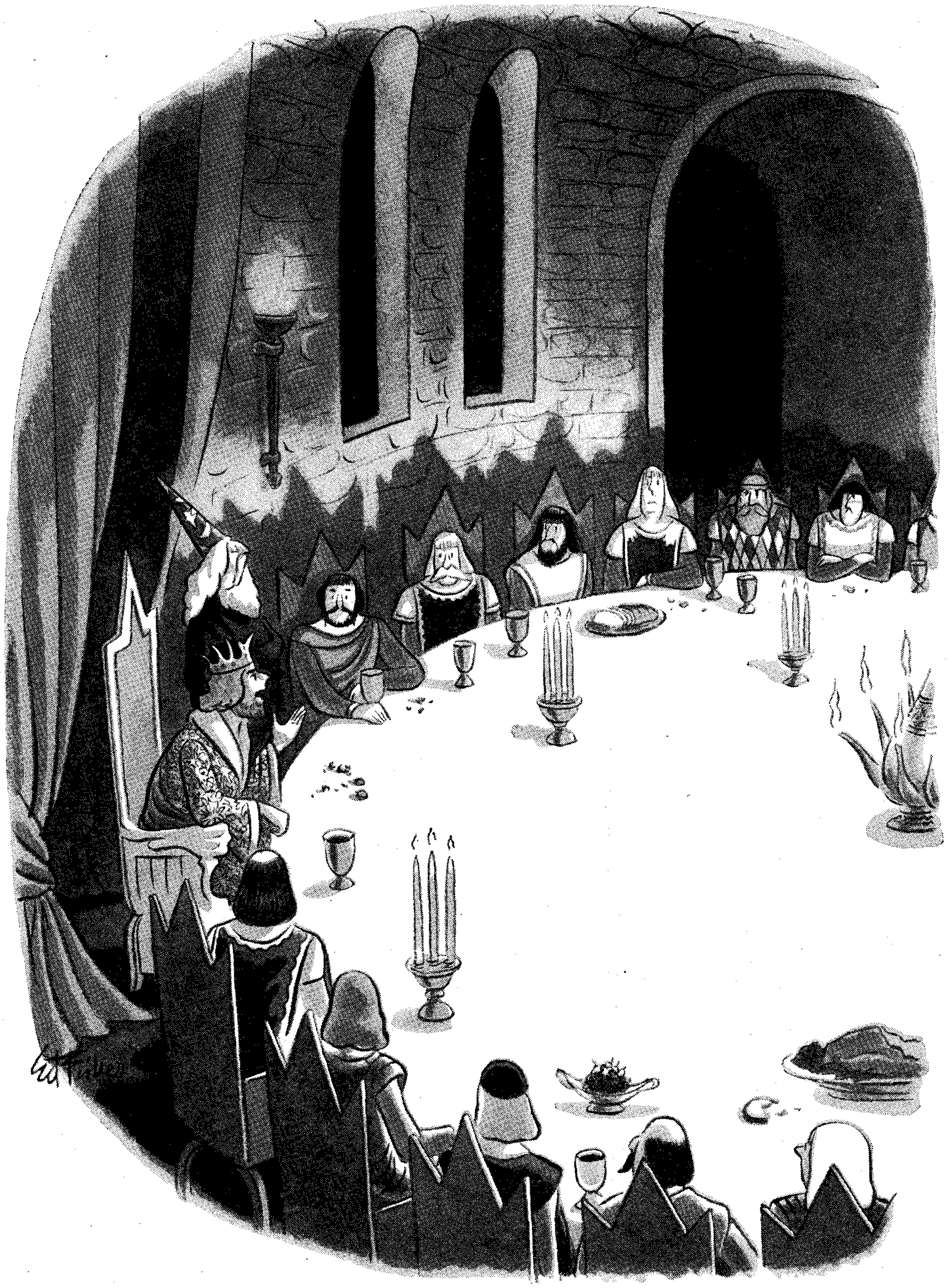
MOST people take the phenomenon of sound pretty much for granted and, if they were pinned down on the subject, would probably be willing to settle for Webster's first definition—"the sensation of hearing; that which is heard." To a man named Emory Cook, however, that definition is an egregious pedestrianism. Cook is a brash, quixotic sound engineer of forty-three, with blue eyes, close-cropped gray hair, a sturdy build, and a firm hold on thousands of devotees of high-fidelity, or hi-fi, recordings—a remarkably articulate group of zealots, who refer to themselves as audiophiles and look upon him as the grand panjandrum of their cult. Cook has an almost mystical reverence for sound, and maintains that the sense of hearing is grossly underrated. "Hearing gets treated like an underdog," he has said. "It's always being kicked aside in favor of sight. Even concertgoers won't give sound a break. They rarely shut their eyes and just *hear* the music. No, they think they have to look at—to *see*—the musicians scraping and blowing and the conductor waving his baton. At the theatre, yes—eyes are useful. But there's a time and a place for everything, and that includes sound."

As the founder and president of Cook Laboratories, Inc., a small and youthful but extremely prosperous phonograph-record company, whose offices and laboratory occupy a five-room suburban house in Stamford, Connecticut, Cook keeps his ear, and his recording equipment, perpetually cocked for sounds of a sort that his more conventional competitors have, until recently, tended to overlook or ignore as unlikely to appeal to even the audiophile segment of the record-buying public. Music is just one of many sources of sound that interest Cook—significantly, his company is also and more widely known as Sounds of Our Times—and this gives his record catalogues a variety that those of his rivals lack. One of the earliest, and most successful, of the sixty-odd releases he has turned out is a medley of train sounds, called "Rail Dynamics," that he recorded along the tracks of the New York Central's Hudson River line in 1950, the year he organized his firm; thrilling the audiophiles by the imaginative novelty of its content and awakening the *Weltschmerz* in many less dedicated listeners by its mournful wailing of locomotives, the record has sold some fifty thousand pressings to date, and the demand for it continues brisk. Subsequently, Cook lugged his recording paraphernalia to the top of Mount Washington, which is visited by some of the worst weather in the United States, and there, high in the Berkshires, reaped a rich harvest of raging, crashing sounds during a violent thunderstorm; on his record of them, entitled, with characteristic simplicity, "Summer Thunderstorm," a lightning bolt that missed him by fifty feet makes a noise like the crack of a rifle. In a sociological mood on another occasion, Cook, microphone in hand, crawled through the darkened orchestra pit of a Minsky burlesque theatre to record the audible part of the show onstage and the reactions of a Saturday-night audience out front. With the aid of a parabola pickup—a device that can catch and record a mere whisper across the street—he has eavesdropped in the dead of night on bullfrogs on the banks of ponds in Westchester and Fairfield Counties; no one who has listened to his recording, properly amplified, of this nocturnal chorus will disagree with his claim that the principals in it "sound like mighty cows." A couple of years ago, in search of material for a record called "Voice of the Sea," Cook made a ten-thousand-mile odyssey that led him from the coast of New England to the Pacific off the shores of Mexico; often poetic in its effect, this collection of marine sounds includes the rhythmic beat of surf, the melancholy tolling of bell buoys, the shrieking of gulls, the moan of ships' whistles, and the lapping of water in a sheltered inlet—a gurgle so realistic that one unprepared listener, entering his living room on a rainy evening while the record was being played, began looking for a leak in the roof. One side of a recent Cook release, entitled "Out of This World," reproduces the swishings and tweekings of electrical disturbances in the ionosphere, sixty miles above the surface of the earth, which a Dartmouth professor of electrical engineering picked up on an antenna atop a hundred-foot tower and then, by some complex bit of wizardry, amplified to the point where they could effectively be transferred to a record; on the reverse side are the sounds of earthquakes in Madagascar, Hawaii, Mexico, and California, as recorded by a seismologist in a laboratory at the California Institute of Technology. Part of another Cook record, called "The Compleat In Fidelytie," is devoted to the buzz of an incensed horsefly, and the fact that the sound is strongly reminiscent of a dentist's drill in no way detracts from its charm for hi-fi enthusiasts.



Emory Cook

Many of Cook's musical records are also rather startling; in fact, by some standards a number of them would hardly be called musical. He shows little interest in "name" musicians, being primarily concerned with getting a precise recording of the sounds, by no means necessarily melodic, made by instruments of varying degrees of orthodoxy, as in the case of "Speed the Parting Guest," a brazen, inhospitable concoction whose ingredients include seventeen temple bells, a toy drum, two vibraphones, a wind machine, five cocktail shakers, and a foghorn borrowed from the United States Coast Guard Station at West Quoddy Head, Maine. "Every time a host plays it his guests go home, he saves himself a bottle of Scotch, and everybody feels fine on the eight-twelve the next morning," Cook says. "The theme of the record is just go, go, go." Another of his musical records, "Percussion and Pedal," contains a section called "Nightmare in the Mosque," which is a potpourri of scarifying improvisations played on an exceptionally large and versatile organ in an auditorium known as the Mosque, in Richmond, Virginia. For this record, Cook drew heavily on his talents as a virtuoso acoustician to combine the mammoth instrument's representations of snare drums, twittering birds, thunder sheets, automobile horns, glockenspiels, and several other sonorous objects to get the effect he was after, which he proudly describes in a brochure accompanying the release as "a midnight bedlam . . . delivered with defiant precision . . . the percussive to end all percussives on the organ." Cook often gives the center of the stage to instruments that have seldom been recorded except to provide incidental atmospheric music. On one side of his "Calliope and Carousel," for instance, hand organs present a series of sentimental numbers; on the other, a calliope, with a concert pianist at the keyboard, blares away in all its steaming, wheezing glory, playing a repertory of circus and showboat tunes in such a stirring fashion that Edward Tatnall Canby, reviewing the record in the magazine *Audio*, was prompted to write, "The calliope plays so gorgeously out of tune that if you're a good musician you can only gasp with pleasurable anguish." The star of a Sounds of Our Times recording called "Upright" is a derelict barroom piano—with six pedals, including one that makes it twang like a mandolin—which its sponsor describes in his catalogue as "tinny, nicely out of tune" and which, played by a fellow Cook ran across in a Texas border town, rattles off a series of numbers ranging from "Tea for Two" to "Binaural Bounce." At one time or another, Cook has also come up with recordings of Haitian drums, a pedal harpsichord (owned by Bruce Prince-Joseph, the harpsichordist of the New York Philharmonic, and the only one of its kind in this hemisphere), a bagpipe band ("on the march . . . *with drums!*"), a six-man marimba outfit playing in a back alley in Mexico City, and a Lebanese ud. To judge by two of his more recent releases, his enthusiasm for bizarre musical instruments is as strong as ever. One of these, called "Brute Force Steel Bands," is a sampling of mambo, meringue, samba, and rumba music played by native musicians in Antigua, in the British West Indies, on some forty sawed-off surplus lend-lease oil drums; the other, called "Jawbone of an Ass," is a recording of a jazz band in Santiago de Cuba, which turns out to be less cryptically named than might be supposed, for one of the instruments, its teeth chattering like a ratchet, is neither more nor less than the jawbone of an ass.



"It's been apparent for some time that a hundred and fifty knights around one table is unwieldy. Merlin suggests you'd all have a better chance to sound off individually if we split up into fifteen groups, with a spokesman for each group to report the sense of his meeting to me."

Even when Cook turns to as traditional an instrument as a church organ and uses it to record classical works, he is likely to give it an unexpected twist. Thus, a couple of years ago, when he recorded a Vivaldi organ concerto in Mexico's ancient stone Morelia Cathedral, he deliberately included the muffled, unintelligible sounds of a con-

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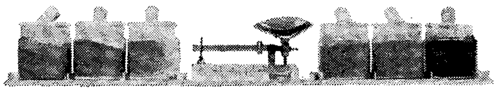

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versation carried on during the performance by two altar boys and a priest a hundred feet from the microphone; he said that their voices helped dramatize the acoustics of the cavernous structure. At around the same time, Cook recorded a vibration of sixteen cycles during the playing of a Handel arioso on an organ with thirty-two-foot pipes in Boston's Symphony Hall—the first time anyone had ever succeeded in capturing so low a tone on a record. "Emory is pushing past the outposts of human hearing," a friend of his remarked after listening to this record. "Those organ sounds hit you in your chest. They almost hurt. They're a matter of feeling, not hearing."

Cook's restlessly experimental nature accounts in large measure for his eminence in the young and rapidly growing high-fidelity industry, whose objective is the faithful reproduction of sound—in other words, the recording and transmission of the vibrations responsible for sound in such a way that they will have precisely the same effect as the original vibrations upon the sense of hearing. The pursuit of that objective means waging an unremitting war on two enemies: sound distortion, which is caused by electronic deficiencies in the making of a record, and the defects—physical in the record itself and electronic in the transmitting equipment—that cause what hi-fi people onomatopoetically call crackle, pop, hum, flutter, rumble, and so on. Although perfectionists like Cook fume bitterly at these flaws, which despite the most painstaking efforts to eliminate them, persist in even the best recordings, an astonishing amount of progress has been made in sound reproduction during the past few years. It does not take a trained ear to detect the difference between the accuracy and realism achieved by today's records and the feeble, wavering mimicries of the pre-hi-fi era. In the past, orchestral recordings brought out the timbre of only certain instruments—bass tuba, piano, bass drum, French horn, and trombone, for example—with any sort of distinctness, but since the introduction of hi-fi all the other instruments have come alive, too; the overtones of violin, harp, and organ are now clearly audible, and the initial bite of strings, castanets, and triangles is crisp and decisive. One music critic recently described the difference between high-fidelity recordings and the earlier kind as "the difference between Kodachrome and monochrome," and called the modern phonograph this century's greatest contribution to musical history, comparable to the refining of the polyphonic chorus in the sixteenth century and the evolution of the symphonic form two hundred years later. Some months ago, in a discussion of the high-fidelity movement, *Time* stated, "André Malraux believes that the camera and modern reproduction techniques have revolutionized the art world by bringing art out of the museum. He calls the phenomenon the 'Museum Without Walls.' Something like it is happening with music: the United States musical revolution is taking place in the Concert Hall Without Walls." One of the outstanding developments of this revolution is the tape recorder, which, by means that must remain mysterious to all who simply accept electricity as something that comes out of a wall plug, records sound magnetically on strips of tape—either paper or plastic—that have been coated with a magnetic oxide. To Cook, perhaps more than most, the tape recorder is invaluable because of its great adaptability in tracking down sounds, which can then be transferred to records. Unlike the old-time studio recording mechanism, which was too unwieldy to carry around, the tape recorder is no bigger than the average suitcase and thus provides a widely ranging ear that can with relative ease be taken anywhere—to a bullfrog swamp or a concert hall or wherever.

Dissatisfied though Cook and his fellow sound engineers may be with the progress they have made toward absolute fidelity so far, it is sufficiently impressive to persuade some three thousand Americans each week to join the ranks of those who have "gone hi-fi," as record people put it; almost a million of them have done so to date. Since 1952, sales of turntables, amplifiers, loudspeakers, and the other pieces of equipment that make up "hi-fi rigs," to use another bit of professional jargon, have quadrupled, and last year about a hundred million dollars' worth of high-fidelity records were sold. Audiophiles have a choice of four magazines entirely devoted to their hobby. The largest of these, *High Fidelity*, has a circulation of seventy thousand, and the three others—*Audio*, *Music at Home*, and *Audiocraft*—have about as much as that among them. Periodicals that never used to bother about musical matters now employ hi-fi-record reviewers, some of whom appear to be creating an entirely new school of music criticism, of which a fairly typical example is a passage that appeared in a review of a Bach Concerto for Three Harpsichords published in the June, 1955, issue of *Radio-Electronics:*

> The harpsichord is a fine instrument for testing both the dynamic range and frequency response of a system. The low amplitude of the tone and the high proportion of various noises require a very low hum and noise level for really faithful and natural reproduction. Furthermore, to bring out the wonderful color of the harpsichord's tone, the frequency response must be flat and the equipment free of distortion so that the harmonic structure is not altered. Finally, the semipercussive quality requires a good transient response, while the slight overhang requires great freedom from wow.

So assiduously has the term "high fidelity" been plugged and so widespread has been its acceptance that it has been appropriated by makers of shirts, lipsticks, perfumes, candy, and other singularly unrelated commodities. Cook has no particular objection to this lighthearted plagiarism, but he deplores the loose way in which the expression has been used in his own field; he feels that it has been applied so indiscriminately to both superior equipment and junk that it has come to have no meaning. "High fidelity is not an end in itself but something always to be pursued," he says. "I doubt if anyone will ever catch up with it." When, in 1952, he was invited by the *Times* to express his views on high fidelity, he iconoclastically entitled his article "High Fidelity—Does It Exist?" Later, he wrote a similar article for the less sedate columns of the *Audio Bucket*, a four-page, sporadically published house organ that he mails out to some sixty thousand customers and dealers, and captioned it: "High Fidelity Like Love: Words Mean Only What They Choose to Mean—No More, No Less."

THE people who make up the hard core of support for this flourishing industry constitute a peculiarly crotchety and exacting breed. They are engaged in a never ending search for something new—and, preferably, better—in the way of acoustical refinements, and their folkways are determined by this search. Audiophiles frequent record shops in droves, and make a ritual of selecting what they want; before buying a record, many of them squint through a magnifying glass or a jeweller's loupe to make sure there are no nicks or other blemishes on either of its sides. Some insist on wearing headphones while listening to their most treasured hi-fi recordings; others go to bed with their hobby, nestling against a miniature hi-fi speaker tucked

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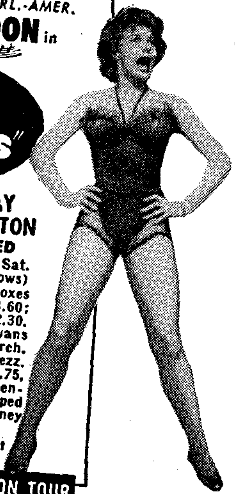
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inside the pillowcase. Audiophiles conceal speakers in stair wells, clothes closets, piano cases, and fireplaces, as well as under any substantial piece of furniture. Some extremists have even taken to using stout wooden coffins as cabinets for their speakers, preferring these to the comparatively flimsy commercial cabinets because they all but eliminate reverberation; salesmen for casket companies, now that they have got over the initial shock, are hopefully looking forward to expanding their business in this direction. At the Audio Fair, held annually in New York, hi-fi fans crowd into booths to listen gravely to realistic recordings of ordinary sounds—a bus getting under way, perhaps, or a man walking across a concrete floor, or a ping-pong game, or a nail being hammered into a block of wood. If an audiophile, wandering about the Fair, happens upon an amplifier, say, that is represented as being more up-to-date and having greater fidelity than one he bought three months ago, he will very likely argue himself into buying the new one, on the ground that his present one is obsolete. Before long, however, he will be haunting his favorite audio-equipment store on Saturday afternoons, studiously and enviously comparing still newer amplifiers with the one he has so recently acquired, and presently he becomes a customer again. Now, he assures himself, he owns a beauty. His latest amplifier is capable of reproducing sounds of such high and low frequencies that he can't hear them at all; moreover, within the frequency range that he *can* hear, his new machine brings out the aberration caused by each speck of dust in the grooves of his records with a clarity that his obsolete amplifiers were utterly incapable of. And that is not all. His new amplifier has a capacity of forty or fifty watts, which means that it can play his records three or four times as loud as his ears or those of his guests can endure. Should some neophyte innocently suggest that this would hardly seem to be an advantage, the audiophile is likely to make some such retort as "Well, you don't need all the power you get in a Cadillac, but it's nice to know it's there, isn't it?"

Actually, amplifying records to a deafening number of decibels is considered good form in audiophile circles, and there is no denying that it is a sure way of demonstrating the extraordinary potency of one's hi-fi hookup. Cook himself is by no means averse to volume for volume's sake. At the 1954 Audio

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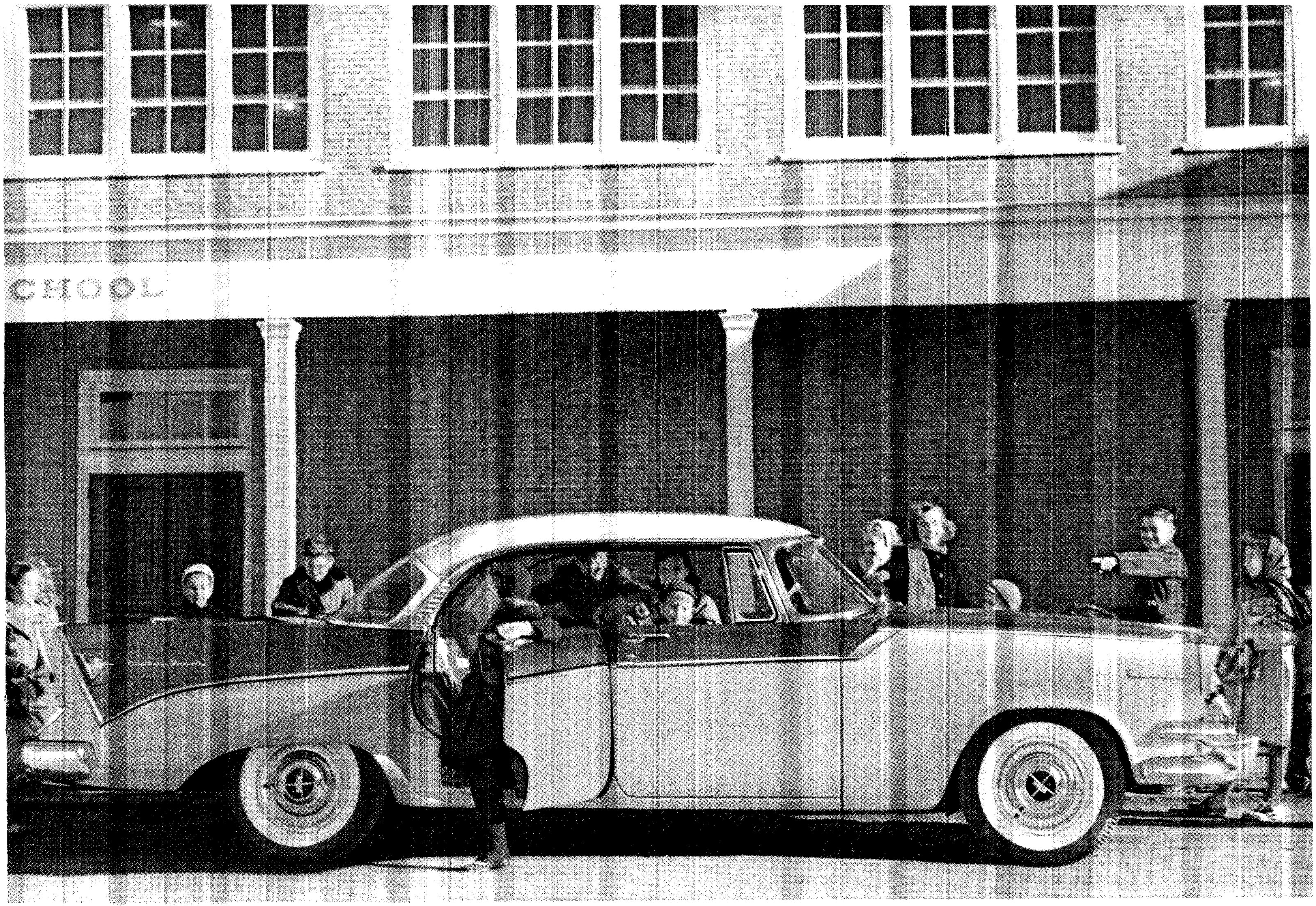

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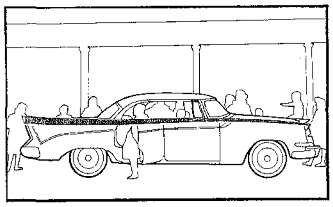

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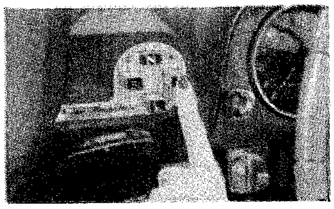

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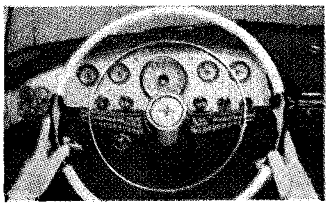

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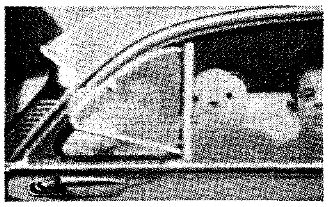

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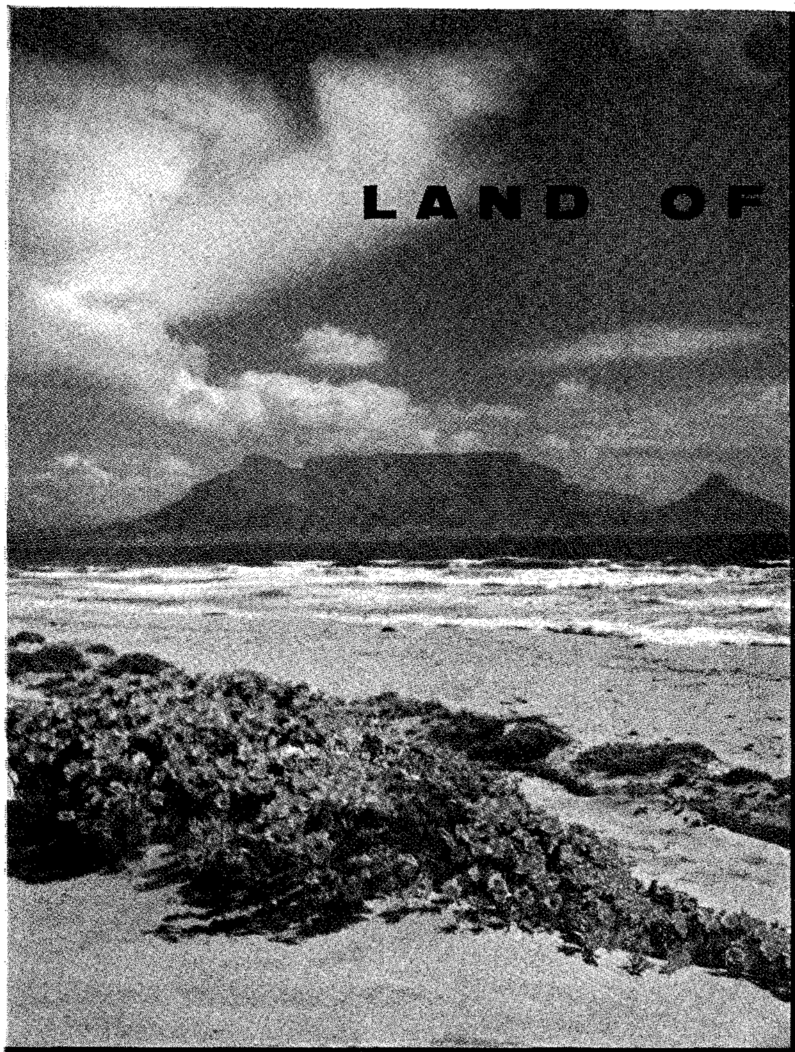

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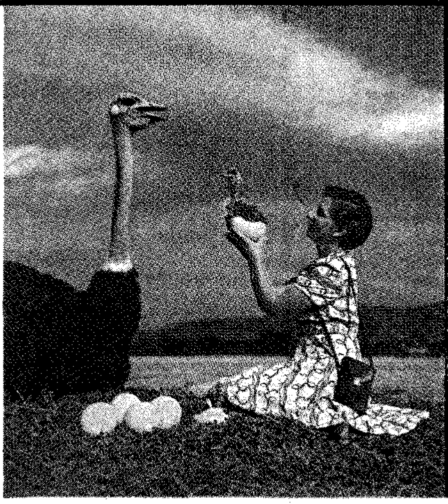

⇦ The fairytale ostrich farm at Oudtshoorn, where milady will love the chicks, and brave men take the "ostrich ride"! There's lots of bigger game, too, in South Africa's famed game reserves, such as Kruger National Park. Be sure to bring your camera!

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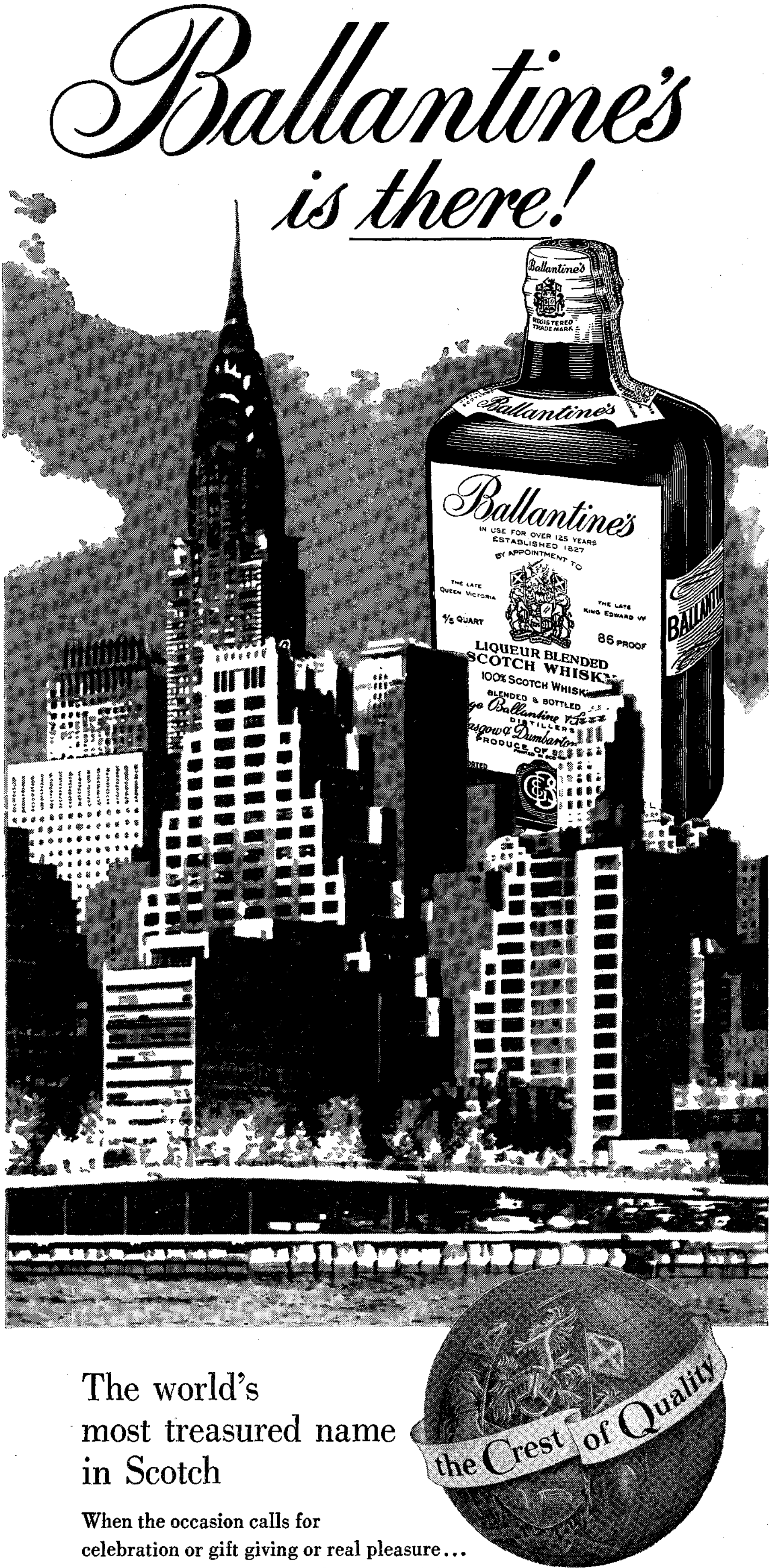
Fair, he played and replayed the sound of the Queen Mary's all-ashore blast—a part of his "Voice of the Sea"—so loud that the management finally had to warn him that he would be thrown out if he didn't tone it down. On another occasion, in Pound Ridge, New York, where he owned a house at the time, he felt an urge to play his "Rail Dynamics" at two in the morning and, in the interest of realism, turned up his amplifier to make the sounds of the screeching locomotives, hurtling coaches, and clanging crossing bells as loud as they might normally seem to anyone riding on the platform of an observation car. The next day, a local lady real-estate agent called up and tearfully begged him not to do it again; a client who had just moved into a house she had sold him, two hundred yards from Cook's, was threatening to accuse her of misrepresentation for neglecting to mention the proximity of his property to a bustling railroad.

Audiophiles display an intensely personal and voluble interest in the development of the hi-fi industry; proportionately, those who volunteer advice and criticism to the manufacturers of sound equipment far exceed the number of consumers who try to tell the makers of commodities like automobiles and vacuum cleaners how to run their businesses. It is common practice for an audiophile who has tried out a new piece of equipment to write in to the company that made it, stating explicitly how good or bad it is, rather in the spirit of a bird watcher reporting to the Audubon Society on the abundance or dearth of a certain species of sparrow in his vicinity. If a hi-fi record is poorly made, the firm responsible for it will be indignantly informed of that fact—over and over again. Audiophiles write a lot of letters-to-the-editor, too. "They keep what should be a mass-production industry sticking fairly close to custom standards," one manufacturer of high-fidelity equipment somewhat plaintively observed not long ago. But if the manufacturers grow a little impatient now and then at so much kibitzing, they are nevertheless aware that one of the industry's most important assets is the single-mindedness and missionary zeal of the audiophiles, who, like a great army of unpaid salesmen, are constantly spreading word among their friends of the wonders of high fidelity. It is generally agreed that playing Cook's records at gatherings of the uninitiated is one of the most effective forms of proselytizing. "His records are as responsible as



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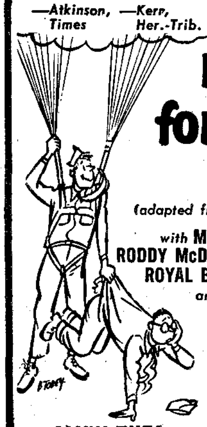

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any other single factor for making converts," says John M. Conly, the editor of *High Fidelity*. "Listening to familiar sounds like puffing locomotives and chiming bell buoys, instead of symphony orchestras, makes it easier for the large part of the public that isn't very musically inclined to realize what can be achieved with sound now that we have the equipment for it. I suspect that if I were to ask my readers for a list of their twenty favorite records, nearly all of them would include at least five Cook releases."

While not all the letters Cook receives from audiophiles are favorable, the chances are that he fares much better in this respect than most of his rivals. In the opinion of many of his fans, it appears, he can do no wrong, and they greet even his smallest contributions to the industry with heartwarming enthusiasm. For example, they admire him for doing up his records in sealed polyethylene envelopes, similar to those that are used to keep vegetables fresh; to be sure, this prevents them from sampling what they are buying, but it guarantees them that no desultory shoppers have sullied the record with fingerprints or tracked its grooves by playing it in a listening booth. Cook's fans also respect him for his candor in issuing some of his "Road Recordings"—a name he has given to releases, such as his Haitian-drum number and "Voice of the Sea," that are made outside the studio on a sort of catch-as-catch-can basis—under "medium-fidelity" or "low-fidelity" labels because, in his finicky view, the physical difficulties of working in the field compromised their quality. They accept without question or reservation his statement, which appears on albums involving great extremes of frequency, that "failure to track is the fault of the equipment, *not the record*, and damaged pressings cannot be accepted in return." Never has Cook been held in higher esteem by his disciples than he was three years ago when he returned from Mount Washington with his recording of the thunderstorm and it turned out to contain such extreme frequencies that only a few audiophiles had equipment capable of handling them.

WITHIN the high-fidelity industry, Cook's ceaseless discontent with the status quo has caused him to be regarded as something of a gadfly. "His business is small enough so that he can act as a kind of trial balloon for the rest of us," an engineer for one of

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the big manufacturers said recently. "Things might get pretty stodgy without Emory around." Cook has a way of coming up with innovations that sooner or later win the respect of his larger, more conservative competitors, and, in fact, it was through one of these innovations that, more or less by chance, he entered the high-fidelity profession. Shortly after the war (he served in it as a civilian engineer assigned to radar work for the Navy), he designed a new type of feed-back cutting head—a device that, like ordinary cutting heads but with greater sensitivity, feeds sound into the grooves of a master record, from which all subsequent records are pressed, much as prints are made from a photographic negative. When Cook put his feed-back cutting head on the market, it was the first to be offered for outright sale; two previous models, developed and owned by Western Electric, had been available only on a rental basis. Owing to the rapidly increasing use of the tape recorder, his model did not have as much effect on record-making as he had hoped it might but, even so, there was, and still is, a very definite niche for it in the transmission of sound from tape to master records.

Two years ago, Cook gave the industry something to talk about by bringing out the first binaural records, which differ from the usual, monaural type in that they have a double set of grooves and are both made and played with two needles. During a binaural recording, a needle is connected with each of two microphones, at opposite sides of the studio; to play a binaural record, the audiophile similarly connects a needle with each of two loudspeakers, on opposite sides of the room where he keeps his hi-fi rig. The result is that the various sounds created by an orchestra, for instance, reach both of the listener's ears stereophonically, creating a kind of auditory perspective that enables him to get a mental picture of the spatial relationship of all the various instruments to one another. Last October, Cook again gave his colleagues cause for thoughtful reflection when he worked out a process, which he calls microfusion, for manufacturing a long-playing record that many consider to be freer from imperfections than any other on the market. He accomplished this by using a powdered form of the plastic known as vinyl, instead of the solid vinyl from which nearly all records were then being made. Cook now manufactures nothing but microfusion records, and he has set up a small factory, just outside Stamford, where a staff of sixteen is kept busy

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Neil Morgan

WRITES ABOUT CALIENTE

* * *

Now that Qantas has airplanes named Sam, the track is clear at Caliente for the naming of a two-year-old bay filly by Challedon out of Alapomp.

John Alessio, the entrepreneur of Caliente who devised a 10 percent refund system on losing starters in the future book, will award the filly on April 15 to a horse player with a nose for names. It seems obvious to budget-conscious sportsmen that Alessio is intent on giving thoroughbred racing back to the people.

The track is dotted with ballot boxes these days, and horse players are scouring their Racing Forms for ideas. Put the Times Tower in the infield, and you could audition the scene for "Guys and Dolls," *con sombrero.*

* * *

But if you thought you could step right up and name a filly after your wife Katharine Blanche, you are musing without the stewards of the Jockey Club.

The American Racing Manual insists that thoroughbred names be shorter than 14 letters, and the name of a living person is allowed only if written consent is filed.

You cannot call a filly Kim Novak or Burma Shave or Al Capone, because the Jockey Club forbids tagging horses with names of illustrious or notorious persons, trade names, or names—in the effete phrase of the stewards—"even hinting of advertising."

Horrors. That stuff.

* * *

Opening odds in the Kentucky Derby Future Book are about to be announced at Caliente. Clerks have been busy returning premature bets on the big race May 5.

One of the tragic figures of our times is a Los Angeles horse player who, back in January, mailed a $100 win bet on Count Chic for the Derby. While Caliente was returning his money, Count Chic won the San Miguel Stakes at Santa Anita. The $100, bet on the horse in that race at his home town track, would have returned $1430. And $1430 would have been a staunch symbol of faith in the horse if proffered after opening of the Derby Future Book at Caliente.

Expected short-odds favorites for the Derby Future Book are Career Boy, Needles, Jean Baptiste, and Nails.

Once again, Caliente patrons will wager through track mutuel machines on the Kentucky Derby, sip juleps, and hear the call by loud speaker.

The afternoon haze over the Mexican hills will carry its own shadings of grassy blue, and nobody will be sleeping in cars.

* * *

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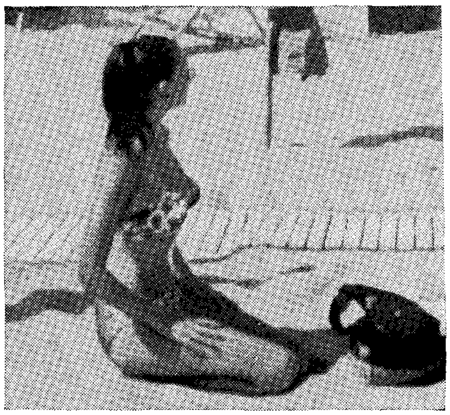
turning them out. In an article that appeared in a special high-fidelity section of the Sunday *Times* last November, R. D. Darrell, an authority on record-making, praised Cook's microfusion record as one of the outstanding developments in sound reproduction during 1955, and added that it "actually seems to live up to its fantastic claim of . . . banishing pops and crackles."

YET, for all this delving into the technical side of high fidelity, Cook is probably best known, and may well be best remembered, for the vast new field of aural entertainment that he opened up with his "Road Recordings," a series that his competitors have readily acknowledged is an achievement of major proportions while hastily applying the basic idea behind it in getting up some of their own releases. The attractiveness of this new approach to recording lies not only in its aesthetic appeal and in the refinement of engineering techniques that it represents but, from the record-maker's point of view, in its economic aspects as well. Not long ago, an official of a recording company with a large stable of expensive soloists exclaimed to an associate, "Train whistles, bell buoys, sea waves! That's Emory Cook's biggest invention—the royalty-free record!" Cook naturally feels flattered at having his accomplishments admired, but he resents having them imitated, especially by the large recording companies, which in his opinion ought to hire talent to think up their own new ideas, instead of appropriating his. The principal trouble with the giants, he says, is that they are too money-minded, and, in the tradition of the self-employed craftsman, he spends a good deal of his time figuratively shaking his fist in their direction. "Emory rants so hard at the big companies that I often wonder if he doesn't find it somehow relaxing," one of his assistants said not long ago. To some of Cook's colleagues, his lambasting of money-mindedness has a faintly ironic ring, in view of the fact that with the assistance of a staff totalling only thirty he manages to produce and sell three hundred thousand records a year, and to earn—with the help of what he makes on sales of his cutting heads and of a couple of binaural-record-playing gadgets that are manufactured for him on contract—a gross income of around a million dollars. (Thanks to his almost parental hold on audiophiles, his is one of the few companies in a business notorious for price cutting whose list prices mean what they say; Cook's ten-inch records sell for



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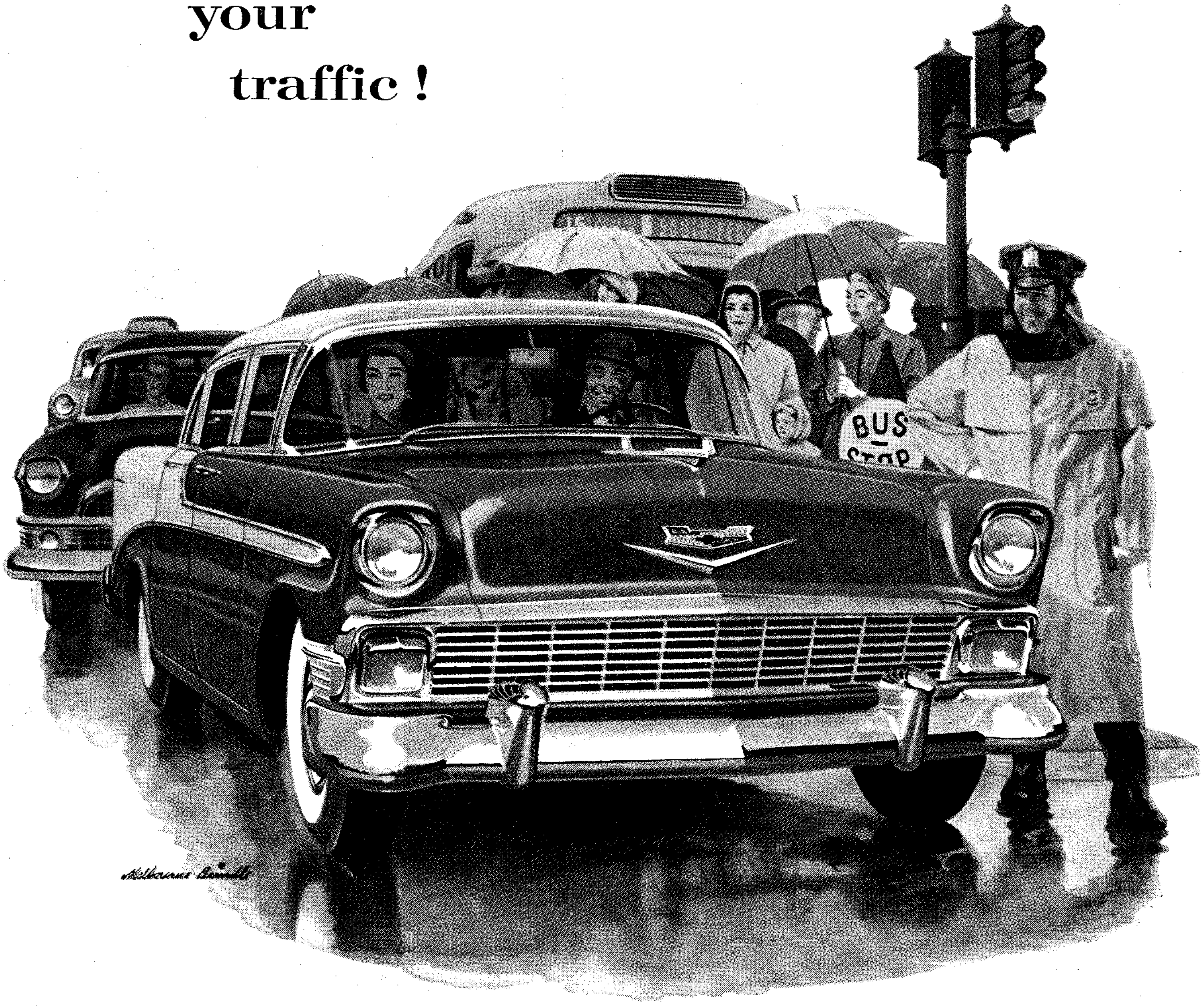
this
on
your
traffic!



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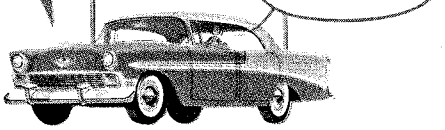
Traffic-test it—it's a beautiful thing to handle!

$3.98 and his twelve-inch records for a dollar more.) Cook assumes an expression of acute chagrin whenever the subject of his own material success is mentioned, and he shies away from discussing it. "Call it one of those rare cases of triumphant idealism—of an artist appreciated in his own time," a friend of his said recently. "Frankly, I suspect that when Emory counts up his profits, it occurs to him that virtue doesn't *always* have to be its own reward."

Whether or not the size of his firm has anything to do with the fact that it is making money at a rate that some larger manufacturers might envy, Cook takes immense pride in the smallness of Sounds of Our Times. He has an affectionate regard for its slim catalogue, which now lists sixty-six titles. He is contemptuous of the fat catalogues of his competitors, claiming that they are inevitably padded out with potboilers and thus represent the assembly-line approach, which to his mind leads to an unforgivable undermining of sonic standards. He maintains that no record can be artistically successful unless long and patient creative planning has gone into its conception and preparation. His own practice is to make a recording only when he feels definitely inspired to do so, and consequently sometimes three or four months go by without the addition of a single new release to the Sounds of Our Times roster. Cook considers the prose on the covers of the albums the big companies put out no less stultifying than the excess baggage he detects in their catalogues. "When a manufacturer gets to producing too many records, the writing has to be farmed out to free lances who broke into the business by writing stuffy program notes for concerts and are going to keep on writing that way all their lives," he says. Cook paid his respects to this stately literary school with the following parody, which he composed for a brochure that he wrote describing "Nightmare in the Mosque," the jarring cacophony that tested the versatility of the organ in the Richmond auditorium:

> The tone poem opens appropriately (0:00) with the sounds of tambourine collection plates just audible in the background, followed by a rare and superbly brief synopsis of Liebesträume (0:35) distilled with a nice sense of critique, and well balanced against the evening songs of exotic birds (0:45). Three unusual early French hunting madrigals then swirl through abstruse modes with double-reeds (0:55), xylophone (1:19) and sackbut (1:52), ending in the premature (2:36) departure of the 2:37 local. . . . A delightfully dainty question and answer series ensues in the *grazioso ma non troppo*

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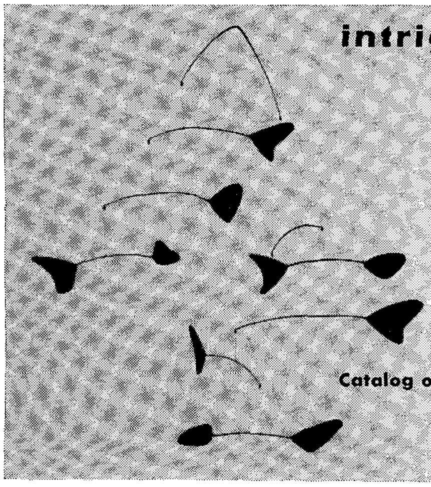

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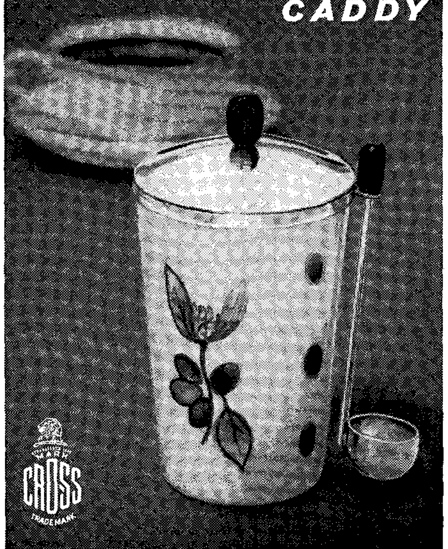
(3:28) with interplay between antipodal canine masses. . . . In classical tradition and to the tune of the nursery rhyme Old Soldiers Never Die (5:25), the forces of evil are irrevocably vanquished in one of the most plagal cadences ever recorded.

Unlike nearly all other record manufacturers, Cook does not at present employ a promotion man, and, in the opinion of his associates, he never will—at least, not for long—however complex the affairs of Sounds of Our Times may become. "Emory really wants to have that job all to himself," Robert Bollard, Cook's chief assistant, told an applicant for the post a few weeks ago. "So far, he's tried out six experienced and perfectly competent people in it. At any rate, the goodbyes in each case were amicable." Cook writes—and plainly enjoys writing—all the descriptive texts for his company's catalogue and for the covers of its albums, all its advertisements, and almost all the contents of the *Audio Bucket;* in addition, he is a prolific contributor of articles on sound to trade and general publications. As a writer, Cook has an easy, freewheeling, confident style that one discerning critic has described as "not always unconsciously corny." In a typical article, entitled "The Grooves Are Full of Gremlins," which appeared in the April, 1954, issue of *High Fidelity*, he wrote, "It is not surprising that your ire should rise as high as your fidelity when a pressing of your favorite concerto, touted as sonically 'perfect,' spews more grit than Grieg." He amiably amuses himself by making little jokes with his publication's name: "BUCKET LEAKS RUMOR" was one front-page headline; excerpts from magazine reviews of Sounds of Our Times releases are printed under the heading "Drops in the Bucket;" and the editorial motto is "*Sanguis bucketums lachrymae*," a possibly consciously corny play on the famous Churchill line. Letters from readers appear in a department called "The Agony Column," and Cook tacks a little quip, of sorts, onto the end of each one. Sample:

> The other evening on arrival home, I rushed my outer attire off, mixed a Martini, put on #1030 ["Harp"] and relaxed in an easy chair to read your Bucket.
>
> —K.L., Bronx.
>
> Dry, with lemon peel, we hope.
>
> —Editor

For the cover of "Burlesque Uncensored"—the recording of an evening in a Minsky theatre—Cook composed an imaginary report from a sheriff to the chairman of a vice-suppression committee, stating that the chairman had been spotted ogling the girls from the



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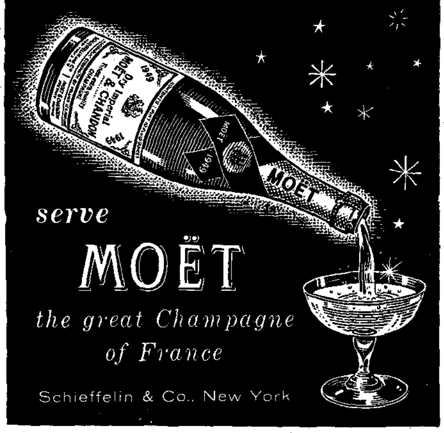

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second balcony and that a deputy investigated the performance so conscientiously that he "burned his chin on the footlights, and has a red mark to prove it." In a somewhat more breezy manner, Cook's opening line on the cover of a Dixieland recording called "Blowout at Mardi Gras" reads, "It was like the night Beethoven died—well, anyway, *some* composer."

During the time Cook spends at his desk, if he is not writing he is likely to be busy studying suggestions of subjects for future recordings—an activity that he finds equally engrossing and sometimes even more profitable. Inserted in the cover of each Cook record is a printed postcard form, which the customer is asked to fill out, naming some sound he would like to hear recorded, and return to the Stamford office. Cook receives as many as fifty of these postcards a day, and he takes their contents seriously, for he has derived the ideas for a number of successful records from this source. His carousel-calliope release, for example, originated in the mind of an Army captain, who wrote, "I wonder if you realize the sweet childhood memories the sounds of a calliope and carousel can awaken in some of us." Many of the suggestions are, of course, either impractical for one reason or another or simply don't appeal to him, but he enjoys reading them all, because it stimulates him to contemplate the possibilities of any sound. Among the sounds most often nominated by Cook's public are those of a racing car and of a Martini being mixed. He has also been urged to record the noises in a printing plant and the sound of a golf ball being rapped sharply by a putter and then plunking into the cup. A nurse in a veterans' hospital out West wrote in to ask him to make a recording of the sound of a fetal heartbeat as heard through a stethoscope, and a man in Pittsburgh expressed the belief that "A Day in a Steel Mill" would be as successful as "Rail Dynamics." From Chicago came this note: "A real test for hi-fi might be the sound of a column of tanks rounding a street corner, with artillery and machine-gun background. I should think there would be buyers for such a sound." From Long Beach, California: "Since our Irish setter died, we have lived in lonely places and I have often wished I had a record of his ferocious bark which I could turn on in case I heard suspicious noises. As there must be many other people who would feel safe with such a record nearby, I thought you might appreciate the sug-

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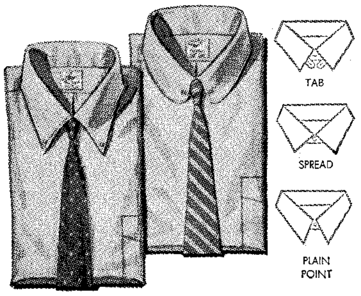

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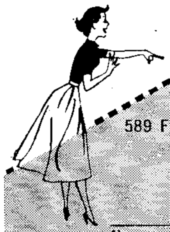

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gestion and make a record of a watchdog for us."

WHEN Cook gets to discussing the purity of sound—the subject closest to his heart—he is likely to project himself into the future. At such times, speaking rapidly in a low voice that fairly quivers with evangelical fervor, he gives the impression that the millennium may be imminent—the millennium, in his case, meaning the day when crackle, pop, and all the rest of the enemies of absolute fidelity of sound will be eliminated from recordings and he will be freed from the torture they daily inflict on him. Since, however, as a practical man, he has reached the conclusion that the great day will probably never arrive—and almost certainly not in his lifetime—in his more realistic moments he gloomily looks forward to an interminable period of suffering. "Sound distortions upset him almost physically, but then his sensitivity is probably that of some sort of genius, if I may use that word vaguely but respectfully," Carter Harman, the music editor of *Time* and a friend of Cook's, remarked not long ago. "He thinks of sound in the abstract. He wants to manipulate people's feelings with it, to make them laugh and cry." Although resigned to the difficulties that stand in the way of reaching his elusive goal, Cook nevertheless struggles toward it over an uncharted course, guided simply by a sense of hearing more acute than that of many a professional musician. He has an exceptionally well developed "tone memory," which is the ability to carry a certain pitch in one's mind over a long period of time. When he is about to record a piano performance, he shows up with a tuning wrench, ready to use it—as he has used it on several occasions—the instant the instrument strays from the proper pitch. Cook is also expert at untuning a piano. A couple of years ago, to make the record called "The Great Barrelhouse Piano," he rehabilitated an ancient nickelodeon that he found moldering in a friend's barn, and then, to make it sound properly nostalgic, tuned it until it was so deliriously and effectively off key that Wilder Hobson, reviewing the performance for the *Saturday Review*, called it "a must for anyone who does not regard the machine age as entirely evil." Cook has an almost uncanny ability to detect fuzziness in hi-fi rigs; his ear, in fact, is almost as sensitive as an oscilloscope, which is an electronic device for drawing a visible picture of sound

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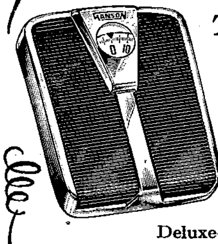

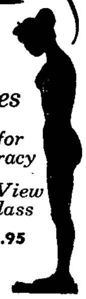

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waves. Some months ago, he was one of several guests who attended a demonstration of two enormous binaural speakers that a friend of his, also a well-known sound engineer, had just put together. All the guests marvelled at their performance, except Cook. "You've got a squawk in your left ear," he told his friend, who, all too aware of the shortcoming, nodded miserably. "The man's ear-driven," says Sam Eskin, a roving student of folklore who sometimes does "Road Recordings" with Cook. "He's forever hearing transients, peaks, lows, resonances, wows, flutters."

Cook amazes many of his associates by the seeming ease with which he embraces both an engineer's concepts of sound and those of a metaphysician. In the latter role, he contends that sound—undistorted sound, that is—provides a haven for the introvert side of man's nature, a retreat in which the mind can indulge in all sorts of private fantasies, no matter what corrosive influences the listener may be up against in his daily life. It is sound, he thinks, and not time, that heals all things. "For four bucks, that's pretty wonderful therapy, isn't it?" he may ask after playing a particularly well-made record. And then, with a faraway look in his eyes, he may add, "Sound is a way of daydreaming—an escape into the wild blue. A bad recording interferes with that escape, forcing the listener's imagination to strain against alien elements." In Cook's estimation, sound can provide such a soothing escape only when it is absorbed without distraction; he feels that compounding it with another sensation diminishes rather than heightens the effect, and he cites television as an instance of a distracting double sensation. In fact, he thinks that television is so antithetical to the enjoyment of sound that it alone is responsible for making thousands of hi-fi converts. "Television leaves nothing to the imagination," he says. "It provides too much reality. Sound *plus* sight equals everything spelled out. Once you mix sound with another sense, it can't hit you the way it should."

As it happens, television played a part in prompting Cook to throw in his lot with high fidelity. That was back in 1947, the year television really began to catch on. Watching the forests of new aerials springing up on rooftops everywhere, Cook, who was then broke and floundering, suspected that they were going to give high fidelity a strategic assist. "I figured that once TV's novelty began to wear off, there'd be a

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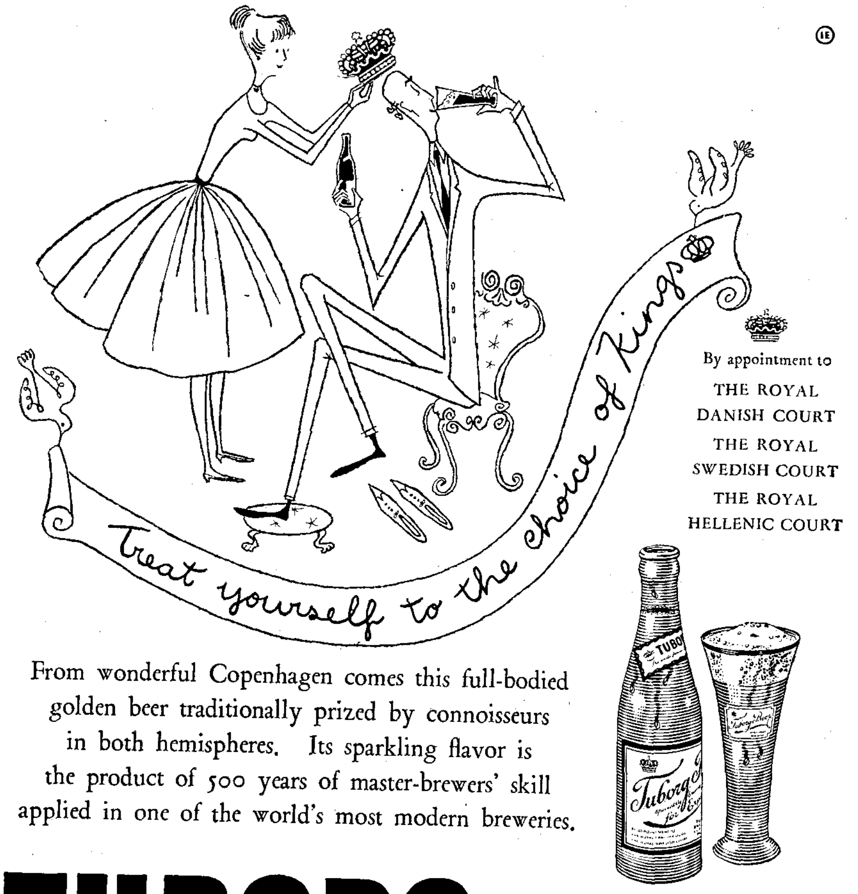
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desperate search for privacy in entertainment," he says. "It's worked out that way, too, and it's only natural that it should have. Television has meant the end of the living room, as such. It's no longer the place in the house where a fellow used to be able to go for a little peace at the end of the day, to join his family or just to read the evening paper. Now his loved ones are gathered in the living room in tribal mesmerization, and he can't even walk through it without their craning their necks to see around him to the screen. If he's going to spend any time with them at all, he's got to let the machine take over, and then it becomes one 'Dragnet' after another, one quiz show after another—night after night. Year after year, maybe. But eventually it dawns on him that he's caught in the grip of a narcotic, and he rebels. That's when he enters our fold. That's when he retreats to his study, or the playroom in the cellar—some new living room, really—where he can turn on his phonograph and be alone with his thoughts, even the crazy ones. Still, I'm no ingrate. Three years ago, I bought a television set myself, to show my appreciation of what that medium has done for me. I keep it in my bedroom, and it relaxes me late at night, especially if I close my eyes. I find I usually drop off during the gunfire. Sometimes it almost *sounds* like gunfire, too." —DANIEL LANG

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Cook.*)

•

Thomas A. Kempis wrote "Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."—*Josephine Lowman in the Post.*

Sure you don't mean Thomas à Edison?

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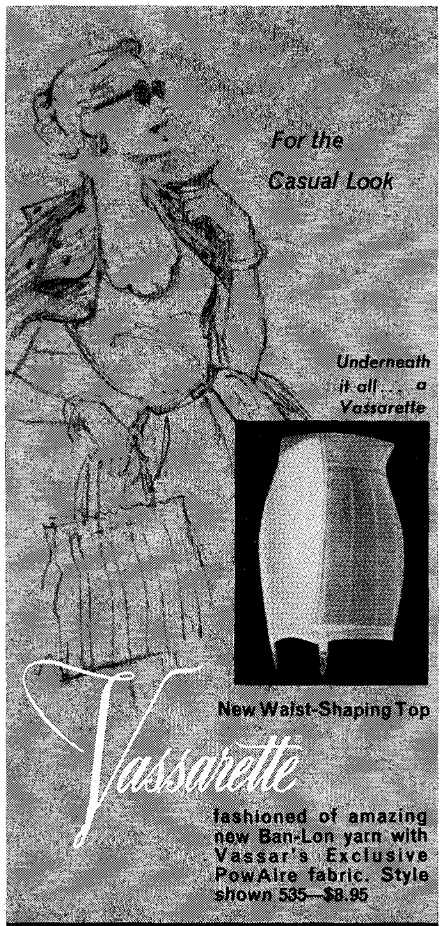

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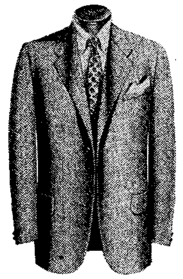

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THE THEATRE

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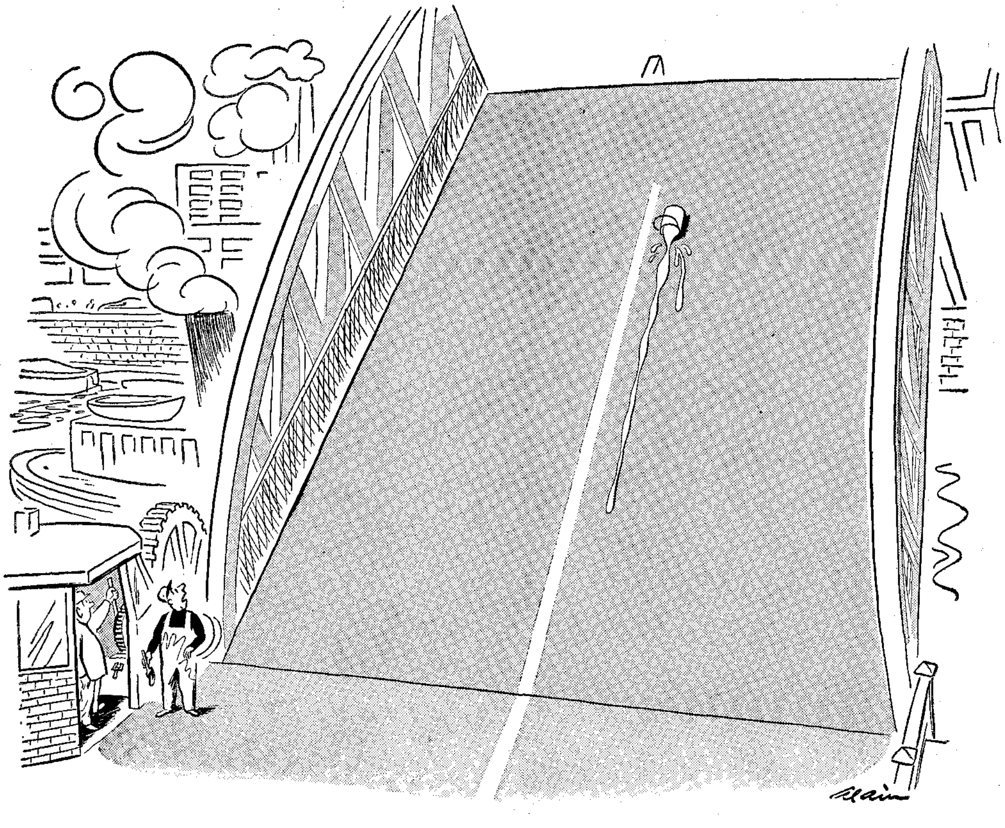
THE special bouquet of "Debut," Mary Drayton's quickly doomed comedy at the Holiday, reached its fullest flavor at the beginning of the third act. It is early on a bright September day, and a Northern newspaperman is sitting in what the program describes as "the morning room of a spacious old house in the deep South." The night before, as we have ample reason to know, this shapely dog had his way with the daughter of the house in a little gazebo down on the riverbank, but now his appearance is innocent, if perhaps a bit smug. As the scene progresses, the other members of the cast enter, one by one, each racked with double-entendre. "Did you sleep well?" they ask him merrily. "Did you have a good rest?" "Don't you love our Southern girls?" The last of this procession is the young lady's fiancé, and, suitably enough, his comment is the most hilarious of them all. "You did a great thing for me last night, old man," he says. He referred, of course, to the fact that the visitor had steered his drunken footsteps home, but the other meaning was naturally clear and delectable to us all, and how we chuckled in the jasmine-scented dark!

There is almost nothing more I need to tell you about Miss Drayton's play. At one point, the young heroine shows up in a beard, and love is born when her admirer helps her shave it off. At another, an impoverished old planter borrows twenty dollars from Aunt Jemima to tip Uncle Remus. And, at still another, a julep is drunk in toast to General Robert E. Lee, whose disgusted portrait dominates the room. With the exception of the journalist, all the people who took part in these mysteries employed their own differing versions of Southern dialect, agreeing only, I should say, in their conviction that below the Mason and Dixon Line there is practically no such thing as a one-syllable word or a terminal "g." They were also profuse in the strange idioms of the region, but regrettably I was unable to preserve any of these for your inspection. Once, I thought I heard a lady say, "I declare I'm as nervous as a cat in a wool basket," but that is unlikely, and anyway it's a small thing, honey, and nothing to concern your pretty head. Hayud.

It had been my impression until this opening that Tom Helmore was an actor capable of meeting even the most gruesome tests, but "Debut," I'm afraid, was just too much for him. For the most part, his function, as the newspaperman, was either delivering the tag lines of the nonexistent jokes or registering rapturous astonishment when somebody else did, and while he is always attractive to watch, his performance seemed not much more than a collection of standard mannerisms. As the intermittently bearded belle, Inger Stevens was ornamental, but this role was even more taxing, having the additional handicap of a really calamitous accent, and her struggles with it, though valiant, were largely futile. The others included Eulabelle Moore, G. Albert Smith, Charles McDaniel, Grace Raynor, and Edith Gresham. They were all cast more or less as caricatures, and they behaved accordingly.

IT is a long jump from the Holiday Theatre down to the Phoenix, on Twelfth Street, and an even longer one from Miss Drayton's feathery romp to August Strindberg's dark, convulsive tragedy called "Miss Julie." Both plays are moderately trying experiences, but the resemblance ends right there. "Debut," as we have seen, was as nearly nothing as it is possible for a play to be. "Miss Julie" is something, and with bells on, as the pretty saying goes. The heroine's mind is the battleground for a hundred warring impulses, inherited from a family of distinguished peculiarity, and her behavior, to put it very mildly, is bizarre. She is an incurable aristocrat who hates the idea of class distinctions, a passionate woman (the performance at the Phoenix suggests nymphomania, but I doubt if that was the author's intention) who has a horror of men, an idealist ceaselessly corrupted by her senses. It is apparently Strindberg's contention that no tragedy has a single, pat explanation, and Julie's ultimate suicide, coming as the climax of her grotesque affair with her father's valet, surely bears this out. She is a figure of infinite complexity, but whether she is pitiful, ludicrous, or simply incredible is quite another point. It is my opinion that a perpetual shifting back



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and forth between love and hatred for the same things—an emotional confusion nearly indistinguishable from lunacy—is too difficult a conception for the stage, and that "Miss Julie" is more a pathological curiosity than a clear and moving play. If I'm mistaken—and it should be noted that "Miss Julie" has been performed regularly since 1888—the blame can be laid partly to Viveca Lindfors' rather lurid rendering of the title role at the Phoenix. It has always been my aim to keep vulgarity as far as possible out of these essays, but I am almost forced to note that Miss Lindfors gives it the old Ophelia, with darker rumblings from Medea here and there. She is abetted by James Daly and Ruth Ford, the second of whom, incidentally, stars in the curtain-raiser, also by Strindberg, a sort of one-woman filibuster called "The Stronger."

—Wolcott Gibbs

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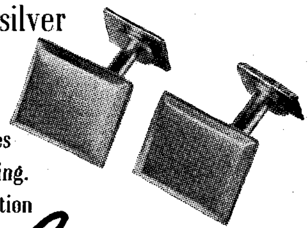

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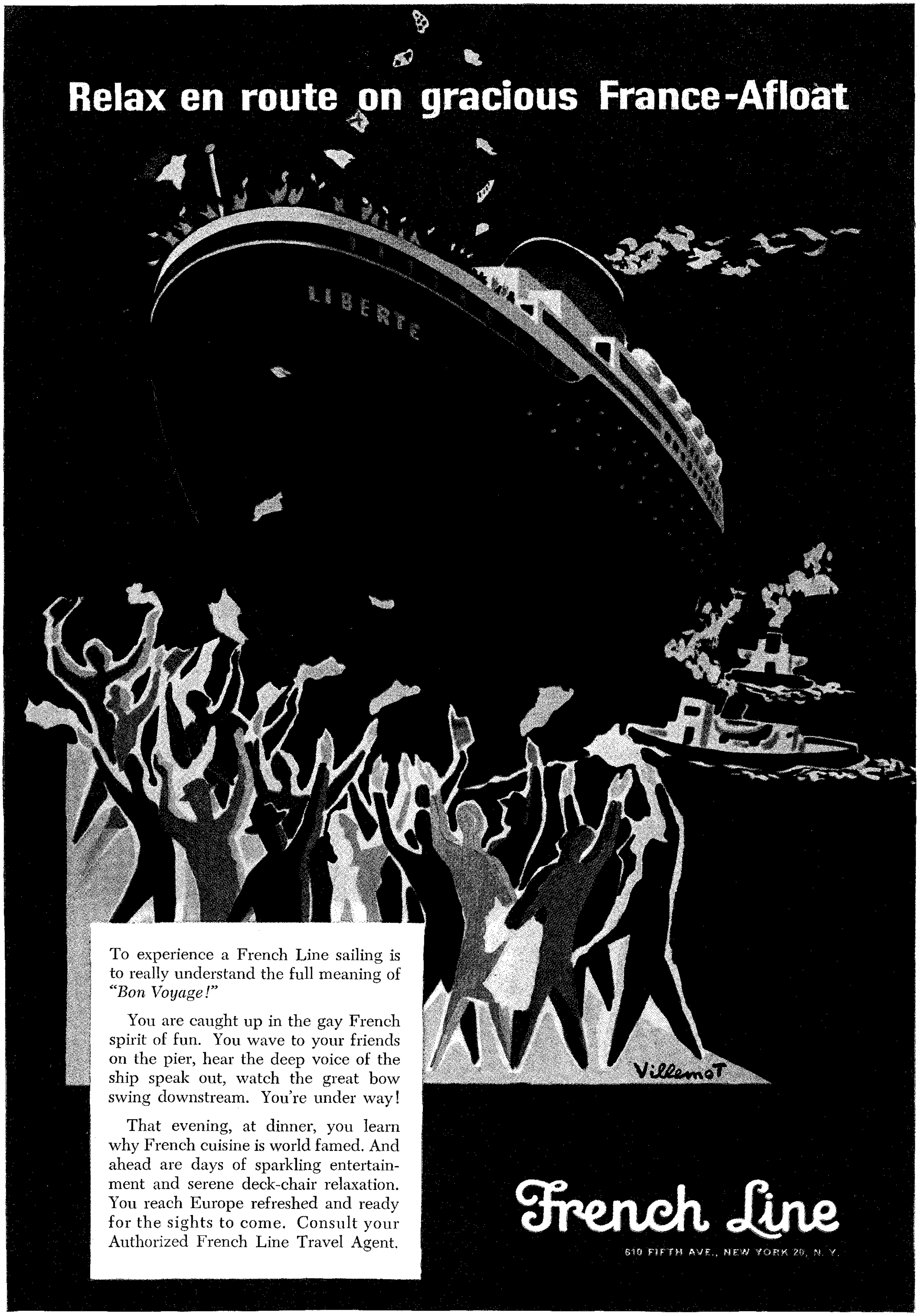

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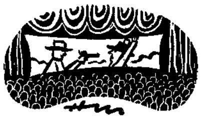
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Music So Sweet



“Carousel” is a very large production. It is done in CinemaScope 55, which is just as big as CinemaScope 54, or whatever its predecessor was called, and superior to it in clarity. In this latest version of the wide-screen technique, actors are still enormous, but as they move to the extreme right or the extreme left they stay pretty much in focus, instead of dissolving into a kind of gelatinous mass, as they were doing only the other day. However, this improvement is not enough to offset the latest development in stereophonic sound, which assaults the ears with such volume that it’s hard to lean back and enjoy “If I Loved You,” “You’ll Never Walk Alone,” “June Is Bustin’ Out All Over,” and all the other splendid tunes that Richard Rodgers created for this adaptation of Ferenc Molnar’s “Liliom.” Despite the racket, though, the movie is a tolerable divertissement, since the camera does some very handsome pictorial work as it scrutinizes the magnificent coast of Maine. I might add that when Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Robert Rounseville line out the songs in what might be called sotto-voce style, they sound very good indeed, always assuming that your hearing is still O.K. after the stereophonic blasting.

I guess “Carousel” can’t very well be characterized as a musical comedy, since it is not designed to provoke many chuckles. As a matter of fact, it is laden with rue as it describes the troubles a mill girl has with a loud, blustering, and lazy lover. The only job this man finds congenial is a post as barker for a merry-go-round, and even in that endeavor he’s a failure. Anyway, his girl loves him truly, and for all the tears that go with “Carousel,” the film has its lively clambakes and the like. I’m glad to say that Miss Jones, while she’s hardly an Ethel Barrymore or an Ethel Merman, has improved considerably as an actress since she turned up in “Oklahoma!,” and that Mr. MacRae is most ingratiating as the shiftless merry-go-round beater. Mr. Rounseville, Barbara Ruick, and Cameron Mitchell fill out a pleasant cast.

“The Ladykillers” may not be one of Alec Guinness’ topflight efforts, but it is always rewarding to watch an actor of his calibre at work. Done up in a rather horrendous set of false buckteeth, Mr. Guinness here portrays the brain behind a criminal mob that is using the residence of a remarkably sharp old lady as a hideout. It presently becomes imperative for these desperadoes to dispatch their reluctant hostess, but none of them is of sufficiently evil kidney for that. Instead, they start knocking each other off. I’m afraid that in the course of all this the machinery of the plot tends to groan quite a bit, which is surprising, since the thing was written by William Rose, who wrote “High and Dry,” and was directed by Alexander Mackendrick, who directed that one, as well as “Tight Little Island” and “The Man in the White Suit.” Still, Mr. Guinness overcomes a good many of the difficulties presented by the script, and Katie Johnson is superb as the lady who finally thwarts the bandits. In supporting roles, Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Peter Sellers, and Danny Green are also estimable. Inevitably, “The Ladykillers” brings up comparisons with “The Lavender Hill Mob,” in which Mr. Guinness was so effective. Alas, the new enterprise is a long, long way from being as refreshing as that.

—John McCarten

•

Since olden days Osaka has been the hub and center of Japan’s economy. As the nation’s greatest commercial city, all phases of the city’s life have developed primarily for the convenience of business.

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Everywhere in the world greetings are conventional and more or less the same, but nowhere but in Osaka do people greet each other with such a straight-forward query as “MOH-KARI-MAKKA?” (Making Money?)

Businessmen Should Not Miss
Japan International Trade Fair, 1956
—*Adv. in the London Economist.*

For climate, though, give us little old impractical New York.

•

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[*From “Address to Harvard Law Society of Illinois,” by Felix Frankfurter*]

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—*Inside cover.*

I would like to reread that last sentence, with your leave. —*Page 11.*

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HAT BY MR. JOHN

THE RACE TRACK

Florida's Darling

ALTHOUGH the Flamingo Stakes last weekend gave us another inkling that the three-year-olds at Hialeah are hardly perfection, it furnished a spectacular bit of running. This was the performance of Needles, who got away fourteenth, was seventh halfway around the turn for home, and won comfortably by nearly three lengths from Golf Ace, who to me was only a fancy name on the program, like Nan's Mink and Skeptical Kid. Calumet Farm's Fabius was third. (By the way, Calumet has won more races than any other stable at the meeting, but it has missed the big ones.) I watched the Flamingo on television, and I thought the cameras did a good job; not as good, perhaps, as on the Widener the week before but all that a stay-at-home could expect. Nail set a rapid pace for just about six furlongs, then faded and finished ninth, showing once more that he doesn't like long races or fast tracks. There is nothing in particular to say about the others—including Gun Shot, the favorite, who turned in such a fast workout a week before the Flamingo, and Liberty Sun, the winner of the Everglades Stakes, and Lawless, a nimble-footed fellow I've had an eye on for some time—except that they all ran below expectations. Needles, however, ran the same earnest way he did when he won the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga last August. To be sure, he carried five pounds less than the other colts in the Flamingo, a special weight allowance granted him because he was foaled in Florida, but I venture to say that he could have given his opposition seven pounds and won with something to spare. (After all, he is rated only one pound below Career Boy, the top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap, which is the semi-official rating for three-year-olds.) He will, of course, have a big following in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on March 24th—and he might win it.

It wouldn't be stretching a point to say that Needles is one of those bargain horses every racegoer dreams of picking up. Jackson Dudley and Bonnie Heath, who live in Fort Lauderdale and are partners in an oil business and in the D. & H. Stable, bought him for $20,000 after he won a blue ribbon at a show for Florida-bred two-year-olds. Last season, he won six of his ten starts and $129,805, and his share of the Flamingo purse was $111,600, so they've had better than 10–1 for their money.

CALIFORNIANS with low boiling points are going to differ with me sharply, but it seems to me that the Santa Anita Handicap last weekend was pretty disappointing. Swaps was scratched, Social Outcast ran too badly for words, and the five-year-old Bobby Brocato, who in my book has always been a second-rater, led from start to finish, romping home on a slow track half a dozen lengths ahead of Turk's Delight. Honeys Alibi was third, and the nine other runners were strung out down the course. It was no surprise that Swaps didn't run. Early in the week, his stable announced that he wouldn't be sent to the post unless the track was fast. Even though he had never been out of a good gallop when he beat Bobby Brocato a fortnight ago, the foot trouble that has plagued him for so long hasn't cleared up, and it was feared that running him in heavy going might do him harm. (Some people think that racing on muddy tracks helps bad-legged horses, but it doesn't.) Social Outcast's effort, if you could call it that, was no surprise, either. He had had a very hard race in the Widener the previous Saturday, and even though he's accustomed to travelling, the trip to California hardly came under the head of complete relaxation. Besides, he has never liked damp tracks. It's too bad that Swaps and Social Outcast weren't up to snuff for the Santa Anita, because their meeting would have given more than a hint of what to expect when, or if, Swaps meets Nashua again. As for Bobby Brocato, he wasn't much as a two-year-old and was rather less at three. Last year, you may remember, he brought off a 20–1 chance for his owner, Joe Brown, in the Paumonok Handicap at Jamaica, and later won the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct, also at long odds. Shortly after that, Brown sold him to Travis Kerr, an Oklahoma oilman, who shipped him to California, and in no time he became one of the top-notchers at Bay Meadows, Tanforan, and Golden Gate Fields. At Santa Anita, he has won three times, and hasn't been out of the money in three other starts. Curiously, in the East he was a sprinter but on the Coast he's a stayer, as stayers go out there. Longden, who rode him in the Santa Anita, which is at a mile and a quarter, said he had never had such a rocking-chair ride.

BY all critical standards, Nashua's race in the Widener Handicap a fortnight ago was a smasher. It was his first start since last October (usually a horse gets at least one easy engagement to wind him up for such a major effort); he carried top weight, giving from six to twenty-two pounds; and he ran against animals well seasoned with racing. I doubt whether he has ever been more hard pressed to win. Frankly, when he was a furlong from home I wondered if he'd make it, but he came through beautifully, beating Social Outcast by a head, with Sailor and Find heads apart behind him. I might say also that Arcaro has seldom ridden more skillfully. As a matter of fact, after the finish he looked as tired as his mount. To me, however, the hero of the Widener is Jim Fitzsimmons. That amiable old gentleman will tell you, "First, you've got to have a good horse," but there are few trainers who could bring off such a masterly job as his conditioning of Nashua for the Widener. Now everyone is waiting for Nashua's next appearance. It may be in the Gulfstream Park Handicap in about a fortnight, or the John B. Campbell Memorial at Bowie next month. I couldn't guess. At any rate, I don't think you'll see him in the Suburban Handicap at Belmont this summer. He'd have to carry at least a hundred and thirty pounds, and his new owners think that's too much weight for so expensive a horse to carry.

A FRIEND returned from Florida with this one: A teller in a Miami bank opened a mail-deposit envelope the other day and found a mutuel ticket among the checks. Instead of returning the ticket, the bank rang up Hialeah Race Course, found that the ticket was a winner, cashed it, and credited the money to the depositor's account.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"She picked up a job waitressin' in a restaurant in Seventh Avenue up in the Nineties."—*"A Rag and a Bone," by Hillary Waugh.*

Oh, she did, did she?

•

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—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

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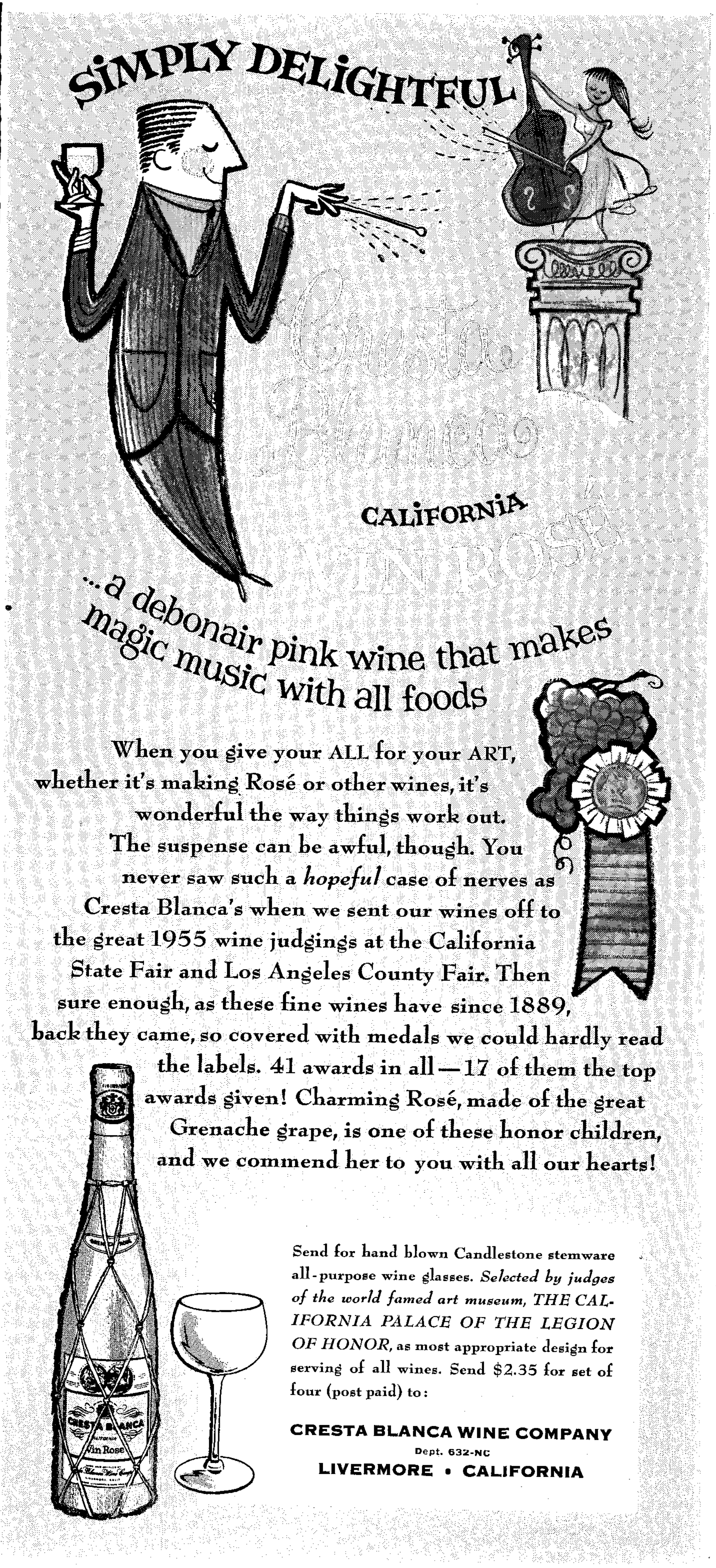

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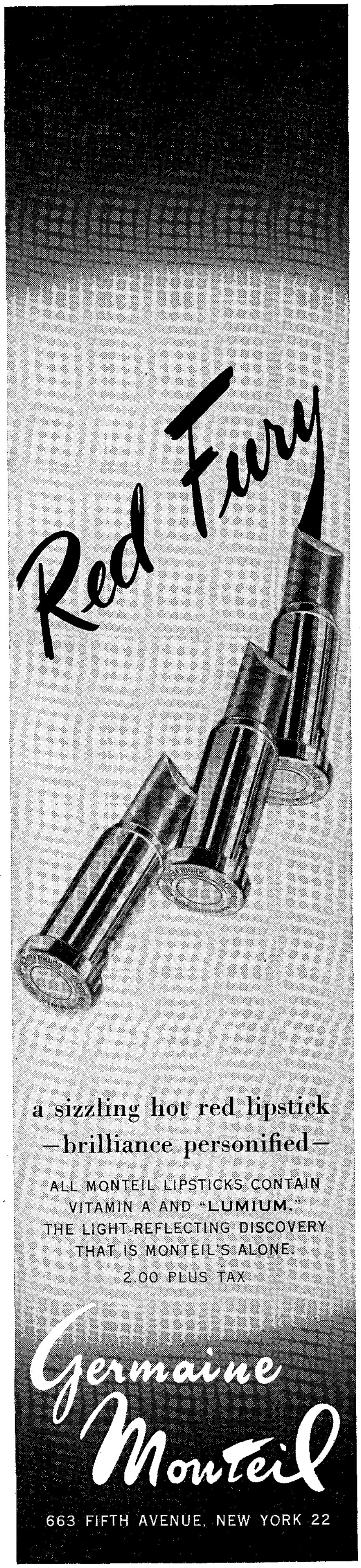

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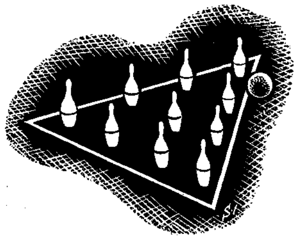
MY FAVORITE FERRY

WAITING for a car ferry in the United States—say, as one I'm especially familiar with, the ferry that crosses Chesapeake Bay from Little Creek to Cape Charles—is invariably a monotonous business. For one thing, it is as certain as death and taxes that you will have to wait, and, for another, the weather seems always to be bad. The only pleasure in the whole dreary process comes when you start the car up again and commence at last to creep forward toward the cavern of the ferry. This, at least, has been my experience, and until recently, I counted as completely lost all the hours I had devoted to waiting for ferries. I might well have continued to do so if it had not been for an experience I had while touring in Greece.

A few days before Orthodox Easter, I left Delphi, after lunch, for Návpaktos, on the Gulf of Corinth, where I was to get a car ferry across to the Peloponnesus. Given decent weather, this drive is one of primitive beauty. The road is narrow, tortuous, and mostly unpaved. In places, it rides the contours of the mountains seven to eight hundred feet above the valleys, and a total absence of guardrails or walls makes for a few tense moments. Even under the best conditions, such a drive is tiring, and on this occasion rain began falling five minutes after I started. So I was in rather low spirits as, toward dark, I drove my Chevrolet up to the ferry landing, six kilometres west of Návpaktos. Here the gulf is about a mile and a half wide, and the car ferry goes across to Irion.



In accordance with my long-established practice, I arrived in time to see a ferry, loaded with cars, trucks, tankers, and buses, about a hundred yards from shore, heading out. I was in complete and solitary possession of the hard-packed dirt parking lot near the dock. The tables in front of the three coffee shops that faced it were deserted. The only sounds were those of drops of rain spattering on my windshield, and waves slapping against the rocks along the shore. I entered a coffee shop, ordered a Turkish coffee, an *ouzo*, and a glass of water, and by dint of sign language ascertained that the next, and last, ferry of the day would depart for the opposite shore in an hour.

I sat awhile in the coffee shop, bought a bag of oranges, and returned to the car, to discover that during my absence three buses and a tanker had arrived and had taken up what later proved to be strategic positions on all sides of it. I opened the car door and got in just as two boys appeared, waving dirty rags and gesticulating wildly. "Wash car! Wash car!" they yelled.

An imperative no in Greece is indicated by jerking the head upward, closing the eyes, and making a clucking noise. I did this two or three times and, to make it stick, said "*Ochee!*" ("No!") as decisively as possible, and slammed the door. The boys went away, and I took out my knife and began to peel an orange, which is something everyone in Greece does whenever he is bored. I had just made the second incision when the boys returned, accompanied by a policeman in a gray uniform. He stepped up to the car window. "Hello, Mister," he said.

"Hello," I responded.

"Boys wash car," he said.

"*Ochee*," I replied.

"Yes, wash."

"*Ochee*. Not wash."

"Wash before," he said.

"Wash before what?" I asked.

"Wash while you have coffee," he said firmly.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Already wash. You pay," he said.

I put down the orange and the knife, and got out and inspected the fenders and the door panels. There was no doubt about it; they had been washed, in spite of the downpour. "Well, all right," I said. I handed the smaller of the boys, both of whom were now exuding cordiality, a ten-drachma note—about thirty cents. After many manifestations of affection, they departed.

"Have coffee?" I asked the policeman.

"Thank you," he replied.

WE went to the coffee shop I had left a few minutes before. It was now jammed from wall to wall with soldiers, sailors, passengers from the buses, lambs, goats, truck drivers, and dogs. My friend ejected two sailors from their seats and ordered two *ouzos* and two coffees. "This ferry," I said. "How long to wait?"

He looked at his wristwatch. "Sea very bad today," he said. "Maybe one

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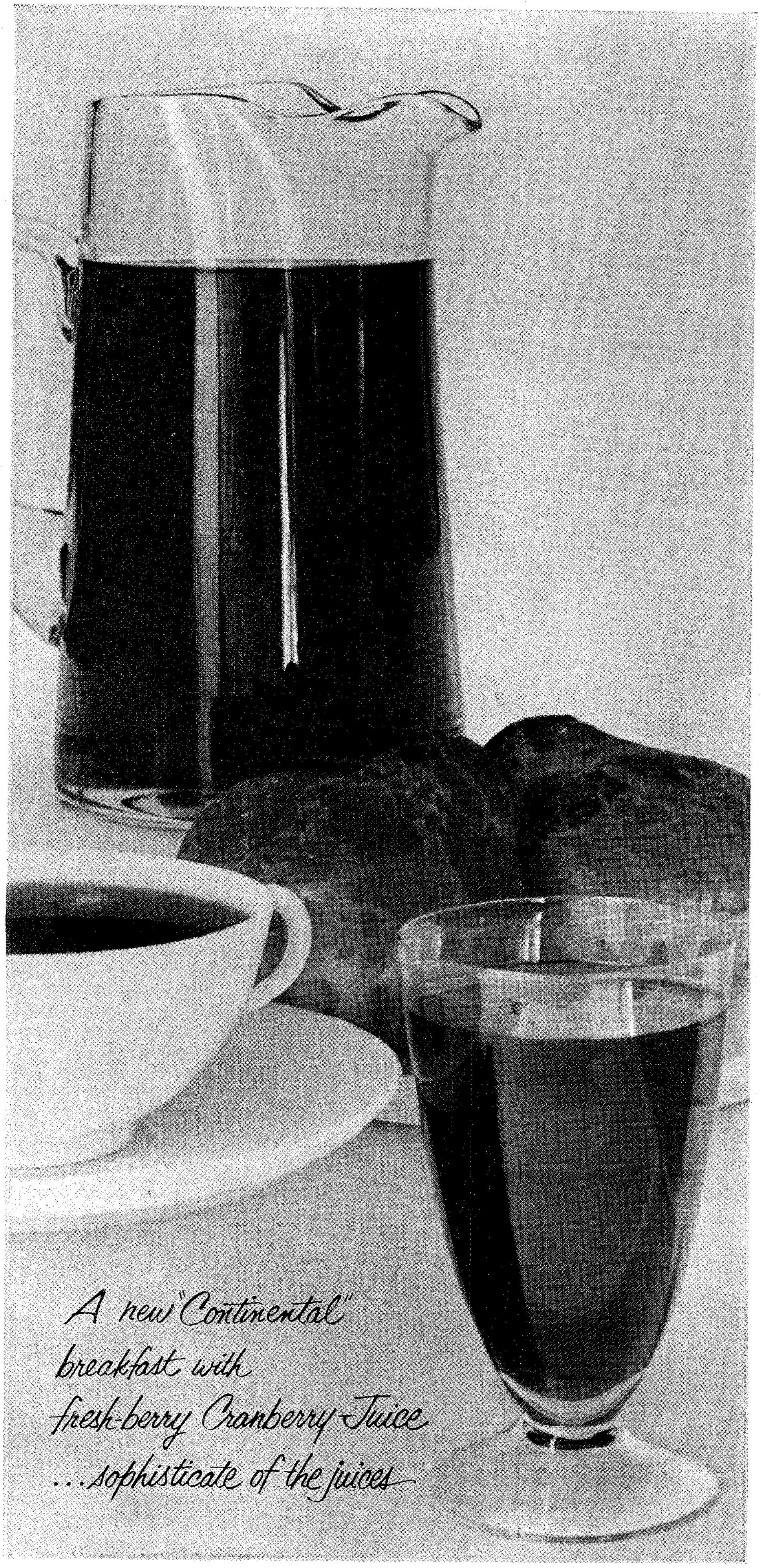
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hour more. You American. I like America. You like Greece?"

"Yes," I said. "I love Greece. The people are good. The food is good. The roads are good. Delphi is beautiful."

The *ouzo* arrived; we clouded it with dashes of water. We drank to Greece at my expense. Then we ordered two more *ouzos* and drank to America at his.

"Well," I said, "thank you. I go to the car now."

I walked to the car, which was by this time deeply embedded in a mass of buses, overloaded Army trucks, jeeps, and taxis. As I opened the door, I felt my sleeve plucked, and turned to face an old man who was holding a dirty rag in his right hand and pointing alternately to it and to the car. Divining that he wished to wash the car (it was still raining, of course), I informed him by motions, clucking noises, and emphatic "*Ochee*"*s* that the car did not need washing. I settled myself behind the wheel, picked up my orange and knife, made a third incision, peeled off a section of skin, and nonchalantly pitched it out the lowered window. With the old man now was an evil-looking sailor with large black mustachios, whom I identified as one of the two my friend the policeman had moved from comfortable seats in the coffee shop. "Wash car," the sailor said.

"*Ochee*," I said. "*Ochee* wash."

"Already wash," the sailor said, with an emphasis not devoid of menace.

"Look," I said. "You speak English?"

"Yes. Very good," he said.

"O.K.," I said. "You tell your friend this car didn't have to be washed. Very clean. Two boys washed one hour ago."

I cranked up the window, but couldn't close it, because the old man extended his arm and held the dirty rag in front of my face.

"He wash! You pay!" the sailor cried. "He already wash. Not speak."

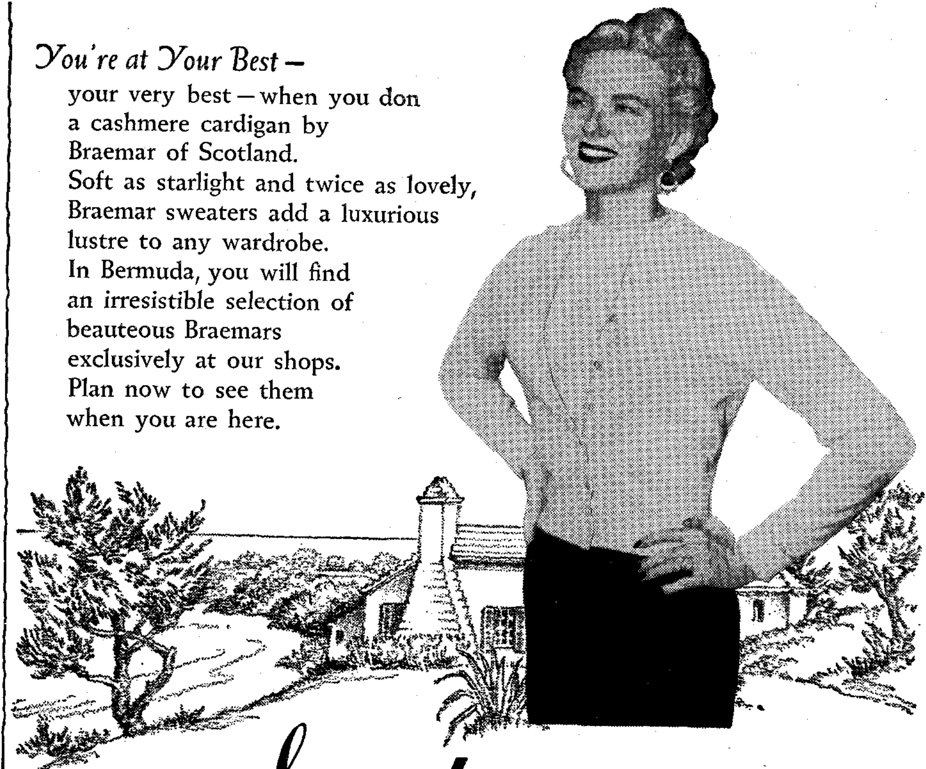
"He not speak to me," I said.

"Yes, he not speak," the sailor said.

At this point, the driver of the tanker climbed down from his seat and came over. "Mister," he said, "old man wash car, cannot speak, cannot hear. You give ten drachmas good."

The old man, I now understood, was a deaf-mute. I gave him thirty drachmas, and he and the sailor left me to my orange in my clean car.

IN a few minutes, the scene, until then quiet, became intensely active. The ferry was coming in. Drivers



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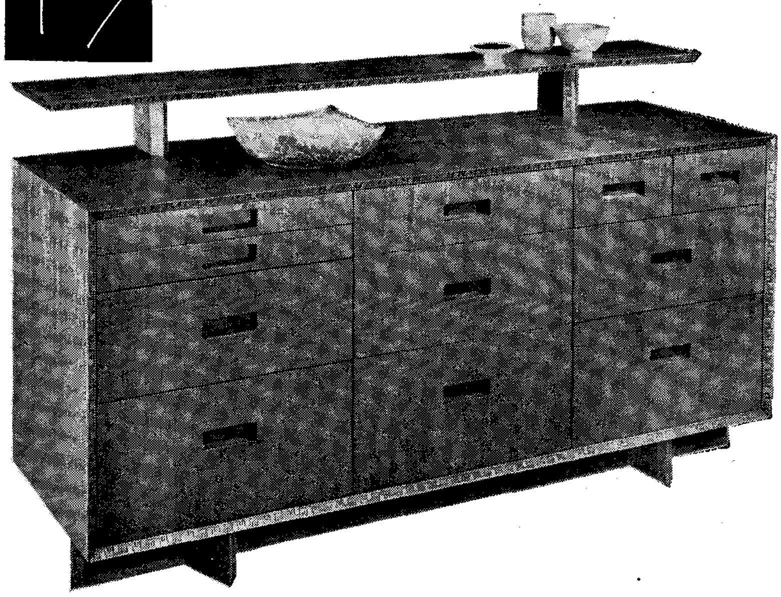

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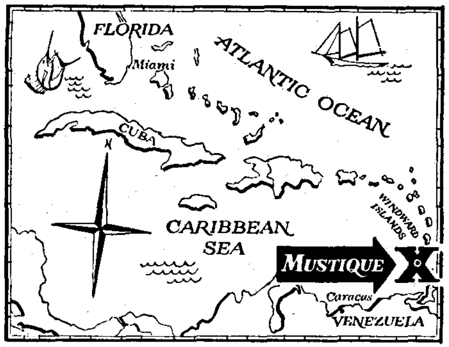
rushed from the coffee shops to their vehicles. Shepherds began collecting lambs. Dogs barked, engines roared, gears clashed, and all the vehicles that could began to move. Policemen flitted about, their arms waving wildly. I got out of my car and, at the risk of my life, steered a course through the maze of vehicles to the concrete apron on which the ferry (in a previous, and far less interesting, incarnation a United States Navy Landing Craft, Tank) was dropping its ramp. The ferry was packed to the gunwales with buses, taxis, tankers, Army trucks, goats, sheep, and sailors—none of whom could disembark, because egress was blocked by the buses, taxis, and so on, wanting to get aboard. Finally, the policemen somehow cleared a right of way, and the ferry was unloaded. During this interval, the situation on the parking lot was relatively static, but not quiet. Any number of arguments were going on.

I glanced at my watch and decided to get back to my car, for loading seemed about to begin. This was more difficult to accomplish than it is to tell. The entire mass of vehicles, save mine, now appeared to be in motion, each driver intent on getting to the "turn-around point," from which he could back onto the ferry. Since the vessel had only one ramp, the practice was for cars to back on, and to go off frontward. Precedence was accorded by the police to a large Shell tanker, which, having just arrived, was on the periphery of the churning mass. The driver maneuvered the tanker into position and began to back it onto the ramp, and all the other drivers at once hurled themselves from their seats and converged on my friend, who was the policeman directing the operation. Like his forebears at Thermopylae, he stood his ground. The Shell tanker backed aboard.

I reached my car, at the focus of the maelstrom, leaped in, slammed the door, turned the ignition key, and pressed the starter. The engine sighed once. Frantically, I pressed again. No response. I looked at the light switch. It was turned to the parking-light position—I had driven up to the landing with only my parking lights on, as Greek law requires you to do in a lighted area. I had neglected to switch them off, and now the battery was dead.

Just then, the Chevrolet was struck on the rear bumper by a truck loaded with lambs, and bounded forward about five feet. I yanked on the brake, cursing,



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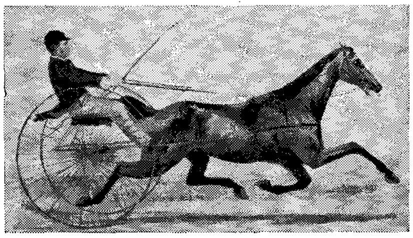

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jumped out of the car, and set off in search of my friend the policeman, whom I found in a position of great danger near the loading ramp. He had already directed five trucks and a herd of sheep to a position of relative security in the ferry, and was now attempting to cope with four drivers who were determined to prevent a large blue bus, inscribed "GHIOLMAN'S TOURS," from backing into the hull. I found myself waving my arms along with them, all five of us pointing first at the bus, then toward our own vehicles, and shouting, "*Ochee!*" My friend finally turned to me.

"What is the trouble?" he screamed.

"My battery is dead!" I yelled back.

"Too bad!" he said.

"But I can't start the car," I said.

"Too bad," the policeman said again. "We will push. Do not worry. You were the first. Also, you are a friend of Greece. We will put your car on the boat last. In Irion, you will be off first. Please be rested in your car."

I WENT back to the car and was rested. Twenty minutes later, the truck of lambs that had hit my car was backed aboard, and again I was alone in the middle of the parking lot. In a few minutes, a small group consisting of the policeman, the menacing sailor, and the three car washers—the two boys and the deaf-mute—approached me. I rolled down the window. "You guide," the deaf-mute said.

I guided. A minute later, I was aboard the ferry. My rear bumper crashed into the front of the lamb truck, which was thus in position to push me off at Irion, and later did, starting my engine. The lambs began to baa. The ramp went up, and the Návpaktos ferry moved slowly backward into the Gulf of Corinth.—Samuel Griffith

•

BEVIES

bevy, *n.; plural* BEVIES. A company; an assembly or collection—properly of ladies, quails, larks, or roes.—*Webster's New International Dictionary, 1932 Edition.*

Ladies, quail, larks, and roe
Come in bevies—that we know
Who through wind and rain and snow,
Past clipped hedgerow, pine tree, and
  rock,
Have hunted them around the clock,
Have caught them, held them, let them
  go:
In bevy, not in herd or flock,
Ladies, quail, larks, and roe.

—William Jay Smith

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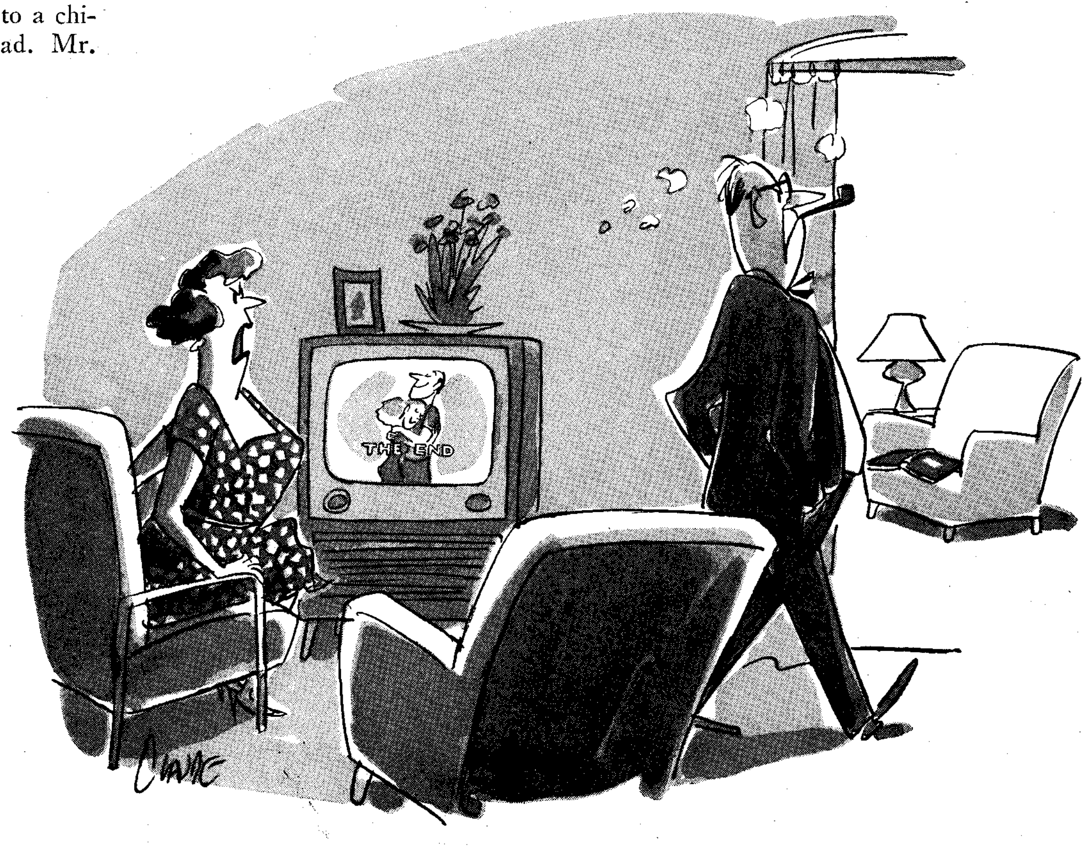
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

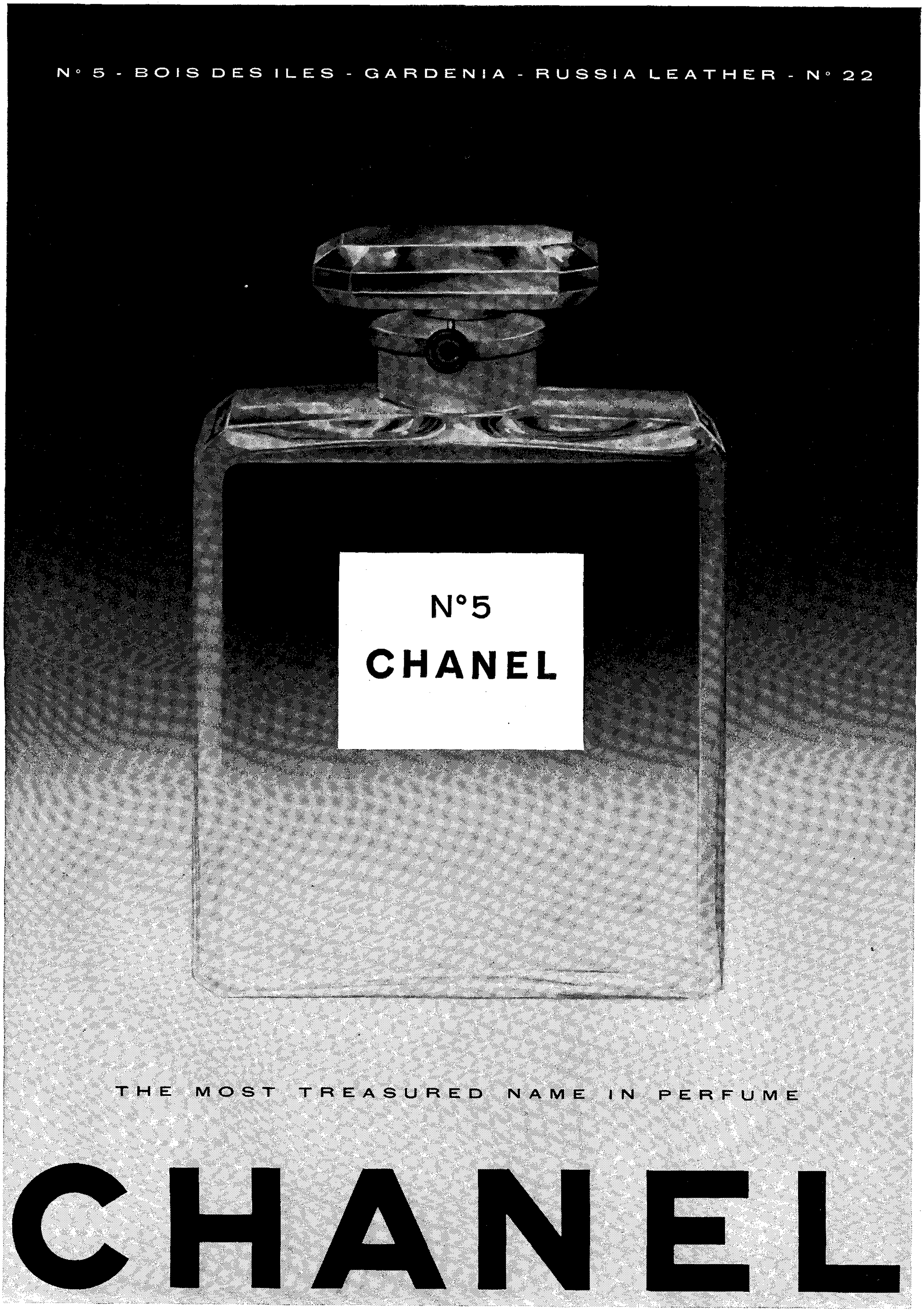
THE truce in the mock battle between hairdressers and the custom milliners has been breached, it seems to me, by the many new fashion photographs that show big, high-riding, meringuelike hats on girls with their hair slicked back from the forehead and temples (so that their ears show) and usually worn long—loose or chignon—toward the rear. This skinned look seems a bit drastic, particularly when it drags the hair back from faces that are over twenty-five years old. Hairdressers, understandably bothered by this insistence that long hair pulled astern into a chignon in back (a job that can easily be done at home) is the only setting for a big hat, are also perturbed by the aesthetics of the situation. Claude of Claude Elle et Lui likes to do his "roulette" cut—tiny forward curls all the way up the sides, to soften the profile. He will do chignons, though, and can manage them even with short hair. Since many of the most recent hat crowns are large enough to accommodate an icebag underneath, he is strongly in favor of brushing short hair upward and then curling it into a chignon at the very top of the head. Mr. Kenneth, who's in charge of the coiffing salon at Lilly Daché, thinks that women need bulk in their hairdo as a liaison between the chin and this season's lofty brims, just as they did in 1912. Back then, of course, in B.C. (Before Castle), most women had lots of hair anyway. For short cuts, Mr. Kenneth advocates bouffant fullness beside the ears. He uses a firm permanent underneath and a soft one outside to give a smooth curving-outward-and-then-under effect. A second notion of his, also a liaison device, is to brush the short hair at the sides upward and outward, so that it looks sort of like chrysanthemum petals. Many hairdressers are plumping for hair rolled or looped back into a French twist, Grace Kelly style. (The late Hattie Carnegie was prophetically bullying her mannequins into this deal a year ago.) James Caesar, an eminent member of the profession, goes along with this idea by waving hair softly toward the back; in front, he wants short hair brushed upward or falling into soft bangs. (Mrs. D. D. Eisenhower can also be prophetic, it seems.) Anthony Migliaro (740 Madison Avenue, at 64th Street, if you like his ideas) gives his hairdos width at the sides and a dove tail or French twist in back. Mr. John, a tower among milliners, is not having any of this; he believes in a skinny, neat face, with forehead and temples exposed, and long hair behind the ears—six or seven inches, if you have it. The Afghan hound is his ideal of feminine beauty. If you are now thoroughly confused about how you should be coiffed, let us proceed to the basic subject of the week's treatise.

AT Mr. John, the Directoire era is enjoying another revival, and lots of his hats, whether limp (he calls these turbans) or reinforced (he calls these toques), are really extra-deep headbands of the Récamier type. He employs (1) cotton organza anointed with tiny blobs of plastic that give it a dotted-swiss air, (2) silk organza, and (3) silk gauze and silk georgette, both charming revivals, to make all kinds of soft turbans that look as if they had been swirled on the head with a pastry gun. None of the swirls say "Happy Birthday," though. There are plenty of ornaments in the center of the forehead on these hats, by the way. Then, a hat of rough straw with a shallow crown and a big brim is swathed with more pastry-gun swirls of georgette; this time it's all vast tucks (with invisible stitching beneath to maintain their casual effect) in a very pale neutral shade that Mr. John has christened Frosted Toffee. Chiffons appear on his turbans à la turque, wound around the head and throat and cut out to expose the face from the jawline to the hairline. Other fragilities here involve other fragile colors—pale tea-rose pinks and pale yellows; one such, a round cap of tulle that is gathered and gathered, has the palest possible rose on top.

For travel, Mr. John has evolved the Concertinas, hats of permanently pleated Milan that is also tucked, for extra security; they expand so easily that they can be pulled way down on the head, but they can also collapse flat when they're to be packed. Real floppy straws



"Now, don't blame television! If you had any strength of character, you'd have stayed in there and read your book."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De Pinna

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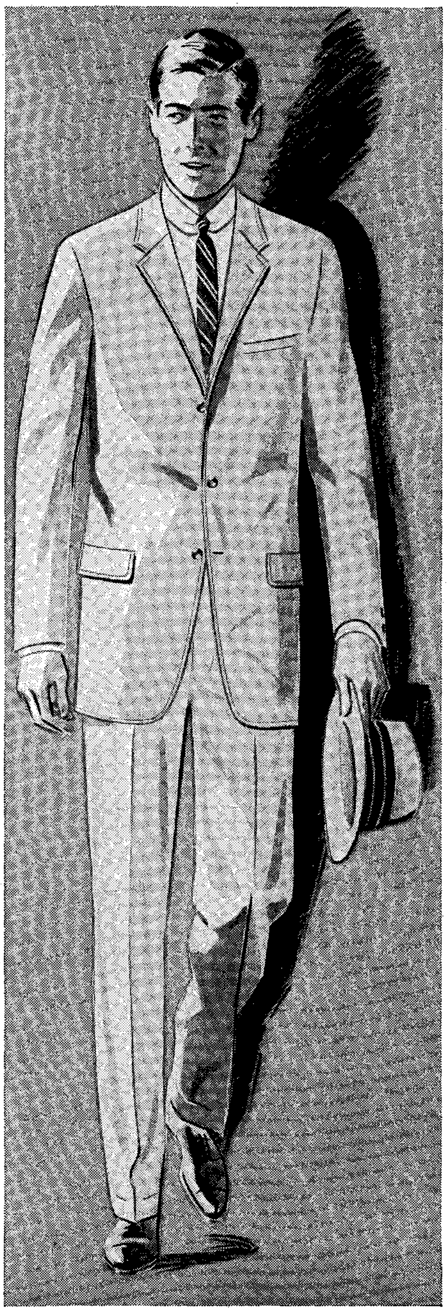

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and tiny, sidewise cloches employ this trick, and so do some fez shapes that turn puffily under at the base. Also for travel are his hats with Milan crowns and brims and limp, matching velvet around the midriff; these, too, fall flat when they're not being worn. Mr. John approves of crowns that come out almost to the edge of the brims. One crown is nine and a half inches in diameter and has a thirty-one-inch waist, much bigger than the dress beneath is supposed to allow for. Vast milkmaid hats of the Directoire persuasion are also around; Mr. John's favorite in the genre is an inverted bowl of taupe Milan with a one-inch band of black velvet up high around the lofty crown. Turned over, it should cook a dish that would serve six. Easily.

GUSTAVO, the versatile Venezuelan, is going against the trend when he decides that a slender silhouette requires a slim hat. A year ago, he brought out his perfectly named Soufflé hats; he's still making them this year, but in moderate size, and he often adds tiny brims that arch in front, as on a hat of crocheted white straw called Crushed Ice. This has a visor of royal velvet. Gustavo's new, very deep cloches conceal the brows completely and seem to call for that early-Tallulah eye makeup. (Hollow, hollow, hangs under thy head; even young people should avoid such death-wish smudginess.) One is a Milan bonnet of peach-basket ancestry; picot-edged taffeta ribbon is smashed all over the small, down-sloping brim. Another is of white felt, and its brim is made puffy by white braided chiffon. Gustavo continues to admire tiny, irregular caps, and no one makes them cling better. His are sometimes built of one-inch bands of crisscrossed straw, and they end in an angular lurch upward and outward at one side. And there are many, many combinations of cloths and straws in many, many textures. One hat starts with a roll of red velvet across the brows; white straw cloth is imposed just above, and gray bamboo straw makes the top. Yellow shantung tops the crown of a cloche; below this comes a band of cocoa grosgrain; then there's a curved-under brim of white straw. A soufflé of brown straw is perched on a brim of satiny white straw cloth, and apricot velvet makes a roll beneath that.

LADDIE NORTHRIDGE, the gallant knight who comes to the aid of matrons in distress, has hats constructed entirely of veiling, often finely pleated,

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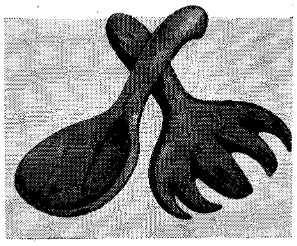

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and combining two colors—pink and mauve, say, or emerald and sapphire—and sometimes more. A gently rounded pillbox is one lovely swath, and two feathers (each in one or another of the colors involved) are crossed to form an ornament at one side. A real mother-of-the-bride production is seventy-five layers of gray nylon net arranged as a fluffy tambourine; fluted navy net covers a large sailor of red Milan with a coolie top. Straw dyed a muted color that Northridge calls flax makes many hats with white wing trimmings. A little white straw sailor gets much less neutral treatment; it is faced with Caribe (pink, that is) organza that has been arrayed in bias folds to provide interesting bulk next to the face, instead of on top. Its vivid hue lends an extra glow to the complexion. Northridge is aware that this is a flower-and-fruit-crazy season (every season is this way for Northridge, as it happens), and his inverted-basket hats are equipped with lattice edges and strewn with tiny fruits and their blossoms. Natural Milan makes a medium one with yellow velvet at the top of the crown and small pears and plums and white blossoms splashed about; another, worn on the back of the head, like a calotte, is of green straw, with small crab apples and blossoms sticking upward and outward in front to produce an Empire bonnet effect. Some purple baskets are covered with Parma violets; some baskets of natural straw are heaped with pink roses and white hyacinths. The lily of the valley is Northridge's specialty; single blossoms are sewed profusely on row upon row of green wire lattice, and the result is a big, semi-transparent sailor. The sun can likewise filter through a similar confection of red cherry blossoms. Water lilies, red azaleas, and yellow currants (are you listening?) adorn a deep mushroom cloche. And an old-fashioned garden is piled on a huge garden-party hat—ten species of lifelike flowers, among them roses, mignonette, iris, mimosa, and narcissus.

MR. ARNOLD, who operates at 19 West 57th Street, is also given to loading things down with fruit, which he uses to give bulbous bulk to little straight-across caps. Opalescent cherries, grapes, and tiny pears make shimmering fat caps shading from yellows to browns; black, brown, and white cherries are combined with black currants on another production; cherries and crab apples decorate a third one. Mr. Arnold is also fooling around with his "convertible," which appears in many shapes. Usually, it's a sharp,

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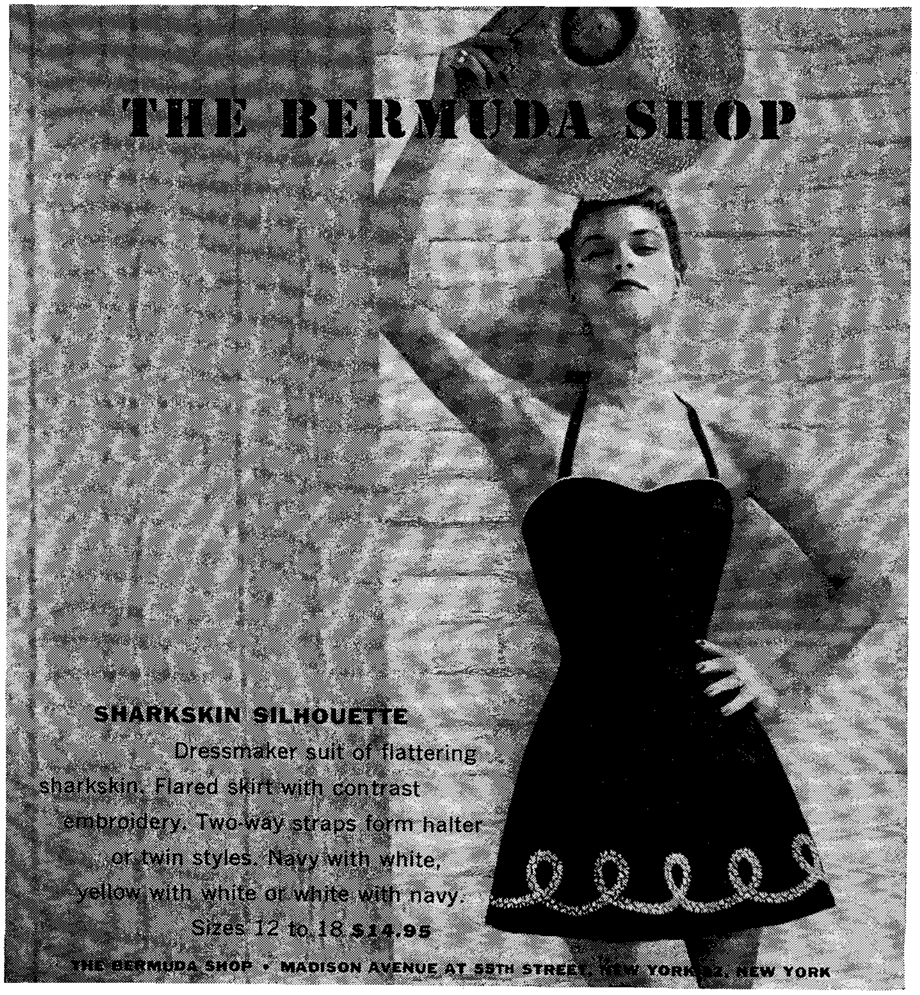
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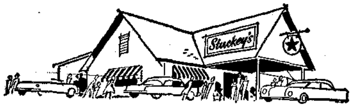

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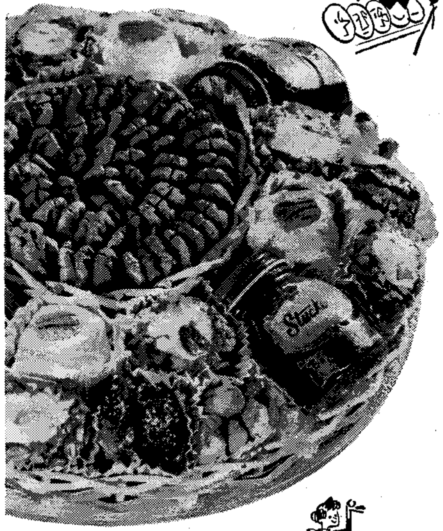

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tailored little affair that is perfect with summer linens or spring suits. It's often of linen straw, and over this goes a complete (and detachable) cover of cotton lace, to make it dressy for evening. Mr. Arnold is experimenting with new materials, too. One is a velvet straw in black, brown, or white, and he converts it into a big sailor with pinwheel folds on the brim. Another is slubbed organdie, sheer, striped, and woolly-looking, even though it turns out to be of silk. This shows up as, among other things, a black toque that is all horizontal folds, with a great frouf sticking straight out in back.

WALTER FLORELL gives no evidence of elephantiasis in his notions for hats this year. His are so constructed that, basically, they hug the head; thus they may be worn backward, forward, or at an angle with equal ease. He is given to putting flower petals *under* brims to achieve a cloudy softness there—the effect Northridge gets with his folds of organza. And Florell goes in for rough surfaces and textures combined with great lightness of weight. This scheme can involve a very soft straw, thin as onionskin, which is crushed and puckered and flattened to make toque bonnets, as well as big berets that are to be worn straight across the brows. In champagne color, this straw takes on an even more ethereal look. Florell can also decide that he wants the surface dulcet and the base beneath it firm; for this, he uses bali covered with point d'esprit or chiffon, as in a dome pillbox of natural bali with white point d'esprit. His imported horsehair, printed in a tiny tweed check but sheer as gossamer, makes small tailored toques that are tilted down on one side and have fairly tall crowns, to say nothing of tilted large berets that are all soft pouf drapery. There are tilted plaques, too, with a Victrola-record circle on top in lieu of a crown; a disc of red Milan is surmounted by a smaller appliquéd circle of navy velvet.

THE Victorian toque has entranced Robert Dudley since he was a boy, so he's happy about its new prominence. He is fond of bustle backs, riding high, and puts one on a shallow little gathered turban worn straight across the brows, with velvet ribbon entangled in the folds of the bustle back. A yellow basketweave straw with bits of angora fluff woven into it is turned into a hat with a minute brim and a high, square, wide crown, both of them voluminously wrapped in gold tulle. And there's

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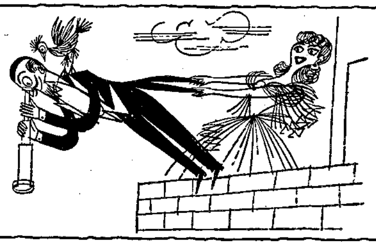

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a shiny white straw pillbox with a prow well forward over the nose and a visor veil adorned with infinitesimal tassels.

ONE more note on Tatiana, of Saks Fifth Avenue, whose work I was discussing last week. She does the pertest sort of tailored hats in several shapes, using men's-shirt-front white piqué and trimming them with men's bow ties, which are detachable and interchangeable. One of the most endearing is a small sailor cloche with a man's collar of piqué around the crown and the tie emerging, logically, in the center front between the points.

MOMENTOUS ODDS AND ENDS: There comes a time in every woman's life when a few stray bits of hair around her face go bedraggled and need to be rolled up like anchovies and set with bobby pins or hair clips. There is no need any longer for this to be committed in the privacy of the boudoir. You can keep on with that canasta game and get ready for a gala evening at the same time. Lilly Daché's boutique has boxes of eighteen clips, made presentable by virtue of being covered with blue velvet forget-me-nots; $4.75, and women in hospitals, adore them, too. Trifari has taken the dogged bobby pin and put bogus baguettes of rhinestones up its spine and a Harry Winston sort of glittering hunk ("ice," to use the old gangland phrase) at its end, to such gorgeous effect that it will probably be worn right out loud at the night spots; $5.50 a pair, including federal tax, at Bonwit, among others. While I'm on this subject, Revlon has a particularly nice hair spray called Satin-Set for pin curls. It's full of something that keeps the hair soft and the curls lasting *without* lacquer, and it's all around town.

In a quieter mood, the Daché boutique offers the loveliest bib necklaces imaginable by Dior. One is all pale honey tones, with imitation amber pearls and pale topazlike stones on crocheted gold-metal mesh; this is two inches deep and costs $97.90, including federal tax. Another frosty and lovely thing to enhance a strapless chiffon dance dress is a bib of filigreed gold-metal flowers with crystal pendants dripping everywhere from it. Some of the bibs are as much as seven inches deep, and all are miracles to behold. Daché also has copies of Chanel's jewelry, which involves lots and lots of fake baubles—pearls and globs of cabochon rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. All of them unite to make,

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say, a fiery bib necklace composed of two-inch danglers. . . . Mr. John has designed some jewelry and had it made up by Bobley. Plenty of faceted crystal and porcelain in vivid colors are concerned. My favorite is a lei of daisylike porcelain flowers, pierced through their centers by the string they're strung on, and alternating with crystal beads. Big floral earrings (the petals are slightly mobile) to go with them are an inch and a half in diameter. . . . For pastel moods, Helena Rubinstein has necklaces and blob earrings made of lozenges of stuff resembling pink, blue, or yellow quartz; cluster earrings are $7.70. . . . Trifari (Saks Fifth, Bonwit Teller, Lord & Taylor, et al.) has lovely opalescent sets (necklaces, bracelets, clips, earrings—that sort of thing) in a platinum-tone metal; blue, purple, and cat's-eye colors are massed in earrings an inch and a half across. I also loved Trifari's tailored Crusade sets of textured gold metal—big round earrings and pins with ticktacktoe lines on them made of bogus emerald, ruby, or sapphire baguettes. . . . Coro has solved a major crisis in women's lives by incorporating a device called Clip Ease on some of its earrings. You can adjust the tension of the spring that holds the earring clip in place; this is done by simply turning a tiny screw in the clip. Best has these, as well as Coro's Vintage sets—lustre or dead-white *soi-disant* pearls arrayed like bunches of grapes, with enamel leaves at the top (no Clip Ease on them). A two-inch pendant like this dangles on a two-strand pearl choker; $5.50. Earrings are an inch and a half long; $4.40. These prices include the federal tax.

If you can't get to the new Helena Rubinstein salon for doctor-supervised reducing massages and exercises and the like, her Lithe Line may keep you from feeling foolish when you try to exercise at home. It looks like a skipping rope, and it's made of very elastic rubber tubing (the rubber hose is symbolic—punishment that leaves no marks), with a loop at each end for hands or feet. The price is $3, not very much for all the cat-stretching exercise that you'll get out of it, and that is just as important to your sheath figure as diet and a good corsetière. —LOIS LONG

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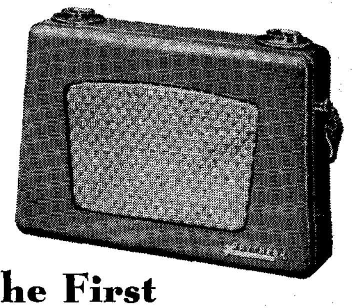
The Metropolitan Opera Association (New York) will present Charles Gounod in "Faust" next Friday night.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It would be hard not to.



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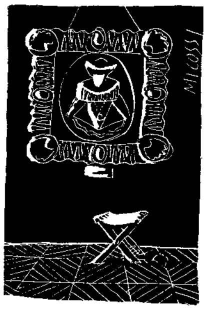
THE ART GALLERIES

Collage, Past and Present



THE Japanese, I am told, have occasionally employed pasted-on bits of colored paper to embellish their compositions, though I have never seen any, and for a long time Western religious painters have used real gold leaf for halos and other ornamentation, which I suppose could be called a kind of collage. Children, those inveterate experimenters, have always made colored cutouts and glued them into designs. Practically, however, the method now called collage is an invention of the twentieth century, and it is one of the few authentic innovations we have brought to the ancient techniques of painting. In view of that, it is odd that the subject hasn't been canvassed more thoroughly, and it comes as a surprise to learn that the current collection at the Rose Fried Gallery, called "International Collage," which covers the development of the method from its beginning, is the first showing of its kind ever to be put on anywhere.

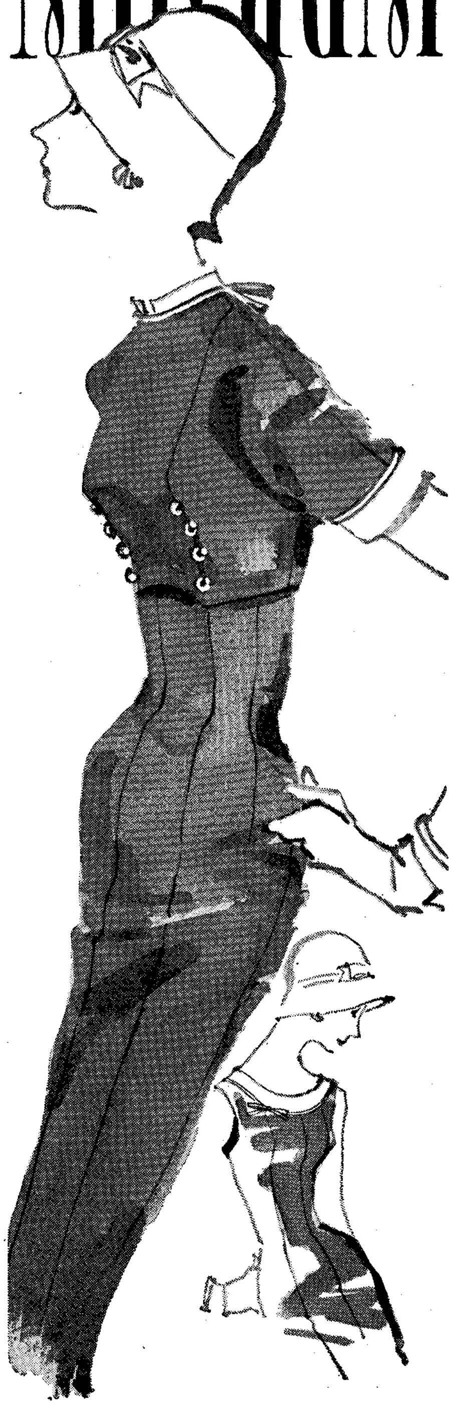
I must say that the arrangement of the exhibition leaves a good deal to be desired. In spite of its size—eighty-odd items are included—some extremely important artists have been omitted, including Braque and Duchamp among the Europeans and Reinhardt in our own country. Moreover, neither titles nor dates are given—the latter a serious omission, considering the show's historical aspirations. Yet for all that, it's a most interesting show, with a wide variety of pieces, and as a venture into what's practically unexplored territory it is well worth seeing.

It was apparently Picasso—next to children, perhaps, the greatest innovator of them all—who first took up collage seriously; and his concern with it, like that of Braque, Gris, Arp, Ernst, Schwitters, Malevich, and the others who followed so swiftly after him, is generally believed to have been a part of all the occasionally random experimenting with new textural devices (mixing sand with paints, and so on) that so engrossed the early Cubists. Myself, I think that there was a further reason for their absorption in the method. This was that the introduction of fragments of objects—bits of newspaper, labels from cigarette packs, and so on—into their compositions gave a touch of verisimilitude, a linkage with actuality, that the Cubists needed in their early stages. That all this may have been done unconsciously I would concede gladly. But it's hard for us now to realize what a daring jump into the artistic unknown these men were taking; at such a moment, some tie with reality would naturally be welcomed, and it seems to me significant that as their first pieces tended overwhelmingly to café still-lifes—scenes familiar both to them and their audience—the sections of collage they incorporated were an identification (the slice of newspaper suggesting the man sitting reading, the Pernod label the drinker) rather than pure decoration, a situation that was reversed later on.

There's a big Picasso in the show, done about 1913, I should say, that illustrates this point, as well as a more intricately patterned Malevich and a handsomely textured Gris, both also of the same period; and it's not till one comes to Arp, Schwitters, and the Dadaists generally that a trend away from the use of collage purely as identification can be noticed. To be sure, the Schwitters in the exhibit is full of recognizable objects—baggage labels, old envelopes, tobacco packages, and so on. But they are obviously assembled at random, to make one of the *Merzbilder*, or "rubbish pictures," he specialized in, and their purpose is thus, in the Dadaist sense, "decorative," while one of the three Arps on view, a really lovely thing of curling gray forms on blue, is almost wholly non-objective.

The same formal freedom shows up, intensified, in the later pieces, together with a greater variety of pattern. But this is not always the case, nor is the increased variety of attack always an advantage; there are times, in the more recent pieces (one by Burri, made of bits of stained burlap, and another by the English artist Vera Spencer, composed largely of perforated slats from a Venetian blind, are examples), when the materials seem to have been chosen more for their outlandishness than for anything else, and one misses the relative strictness and solidity of the Cubist design. On the other hand, there's a fine composition by our own Anne Ryan, compiled of variously textured segments of white, gray, and rose paper, and another, done in sharp diagonals, by the Canadian Roluff Benny, both of which combine fluency of design with great sensitivity of feeling, and so

MILGRIM



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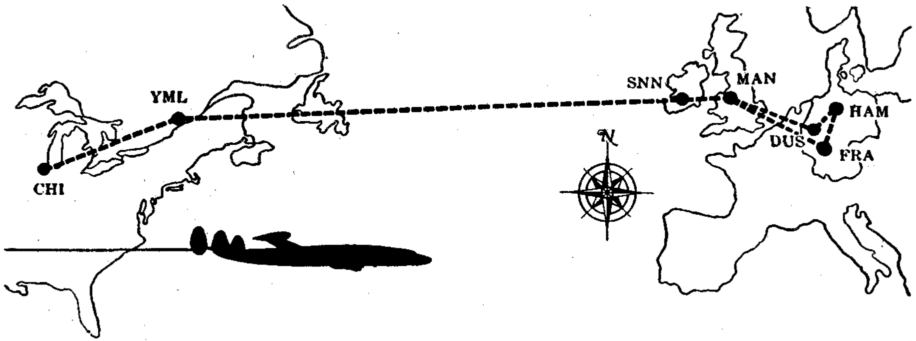

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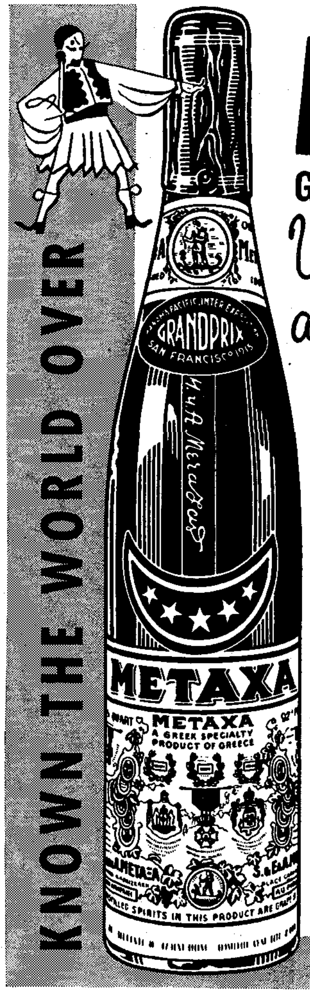

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tend to justify the modern approach. There are also a Joseph Stella, done in shaded pencil on layered squares of newspaper; a brisk, jaggedly patterned Arthur Dove; and a brilliantly red, white, and yellow composition by Matisse (done, I'm told, just before his death) that are handsome enough to be worth mentioning in their own right. Collage, odd as it may look at first glance as an artistic manifestation, seems to have a permanent appeal to the modern artist.

A PHENOMENON that has often been commented on—bitterly by the traditionalists and exultantly by the more rampant modernists—is the slow but continuous drift toward abstraction by contemporary artists. I've always been pretty much on the fence about abstraction; there should be room in the world for both styles, if honestly engaged in. But I must confess to surprise when I discovered that Abraham Rattner, now showing at Paul Rosenberg, has gone over to the abstract side. To be sure, his style has always contained elements of abstraction, which makes the change appear less drastic. But the alterations are fairly basic, nevertheless; both his choice of subjects and his approach to them are involved, and perhaps for that reason the new work still seems tentative in character. What he's aiming at, I'd judge, is greater monumentality and breadth of expression. Prairie landscapes, with or without figures, form his main themes, instead of the Biblical ones that occupied him latterly, and the paint is laid on in large, isolated flakes of pure color in a manner that is reminiscent of the Tachiste, or "spot," style now so popular in Paris. The weakness is a certain formlessness. In "Figures in a Farmscape," for instance, the three personages emerge but vaguely from the sky and land surrounding them, and I truly liked only "Figure and Fruit," with its more orderly, balanced composition, and the large head called "Moses," almost like a mosaic in its Tachiste treatment.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

New Delhi is a good bicycle town. With its sister city, Old Delhi, an ancient walled town just to the north, it lies on a plain as level as a ballroom floor, alongside the holy River Jumna. It is spread out, it has no subway or trolleys, and it employs myriads of poorly paid clerks; twice a day these clerks become great streams of cyclists rolling noiselessly along the avenues. The second, homeward streams begin to flow right after five, when the clerks swarm from the large modern government buildings and claim their bicycles, which they have left standing in neat rows outside. They mount and push off solemnly. Their dress, on the whole, is in the bleak white-collar style, but it is sometimes relieved by a turban or an even more bizarre touch; in cold weather, for instance, a cycling clerk may wear huge leopard-skin gloves. The clerks start off for home singly or in pairs, but they soon join a main stream on one of the thoroughfares, where they ride five or six abreast, taking up nearly half the street, while another stream, flowing in the opposite direction, takes up most of the other half.

Sometimes, by adroit maneuvering, a cyclist can get ahead of or drop behind the cyclists immediately around him, but for the most part, the clerks, yielding to a force stronger than their own volition, are swept along at a uniform speed. It would be almost as hard for one of them to leave the stream abruptly as for a cell to leave the human body. Only when the stream rounds a corner, its wheels humming faintly, does the speed of its component parts vary slightly, as some of the cyclists have to pedal just a bit faster to keep their place—not, one feels, out of choice but as an unconscious act of submission to an inexorable discipline. And this discipline, this unity, gives the cyclists strength. So powerful is their combined spirit that the driver of an automobile alone in their midst feels morally inferior to them, and, knowing this, they pay no attention to horns. My motorist friends complain that the New Delhi cyclists think they own the place. I am not a motorist myself but a frequent cyclist, and I regard these complaints as the narrow-minded utterances of the would-be privileged. Motorists everywhere look upon cyclists as insignificant and anti-social, and think that they should make way humbly; it is good to see that in New Delhi the cyclists, secure in their numbers, are not intimidated.

"Why, Mr. Jackson! Is this a proposition?"

The dominance of the clerks does not last long, however. Most of them live in crowded housing developments on the outskirts of New Delhi or in the age-old slums of Old Delhi, and as they cycle farther from the heart of the capital, they turn off, one by one, onto side streets and the streams are thinned and polluted by foreign matter—pushcarts, bullock carts, pony traps, trucks, motorcycles, children, beggars, and even maverick, non-bureaucratic cyclists. In India, laborers use bicycles as if they were family cars, with wife and children clinging to the handle bars, and milkmen use them for making their deliveries, hanging cans and buckets all over them in such profusion that they look like some other kind of vehicle—broad, hefty, and unwieldy—and are impossible to hop aboard safely without yards of preliminary pushing to achieve the necessary speed. When these wobbling behemoths get into the stream along with all the rest, the final blow to white-collar ascendancy is dealt. By the time a decimated stream of clerks reaches, say, Chandni Chauk, the bazaar that is Old Delhi's center, the heterogeneous traffic is limping along on wheels, hoofs, and human feet amid a bedlam of shouts, toots, and clangings, and chaos is in full sway. In these surroundings, the clerks cannot be sure of the next man's intentions, and must be constantly on guard; they must be poised for flight from their saddles in case a spurting truck threatens a sideswiping blow, and often they have to stop and put a foot on the ground while a jam untangles. As they wait, horses and pedestrians rub against them, and lovely, soft-eyed cows wander by, safe from harm. It is a warming and vital milieu, this timeless Oriental confusion, and it couldn't be further in spirit from the governmental splendor of New Delhi.

In a way, the streams of cyclists symbolize the Indian body politic of today. Streams of dogma also keep flowing from New Delhi—unadulterated and cohesive when they set out, like the streams of cyclists, and, like them, too, soon diluted and contaminated by the

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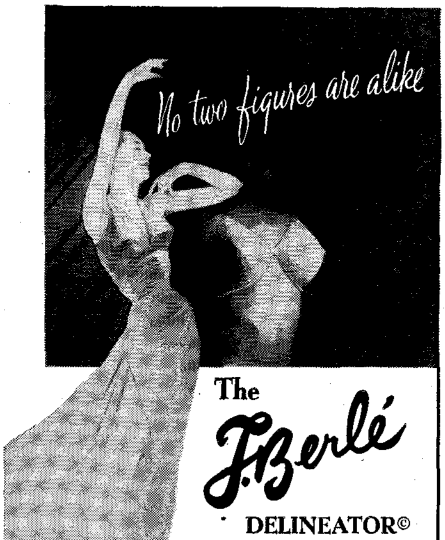
rich and varied disorder of the nation's life. In theory, India is a democracy in the Western style, yet she still has many stubborn inequities, such as the caste system. There is full adult suffrage, and practically everybody votes, yet close to ninety per cent of all adult Indians are illiterate, and therefore lack adequate access to information about the men and issues they are voting on. India has a new national language, Hindi, which is supposed to become the language of all Indians, but in some parts of the country the people calmly refuse to learn it and are complacently carrying on with their age-old regional tongues or their own brand of English. According to her leaders' dogma, India is a secular state, but one important national issue is whether the government should forbid the slaughter of cows—a practice that is offensive to Hindus alone. The Indian leaders dream of an idealistically motivated society and set great store by the nation's youth, but an official investigation has just disclosed that the state-owned railways, to name one instance of the disillusioning realities, are riddled with corruption, and the job situation is such that college students, the most promising youthful members of the population, are growing embittered and unruly. These paradoxes arise, it seems clear, because the government has one set of notions and the country at large has another, or, rather, many others. The same state of affairs exists in other nations, of course, but in India it is especially pronounced. India's leaders are relatively inexperienced in the art of government; they are the products of a civilization that favors the theoretical approach; and they have reached their positions of power as part of an independence movement that was noteworthy for idealistic protest, rather than canny management. Under these circumstances, one might expect that there would be a wide gap between intentions and reality—or between the capital and the hinterland—and there is.

India's linguistic tide rips are among the first of her problems to catch the notice of a foreigner—especially, perhaps, an American. In some ways, the English spoken and written in India—English is still the one language that all the nation's leaders are fluent in—is closer than ours to the mother tongue, and in some ways it is more remote from it. It is closer, by and large, in small technical points, which is natural, since the Indians studied it under British teachers or their immediate pupils. Indians put the British "u" in words



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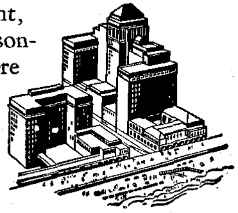

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like "favor" and "honor;" they use an "s" instead of a "z" in words like "civilization;" they put the day before the month in writing dates; and they use plural verbs with collective nouns like "government" and "football team." The Indians have not had a Noah Webster to lead them away from the forms and usages of the British Isles, and they have not wanted one; English that is correct by British standards is their goal, and innovations are not fancied. In Indian literary and journalistic circles, an imputation that a man uses faulty English is looked upon as an insult, and the English-language literature written by Indians tends to shy away from the dialect and colloquialisms that play such a big part in contemporary writing elsewhere.

However, if an American may say so, Indian English is farther in spirit than ours from the mother tongue. It is relatively stiff and archaic, and this, again, is natural; in India, English is learned from textbooks rather than from mothers and playmates, and it is used in offices and schools rather than in homes. In ordinary conversation, Indians employ formal words like "proceed" and "notify," which may reflect the fact that for them English is primarily a language of bureaucracy; one can imagine the stiffness that American conversation and writing would take on if Washington officials were to become our arbiters of English usage. The English-language press of New Delhi goes in for long abstract words that seem dull and flavorless to American readers, and of all Indian cities, only Bombay, an extremely Westernized seaport and the nation's movie capital, produces anything like the breezy, lively journalese to which we Americans—along with the British, the Australians, the Canadians, and so on—are accustomed. On the other hand, the Indians, who have a predilection for abstractions, are adept at using English in discussing them, so adept that I find Indian speakers and writers constantly getting beyond my depth—and apparently swimming safely and ably.

One reason for the stateliness of Indian English, I've discovered, is that a large number of leading Indians majored in English literature during their university days, as the best way of mastering a vital tool. These Indians have studied the English classics with a thoroughness that would shame most Americans. Shakespeare and Keats are, perhaps, the English writers Indians are most familiar with, and in the year

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I have spent in India, I have heard these two quoted to illustrate all sorts of points. Edmund Burke, if not so easily quotable, is also popular with Indians, and I have been told that at one time the main library in Bombay was in the habit of replacing its Burke volumes with new ones every year, so great was the wear on them. Macaulay is another favorite; one of my Indian journalist friends says that the No. 2 Communist in the Indian Parliament, Professor Hirendra Mukerjee, invokes Macaulay more often than he does Marx. And then—to name just one more—there is Dickens, whose teeming world many Indians seem to know as intimately as they know their own; I have read savage letters in Indian newspapers written simply because an editorial misplaced, misnamed, or misquoted a minor Dickens character. It wouldn't be true to say that Indians speak like Dickens, Shakespeare, or Burke—they certainly do not—but there is no denying that close association with such writers has given them a rather vintage style. An American lady who has lived in India for several years recently dipped into Benjamin Franklin. She was rather surprised to find that his prose reminded her a good deal of the day-to-day output of the New Delhi presses.

Indian English has certain homegrown peculiarities, too. For instance, Indians are apt to omit definite and indefinite articles, since the native Indian languages—like Asian languages generally—do without those elements of speech. Indians are forever using the expression "Isn't it?" in such sentences as "Hill men are excitable, isn't it?" and "If winter comes, can spring be far behind, isn't it?"—recalling the French "*N'est-ce pas?*"—and they are also fond of a sort of continuing present tense, which gives otherwise ordinary English an exotic twist. "You must be knowing So-and-So," they will say, where we would say "You must know . . ." A treacherous variant of this is "The tea (or the servant, or the taxi) is just now coming." A Westerner would assume that the desired object was already on the way, but this is not necessarily what the Indian means. The tea may not have been brewed, the servant may still be asleep, and the taxi may be out on some other job; the statement merely indicates that what is wanted will probably appear sometime. Indian English has many such slightly altered meanings, and their effect is to inject an Asian vagueness into English, which in modern times has become a relatively precise language in the West. Native touches are expected to increase in the future, and the inflection with which Indian English is spoken—a sort of singsong that is hard to describe—is expected to become more marked, for Indian English has been largely cut off from its base. Comparatively few Englishmen are teaching in India nowadays, and it is conceivable that by the year 2000 Indian English will be a language of its own.

As a matter of fact, the teaching of English, even by Indian teachers, has been declining in India since she won her independence. Schoolchildren are simply not being flogged over the English hurdles as before. One can sympathize with this respite, but it has its drawbacks. A friend of mine here who has looked into the matter predicts that in a few years a lecture in English will be hardly comprehensible to most young Indians entering college. This will inevitably have an adverse effect on all branches of higher education in India, especially the sciences, for most of the scientific textbooks used in India are by Englishmen and Americans and many of the new scientific discoveries are presented to the world in English. The advantages of English are obvious, and the Indians might well have adopted it as the language of their universities even if they hadn't been ruled by the British; the Chinese, in pre-Communist days, adopted English after they found it impractical to conduct higher education along modern lines in any of the native tongues, chiefly because of the lack of books written in those languages. Communist China is now trying to substitute Russian for English as the language of advanced study, but India, while neglecting to teach English, isn't effectively switching to any other language. The plan, of course, is to have Hindi, in spite of its meagre scientific resources, take the place of English, but it doesn't seem to be working out. As far as most Indians are concerned, Hindi is simply not moving in as fast as English is moving out. The word "Hindi," in Hindi, means "Indian," but the Hindi language is in fact only a regional one, heretofore spoken in no more than four or five North Indian provinces. This makes it unwelcome to most of the Indians in the South and East, for they tend to be jealous of the North, which traditionally dominates the rest of the country. The Southerners and Easterners would prefer to use English, along with their various local tongues, to show that they are not subservient to the Northerners, and most of them are procrastinating in the program to nationalize Hindi. So nothing is really being substituted for English on a national scale, and more and more teaching is being done in the various regional languages, of which no fewer than fourteen are recognized in India's constitution. Some of these, like Bengali and Marathi, are consequential tongues, with consequential literatures, but most are not, and not one of them is well equipped either with translations of existing Western works or with facilities for translating the new ones that come into being as the river of knowledge swells. Every one of them, though, has a lobby of publishers who are eager to promote its use and who claim, however implausibly, that they can fill the breach.

ON the political side of Indian life—as distinct from the educational—English is undoubtedly one of the nation's strongest unifying factors, along with the Hindu religion, the Army, and the British-built railways. Just about all of India's most important legal and administrative work is still being carried on in English, and it is altogether fitting that a master of that language—Pandit Nehru—should be at the helm. At the same time, though, English, as a symbol of the nation's former servitude, is anathema to Indian nationalists, and sentiment dictates that it be rooted out of politics even more drastically than out of education; it is in the sphere of politics that the heat is really on for a change-over to Hindi. Reading or listening to the dogma put out by the capital, one might get the impression that by 1968—the year set by the government for the completion of the campaign to nationalize Hindi—Hindi actually will have become the national language of politics. But there are reasons to doubt that it will, the strongest of them having to do with another aspect of India's current politics—the so-called States Reorganization, which involves a redefining of the nation's internal boundaries. This is something that has long been called for. When the British finally left India, eight years ago, they left in haste, and they left the new government with many basic problems. Among these was what to do about India's princely states, whose semi-autonomous status the British had respected but whose continued existence seemed hard to reconcile with the new India. Between 1947 and 1950, the government took away what remained of their autonomy and reorganized them, in a rather impromptu fashion, as states in the Republic of India. For the last few years, many officials in New Delhi have been complain-

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ing about these states, calling them anachronisms and pointing out that their borders, which date, in most cases, from ancient times, are irrational in terms of modern conditions and lead to difficult problems of administration. Moreover, India has other troublesome boundary lines—the boundary lines of some of the big provinces originally set up by the British—which also stem from historical alignments that have little relevance today. In 1953, New Delhi, feeling that the time had come to do some streamlining, set up the State Reorganization Commission to study ways in which this could be accomplished.

The Commission's report, which was published last fall, calls for the consolidation of India's provinces and princely territories into fifteen large states. The details are too complicated to go into here, but it is significant that the report generally stresses language as a determining factor in laying out state boundaries. Where the report ignores language, its recommendations have met with violent resistance, and even rioting, as in Bombay a couple of months ago, and New Delhi has had to give in to the rioters. All this seems sure to give the regional languages an advantage over Hindi; each state will almost certainly use its own language—not Hindi—in the conduct of its official affairs. The situation is worth pondering, especially for an American. Most Americans regard India as a national entity comparable to Russia or to the United States, but in doing so they overlook the fact that both Russia and the United States have a well-established national language, and India has not. India might be likened to a United States in which the Texans spoke Texi, the Montanans Montani, and so on, and in which only highly literate people could communicate with their opposite numbers in other parts of the country, and even then in a foreign tongue whose use was declining.

THE establishment of Hindi as a national language is not the only instance in which New Delhi says one thing and the realities proclaim another. For example, on paper—and in New Delhi—there is no doubt about India's standing as a full-fledged democracy. She has a parliamentary form of government, modelled on Great Britain's and including such time-honored—and, to Americans, mysterious—trappings as Ministerial responsibility, Opposition benches, and questions from the floor. She holds elections that seem to be scrupulously correct, even though most

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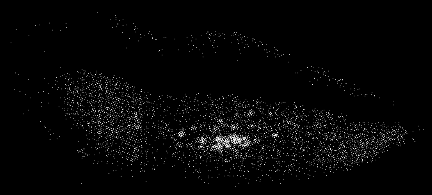
citizens have to vote for pictorial symbols. (The symbol of the Congress Party, Nehru's party, is a pair of bullocks; the Communists' a sickle and three ears of wheat.) Yet, no matter how strictly the rules are observed, there are habits of thought that keep democracy from operating here as it does in other countries—in Britain herself, for instance. For one thing, public officials—career bureaucrats—have far more prestige in India than they do in the Western countries. "At home, if a chap joins the Civil Service, we think it's because he can't find anything better to do," an Englishman in New Delhi remarked the other day. "Here, of course, Civil Service is the top job." He went on to observe that Indian Civil Servants considerably overshadow Indian Members of Parliament, who are apt to be nonentities, and that this is also contrary to the way things are in Britain. No matter how fairly Indian M.P.s are elected, once they have arrived in the capital and put themselves on public display, it often becomes clear that their calibre is so low that one is inclined to feel it doesn't really matter much how they were elected.

In any democracy, the theory is that the elected representatives of the people decide what medicine will assure their constituents' well-being, and the bureaucrats, acting as drugstore clerks, hand over the prescribed mixture to the clients. But in India the bureaucrats have a way of usurping the M.P.s' role. Pandit Nehru himself is an elected representative, and there is no doubt that he believes in democracy and wants to put it across, yet he often seems to act like a permanent professional career man, and he relies on the bureaucrats a great deal and gives them a lot of authority. Sometimes one gets the impression that New Delhi is being run by a centralized bureaucracy, in which the M.P.s are employed mainly to ornament the bureaucrats' concrete acts with abstruse doctrines. The streams of bicycles testify to the activities of the bureaucrats, whose great weapon is paper. Some say the vast amount of paper work with which New Delhi is swamped was inherited from the British, but the accusation doesn't seem historically justified. It is true that in British days official documents proliferated here, but it is equally true that they proliferated here long before that—from time immemorial, as in the similar cultures of China and Egypt, both of which at the dawn of history made paper the basis of bureaucratic life. Like



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China and Egypt, India appears to have grown dependent on a class of scribes very early in the game, which helps explain the Brahmans' high position. The paper habit is one that nations seldom shake, apparently, except by disappearing altogether, and in India today it is so deeply ingrained that it is almost an instinct. Virtually nothing can be done by the government unless a parallel operation of even greater complexity is completed on paper. In fact, it often seems as if the paper operation were the real one, and the deed itself only a reflection of it. Some months ago, when I was travelling in an outlying district, I met a young Indian official who had been charged with setting up a small country school. He gave me a long and brilliant explanation of the project, but in it he dealt almost exclusively with its paper-work aspects—how to get the needed authorizations from the government bodies concerned. He had little to say about the school's buildings and its faculty, and I don't think he saw the matter in that three-dimensional perspective at all. He saw it, rather, as a question of shepherding the proper set of documents through the proper channels—deftly, in keeping with his status as a rising young administrator.

Paper is supreme even among small-time bureaucrats who can barely read and write. Sometimes a traveller in India is confronted by a paper problem—involving a visa, perhaps, or a permit—that seems hopeless because the clerks handling it don't understand it fully. But often he can cut the knot merely by writing something—anything—on a piece of paper and assuring the clerks that that will cover the matter. The clerks are satisfied, the traveller goes his way, and the paper is put into a file somewhere. New Delhi has countless rooms filled with files in which such papers lie, forgotten and yellowing.

The government's orders radiate from here on sheets of paper that, in time, meet with incomprehension, or official weakness, or youthful indiscipline, or merely somnolence; the drowsiness of a hot Indian day must be felt to be believed, and this is something New Delhi cannot eliminate. It cannot eliminate official weakness, either, because it cannot be harsh enough. When the British were here, they were strangers, without local ties; they could decree that no office might have any more clerks than were needed to do the work efficiently, and eventually, by returning to the problem again and again, as a gardener returns to his weeding, they could make the decree stick. But the British are gone now, and the Indians who have taken their place have to be gentler to their employees, and the government payrolls are swelling everywhere, if almost imperceptibly. Even though there are more clerks, however, the documents don't necessarily move faster, for the Indian leaders can't crack the whip. When the government takes stern measures—as it does to quell a riot, say—there is usually some grumbling about British methods. It is a complaint to which the leaders are peculiarly vulnerable, since they not only are compassionate men but have long been committed to the doctrine that India would run smoothly and harmoniously if only she had her freedom. So they cannot overdo things when it comes to discipline. In some parts of India, students have really been getting out of hand; some have rebelled against their examinations, because they didn't like the questions, and classes have been disrupted for weeks on end. Pandit Nehru has scolded them, but that's as far as he, or anyone else, has gone.

Journalists, like M.P.s, are overshadowed—or, rather, overwhelmed—by the bureaucrats in India. Far from serving as critics of the bureaucracy, most Indian journalists appear to serve as its auxiliaries. One reason, it seems, is that many of the journalists and bureaucrats worked together in the struggle for freedom, and still have the feeling of fraternity that the experience created. Another is that Indian journalists often get assistance from the government, in the form of transportation and other perquisites of a sort that perhaps are not unheard of in the West but are generally frowned on there. The main thing is that Indian journalists appear to hold their bureaucrats in great awe. It would be lèse-majesté for the New Delhi press to criticize India's leaders as our papers criticize ours or the British do theirs. A New Delhi reporter feels he cannot afford to be *persona non grata* with his government, while in the West many reporters make a good living out of being precisely that. He cannot hound bureaucrats for news as his Western brothers do, nor can a New Delhi photographer order officials around, with the result that his prints sometimes give more prominence to trees or desks than to the dignitaries they are supposed to portray. The New Delhi Ministry of External Affairs has a way of telephoning reporters when it doesn't like their stories and complaining that what they have written is "unfriendly" or "unsympathetic." Foreign correspondents, of course, can resist pressure of this kind, but it is hard to see how the Indian ones can. Since the Ministry's complaints are vague, taking exception to the mood of a story, rather than to specific statements in it, the censure is unanswerable and tends to induce a general attitude of submissiveness, making the press thankful for what crumbs of news it can get. Not long ago, I heard an Indian journalist grumble about the harshness of many of the dispatches sent from here by American and European correspondents. He argued that foreign correspondents in New Delhi had ready access to official news sources, and therefore the harshness was not justified. Such reasoning would obviously be a *non sequitur* in the West. That it is not one here shows how different our attitudes really are.

In influencing India's newspapers, the Indian government need not confine itself to complaining about moods. It rations newsprint, and could conceivably withhold it, and it can withdraw government advertising, as it has done on occasion—a disciplinary measure whose effectiveness may be judged by the fact that more than a tenth of the nation's newspaper-advertising revenue comes from this source. And the government may soon be able to go even further. The recently submitted report of a Press Commission recommends the passage of a law that would establish a sliding scale for government-advertising rates, depending on the need and worthiness of the newspaper in which the advertising is placed. The Commission also urged a law that would oblige editors to disclose the identity of any person in the government from whom they get unauthorized news. Although to Western eyes such measures are readily discernible as part of the standard paraphernalia of dictatorships, the Indian leaders proposing them seem innocent of dictatorial intent. They simply don't interpret democracy in the same way we do, and they think that a good press—like good things generally—can be brought about by government action.

NEW DELHI society is stratified. The old Indian caste system, which divides mankind into five classes—warriors, priests, merchants, workers, and untouchables—is partly responsible for the stratification, but there is more to it than that. From Ministers down to *chuprassies*, or office coolies, the bureaucracy here has an infinite number of gradations (the streams of cyclists, by and large, come from the middle and

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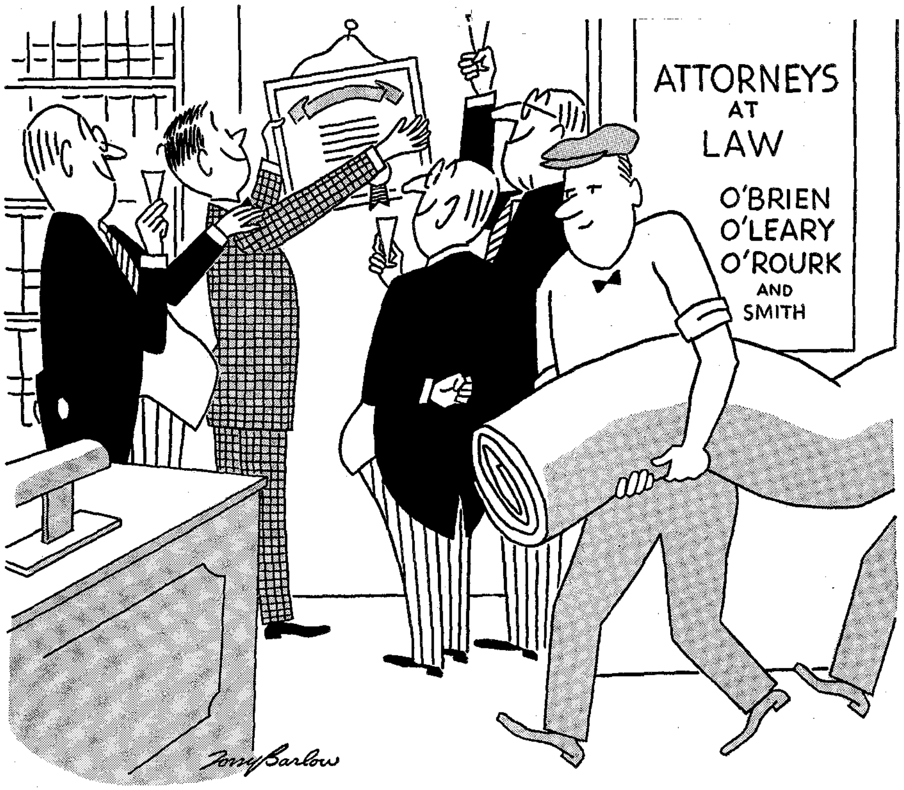

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lower-middle rungs of the ladder), and, complicated though it all is, experienced members of the community can tell in short order where any given government employee fits in—by where he lives, for instance, or how he talks—and are then in a position to treat him with the appropriate deference or curtness. The members of the hierarchy seem to be well accustomed to all the gradations, and appear to like the system—an attitude that some people here think is derived from old Asian traditions of a fixed, despotic social order but that many Indians blame on the colonialism of the British. There is a natural inclination here to blame the British for everything that is questionable in Indian politics, and to imagine that before their coming India enjoyed a sort of golden age, in which everything was perfect. This was, of course, a useful concept during the struggle for freedom, but now it tends to make Indian politics more obscure than they need be. It seems true enough that British rule encouraged snobbishness in official circles, but it cannot be denied that snobbishness was there before the British arrived. All the ancient cultures of Asia had political systems in which the lowly trembled and obeyed the lofty, and India, with her princes, court elephants, and destitute masses, was no exception; indeed, the Mogul rule, which preceded that of the British, was perhaps the most grandiose and tyrannical in the whole history of the continent. In modern times, it is often fashionable to ignore such facts about the past, but they are real, nonetheless, and the habits they bred are tenacious indeed.

Possibly another reason the hierarchy in New Delhi is so rigid is the huge majority commanded by the Congress Party, which does surpassingly well at election time. It now boasts three hundred and sixty-three members in the Lok Sabha, or lower house of Parliament, out of a total of four hundred and ninety-nine, and two hundred and nineteen members in the Rajya Sabha, or upper house, out of a total of two hundred and seventy; the opposition is scattered hopelessly among Communists, Socialists, Hindu conservatives, and others. This gives Pandit Nehru a firmer control over his government than Franklin Roosevelt had over his in his best years, for the representatives of the Congress Party are easily disciplined. As a result, few important policies originate in any other place than Nehru's head, and regional leaders seeking administrative backing for this or that pet project must come to the capital and

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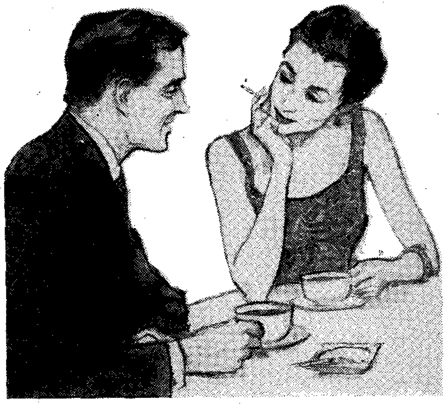

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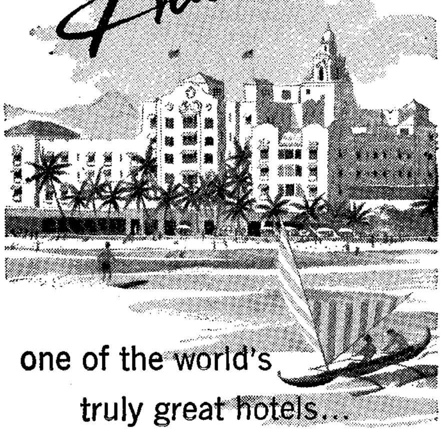

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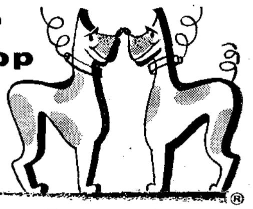

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intrigue for his attention. All this contributes a peculiar admixture of Oriental despotism to the officially democratic setup.

Nehru, though personally an agnostic who does not hide his scorn of religious conventions, is a Brahman pandit, or hereditary theologian. The Minister who is generally rated No. 2 in his Cabinet right now, Pandit Govind Ballabhai Pant, is also a Brahman pandit, and a more orthodox one. A huge, portly man, wise and affable, Pant is formally the Home Minister and informally the adjudicator of disputes in the Congress. India's President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, is a devout old Brahman who would like to retire and live meditatively in a brush hut, and the Vice-President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, another Brahman, is a world-famous expounder of Hinduism. There are non-Hindus among the top men—Abul Kalam Azad, the Education Minister, is a Moslem, for instance—but the presence of Brahmans in four such key roles suggests a sort of ambiguity in Indian government. On the one hand, India has all the formal machinery of a democracy—elections, a Parliament, a Cabinet, and so on. On the other, she has the influence of a Hindu society that comprises eighty-five per cent of her population and has maintained its structure for many centuries while politics changed and conquerors came and went. The great force in this society seems without much doubt to be the hereditary Brahman, or priestly, caste, of which the pandits are a subgroup. At some stages in history, the Kshatriya, or warrior, caste has ranked higher than the Brahman, and many Indian princes have belonged to it, but in recent times it has been running a poor second. The Brahmans may someday lose their prestige, too, in the current Asian surge of mass movements aimed at a change in the status quo; for the moment, though, their standing as members of an old aristocracy is high.

According to the Hindu doctrine of transmigration, the more nearly perfect souls are born into the Brahman caste, automatically making it the best. In addition to possessing this advantage, the caste observes certain mundane customs that keep it apart from—and, by Hindu standards, superior to—the rest. Orthodox Brahmans not only do not marry non-Brahmans; they do not dine with them. They observe strict rules of diet. They consider themselves dedicated to the task of transmitting Hindu religion and learning, and they educate their sons with great discipline and thor-

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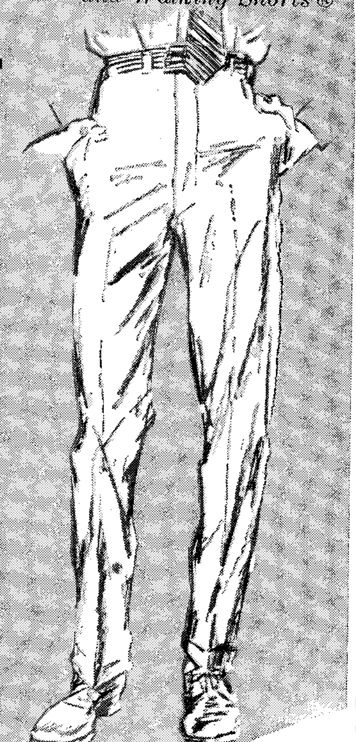

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oughness to this end. In return, they expect a privileged position, and they get it; traditionally, other Indians defer to them, serve them, and value their guidance. The Brahmans have always specialized in philosophical dispute—especially in the kind of logic-chopping for which Indian thought is famous—and this has become a priceless asset to them in modern ideological politics, in which word juggling has become all-important. There is always room in Indian politics for men of lesser position—Mahatma Gandhi, who belonged to the Vaisya, or merchant, caste, was an outstanding example—but being a Brahman helps. It must have been a big help to Jawaharlal Nehru, for all his reluctance to trade on it, as it must previously have been a big help to his father, Pandit Motilal Nehru, a wealthy lawyer and an early worker for independence. How being a Brahman helps is impossible to define—it's a matter of heredity, entrée, education, and a lot of other things—but that it does help is undeniable.

Most Indian officials seem to feel that there is a link between Hinduism and the government, even if, for Nehru's sake, this is rarely stated; in fact, many of them appear to believe that their nation derives vital inspiration from the Hindu faith and that she exists mainly to keep that faith alive. One detects an identity of Church and State that may be less specific than that of medieval Europe—Hinduism has no organization as concrete as the Roman Church—but is an identity nevertheless. In struggling against it, Nehru is moved chiefly, I should judge, by his belief in modern scientific rationalism, but his concern for India's minorities must be an important factor, too. There are thirty-five million Moslems in India, and a fair number of Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, Christians, Buddhists, and Jews. These groups, especially the Moslems, are subjected to persecution from time to time, and there is always the danger of Moslem massacres like those that followed the partitioning of India. Nehru seems determined to avert such disorders, and steering India toward the secular-state idea is one way of doing it. Most of the time he appears to be making progress, too, but it is hard to tell how lasting this may be, because his personal influence means so much. A few months ago, for example, when the movement got under way in Parliament to pass a law forbidding the slaughter of cows, Nehru put a quick stop to it by threatening to resign if the proposed measure was not withdrawn. This was

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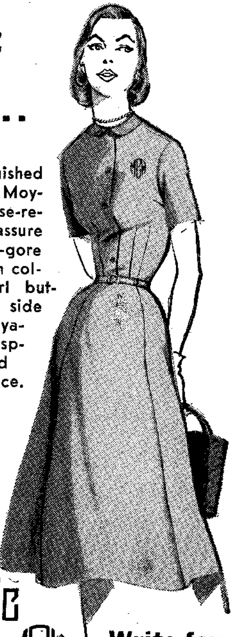

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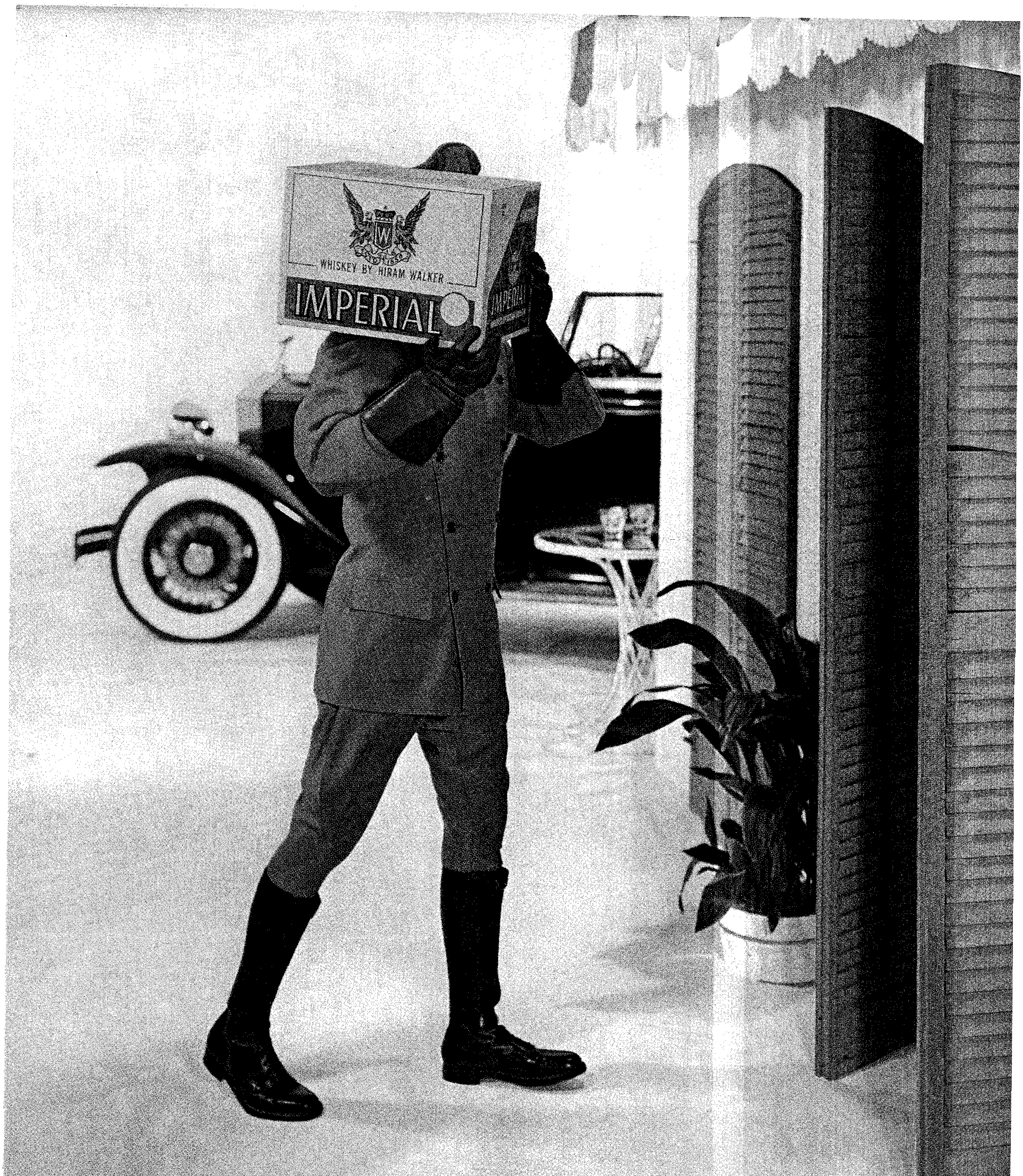
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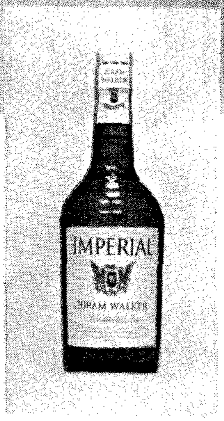
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not a legislative victory; it was a personal one.

The question of cow slaughtering is an important one, symbolically, involving Moslems and Hindus. The Moslems are fond of beef and in India they are theoretically, if not actually, guaranteed the right to buy and eat it. To the Hindus, beef eating is almost as bad as cannibalism. Gandhi said that "the cow is our Mother" and that "the central fact of Hinduism is cow protection." He added that such protection should not be imposed by law on unwilling Moslems, but there are many Hindus who disagree with him. For centuries, the Hindus have punished any mistreatment of cows by their own people severely—even brutally. The orthodox among them would like to embody this spirit in the laws of their new country. It is a natural desire, perhaps, but it heightens, and emphasizes, the complexity of politics here.

GANDHIISM itself adds to the complexity. There are at least two ways of looking at Mahatma Gandhi now. One can see him as a great moral teacher, laying down eternal principles for mankind, or one can see him as an intuitive genius whose mission was to free India and who opportunistically bent his ideas to this one end. His devoted followers, of whom there are many thousands in India, subscribe to the first view, but now, ten years after the Mahatma's death, the second may strike the detached outsider as the more valid. Increasingly, with the passing of time, it seems that his basic principles were shaped to achieve a single objective. For instance, his device of Satyagraha—non-coöperation without violence—was well designed for use against the British. It underlined the moral weakness of their role in India while exploiting their insistence upon rights like freedom of the press. Satyagraha would hardly have worked against Hitler or Stalin, who would almost certainly have snuffed out the non-coöperators, along with news of their fate, and it does not work very well as a means of protest in India now, when there is no universally felt oppression to aim it at. But the Gandhian doctrinaires, who adhere to it as an abiding principle, regard it as useful against any social injustice, and so it keeps cropping up in the service of half-baked causes, and making for trouble.

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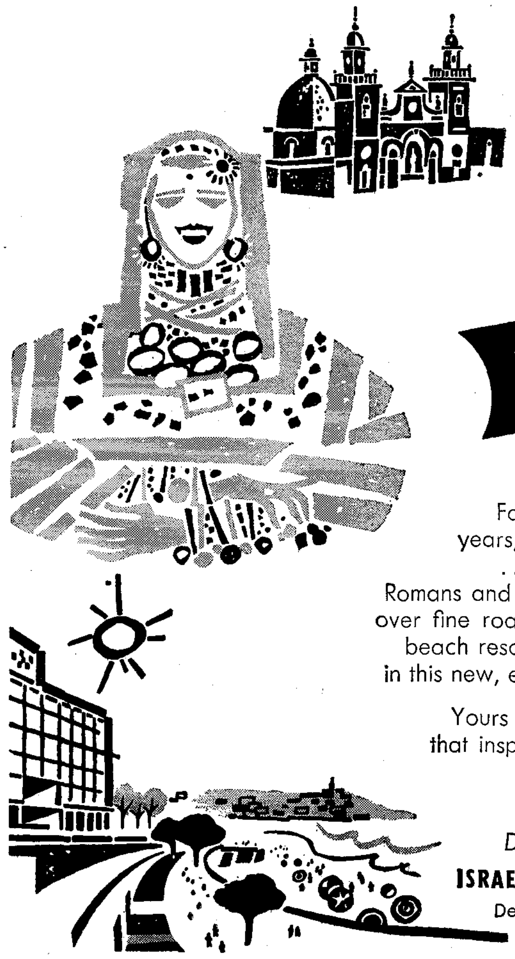

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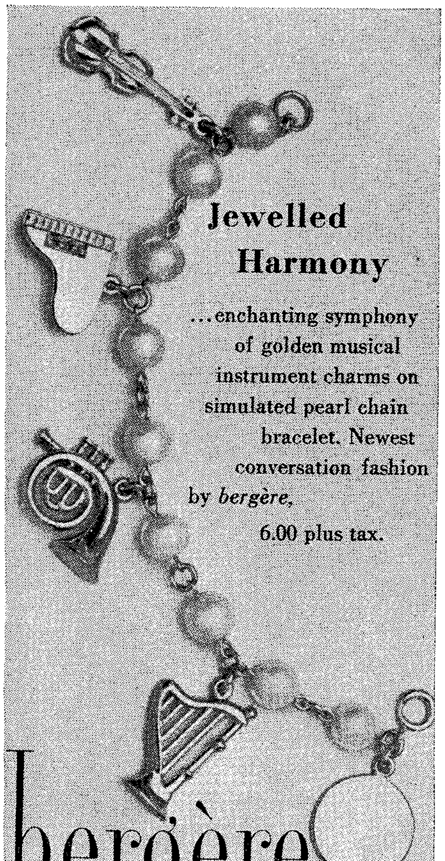

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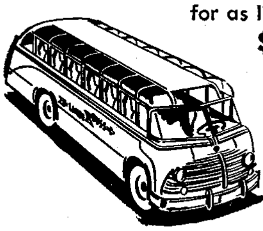

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spect during the struggle for freedom. Prohibition has survived him as an article of dogma among the faithful. It has been applied, with varying degrees of success, in several parts of the country, but it is unpopular in some of them, and it seems to have led to abuses rather like the ones prohibition led to in the United States. The New Delhi authorities temporized with the issue for a while, but late last year they appointed a commission of inquiry, which has just made a report urging total prohibition in India after 1958. The report dwells on moral issues and skips lightly over the experiences of real life. It would appear to bring the government position on the subject into line with Gandhi's, but many people here doubt whether it will prove a practical move in the long run.

Finally—or, rather, to mention just one more important thing—there is the matter of Gandhi's economic teachings. Gandhi believed staunchly in the pre-British golden age in India, and he laid particular stress on his contention that British cotton mills had ruined India's villages. The villages, he asserted, would return to virtue and prosperity once the Indians began weaving their own cloth again. This view of things—questionable as fact, however useful it may have been as propaganda—is accepted as holy writ by many of today's Indian politicians, and binds together a faction that is opposed to industrialization, which another faction, perhaps more realistic, is advocating as a means of raising the nation's standard of living.

Nehru saw eye to eye with Gandhi on few matters except Indian independence itself, and he is now trying to put a damper on the more extreme of Gandhi's doctrines, but they are ever present in the atmosphere of the capital. They are even physically visible, for those who subscribe to them show that they do so by wearing *khadi*, or hand-loomed cloth—usually white cotton, looking rather like cheesecloth—that Gandhi urged upon his followers. Gandhian men wearing hand-loomed *dhotis* and *kurtas*—loincloths and long shirts—are a familiar sight in New Delhi, as are Gandhian women wearing hand-loomed cotton *saris*. These clothes are uniforms denoting identity with the masses, and they look odd against the New Delhi landscape, which is unusually grand, as the British meant it to be when they laid out the city a few decades ago. Its broad avenues are lined by stately trees and shrubs, and through these, at leisurely intervals, one can see the cream-colored stucco façades of Georgian houses de-

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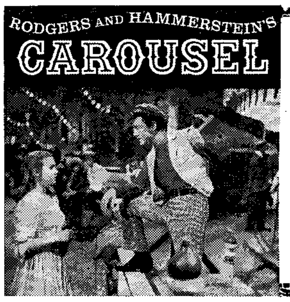

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signed for British officials and their *mem-sahibs*. Many of the houses have now been taken over by the *khadi*-wearing Gandhians, who forgather in the spacious parlors to discuss the teachings of their departed leader.

A fair amount of Western Left Wing theory is likely to creep into such discussions. This sort of theorizing is popular in India; it is one of the intellectual strands that the Indians most successfully took over from Britain during colonial times. Apparently, the Left Wing tradition appealed from the start to Hindu intellectualism, and thus was picked out for special attention, unlike other British characteristics—the sporting tradition, for example, and the Mayfair fashionable tradition—that could not be so readily imitated. Indians attending Oxford and Cambridge specialized in Socialist doctrine, and British Left Wing publications, like the *New Statesman & Nation*, achieved great currency here. Leftism, British style, played an important part in the freedom movement, and since nearly all Indian politicians are graduates of that movement, it is playing an important part in New Delhi now. In fact, it may well be that New Delhi has a higher percentage of reformers and parlor Pinks than any other city in the world. Their doctrines flavor the nation's policies, giving them an air of rather dated British Socialism—or, as one of my British friends put it, somewhat testily, the other day, "bringing about a realization of the Fabian dream in the wrong country at the wrong time." And so the Fabianism mixes with the Gandhiism and the other elements—the pro- and anti-democratic tendencies, the Hindu orthodoxy, the British style of government, and all the other ingredients—to make a stew over which Pandit Nehru stands with a ladle, stirring it expertly and hoping it will turn out well. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

The Agricultural Research Council here has developed a virus that is expected to wipe out the butterfly, which causes thousands of dollars in damage yearly to cabbage and Brussels sport crops. —*The Times*.

Most of the sports in our circle don't have a green thumb anyway.

•

Please, why is Sheilah Graham off KSD-TV? GLORIA SCHMIDT
(Miss Graham's program has been discontinued on the network.—Editor.)—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Next question.

Ronald Searle

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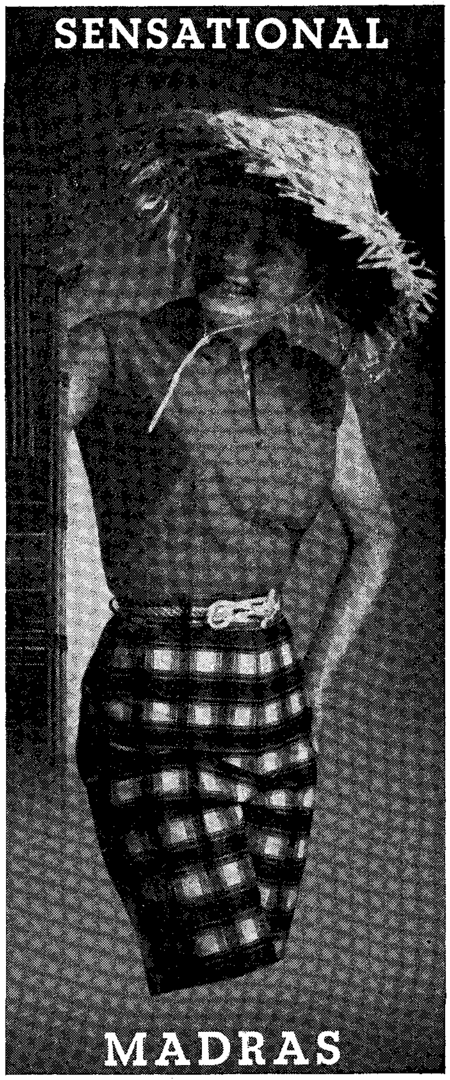

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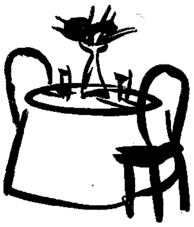
TABLES FOR TWO

Let's Dance



THIS seems to be the season for middle-aged romantics in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. They were first lured to the place some months back, when the tuneful chuckling of Maurice Chevalier made them perk up their ears; more recently, it was the commanding vibrato of Jane Froman that enticed them; and now the nightly clarion call of Benny Goodman's band is pulling them in. Actually, I guess, *early*-middle-aged romantics is a better way to characterize these worshippers at the shrine, since there is certainly nothing hesitant or creaky about their dancing. As they swoop and leap to the remembered acrobatics of the Lindy, the Shag, and all the other engaging steps of the thirties, time is, in a sense, expunged. Gone is the stony broodiness considered de rigueur for listening to the current progressive jazz; gone, too, is the artificially complex footwork practiced by the Latin-American devotees who have taken over our dance floors since the zenith of swing. Pagan days are here again.

The Goodman band is a new one, and it is excellent. In addition to the leader, there are thirteen men—all hard-driving and efficient, and in many instances inspired. An accomplished drummer (Mousie Alexander) is abetted by a pianist (Hank Jones), a bass player (Irv Manning), and a guitarist (Steve Jordan) in laying down a strong, sure beat, above which you can hear, at one time or another, three screaming trumpets, led by Jimmy Maxwell, a warm-toned veteran of previous Goodman outfits, and including Mel Davis, a younger fellow with a more biting attack; two forceful trombones, the first of which, Urbie Green's, is especially striking; and four surging saxophones, of which Budd Johnson's is the most distinctive. And from time to time, of course, the Goodman clarinet, as compelling as ever, circles above everything else. In addition, there is a refreshing new vocalist, Mitzie Cottle, who has an honest-to-goodness voice—the first that I can recall in the long succession of Goodman singers. Although this is almost entirely the same old music in the same old arrangements, the men play it as if it were brand-new; there is nothing the least bit lackadaisical about their approach. Part of the electrifying quality in their performance is undoubtedly due to hours of careful rehearsal, but the chief explanation for it, I think, is the astonishing rapport between band and audience. I've been to hear the band twice, and on both occasions the customers were not only packed in but, for these staid surroundings, almost riotously appreciative. Time, full of tricks, has played a particularly good one here. Some twenty years ago, when a Goodman band first played the Empire Room, there were always a number of skeptics in the house; now there are only believers.

Mr. Goodman appears only for two concert periods during the evening, but the band stays on to play for dancing after each show, alternating with Nat Brandwynne's house band. It's hard to say which portion of the Goodman unit's performance is the more gratifying, for excitement runs high throughout the evening. You will, of course, want to hear some of the band's more celebrated display pieces, such as "Bach Goes to Town" and "Sing, Sing, Sing," and listen to the trio (Goodman, Jones, and Alexander) flit through, say, "Avalon," "Memories of You," and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," and I should think that Miss Cottle's attractive singing of "A New Town Is a Blue Town," from "The Pajama Game," and a number of older selections would strike your fancy, too. But the really interesting thing to me was finding that the music is almost equally effective whether Mr. Goodman is present or not. Indeed, on the second of my visits he was absent, and in place of the usual trio interlude, a septet, composed of piano, trumpet, trombone, saxophone, bass, guitar, and drums, took the floor and held the crowd spellbound for a good fifteen minutes.

YOU might suppose that things would be just as merry and stimulating down at the Café Rouge of the Statler, where the Dorsey brothers and their fine band are holding forth. Alas, such is not the case; everything is there but the all-important feeling of immediacy. The soloists—Tommy on trombone, Jimmy on clarinet and sax, Charlie Shavers on trumpet, and Louis Bellson on drums—are first-rate, the arrangements are superior, and the beat is firm, but the spirit is lacking. There is no show, as such; the band simply plays for dancing, devoting about twenty minutes to a set, and one of the disappointing things about the whole endeavor is that the dancers are never really given a chance to warm up. The night I was there, one set was halfway through before enough couples to make an impressive showing had taken to the floor, and then, just when they were beginning to enjoy themselves, the band broke up for a long breather, during which a small relief band noodled its way through some dance music of no great distinction. I was also disconcerted to find emblazoned on the face of each music stand the name of a product that's advertised on a television show the Dorseys run off each week. It gave me the uneasy feeling that I was part of a studio audience.

THERE is not much to tell you about the few other diversions I've come across in the past week or so. The Beverly Club, a comfortable room on the mezzanine of the Hotel Beverly, is currently harboring a bouncy young man named Bobby Short, who is an exuberant singer with an extensive repertoire gathered from old musical comedies and motion pictures, and, in a few instances, from the ancient days of jazz. He accompanies himself on the piano, and has the assistance of a bass player and a drummer. I thought he was pretty entertaining. . . . A couple of new acts have worked their way into the scheme of things at the Blue Angel. One is Joey Carter, a youthful comedian of some promise; the other is Jorie Remes, a sleek young woman who mocks the tenderer passions in song and gesture, and who has an undeniable fascination, though I would be hard put to it to tell you precisely what it consists of. Also on hand are Enid Mosier and the Steel Band, an agreeable group that has moved uptown from the Village Vanguard, and Jill Corey, an appealing songstress who must go with the lease. —D. W.

•

. . . the number of dismal parks in which I have sat; the number of trains and platforms into and on to which I have scurried; the times without number I have kept assignations before the Mona Lisa, the left-hand lion outside Pennsylvania Station, Mozart's statue in Salzburg, the Albert Memorial . . . —*"Cards of Identity," by Nigel Dennis.*

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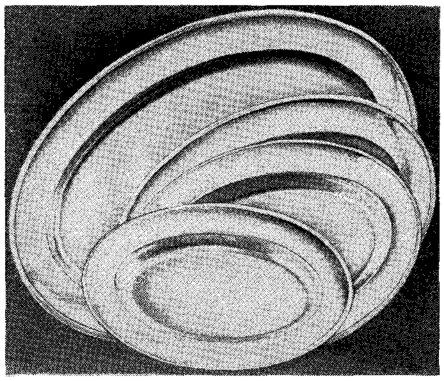

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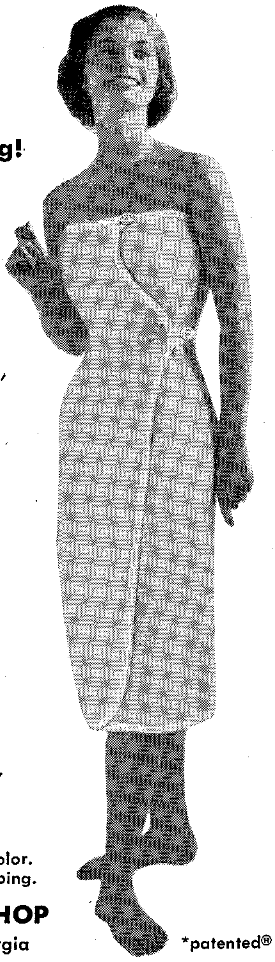

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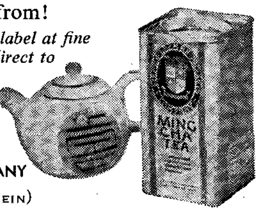

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MUSICAL EVENTS

That Flute Again

THE weaknesses of the libretto Emanuel Schikaneder wrote for Mozart's opera "The Magic Flute" have been discussed at length for a hundred and fifty years or so, and there would be no particular point in bringing the matter up again except that it has a bearing on two recent performances of this opera here: the N.B.C. Opera Theatre's color television broadcast, on which I commented briefly not long ago, and last Thursday evening's revival of the work at the Metropolitan Opera House. The former production has been the subject of considerable controversy in the daily press, mainly because, having been cut by about a fourth and somewhat rearranged, for broadcasting purposes, it violated certain subtleties of continuity that are integral to the musical form of the work as Mozart conceived it. To be sure, from the purely musical point of view these violations—most of them made in the interests of tighter and more effective drama—were regrettable. Even so, I must say that although I would deplore the permanent editing of the work along these lines, I found the broadcast a rather charming affair, worthy of more than the single performance it got. It had the advantages of a superb English translation, by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, of remarkable taste in the use of color, and of what seemed to me a welcome adroitness in the manipulation of the opera's *mise en scène*. And however much one may regret what temporarily happened to some details of Mozart's music in the process, one can have no regrets at all about what happened to Schikaneder's libretto. This libretto is, of course, about as clumsy and childish a hodgepodge as has ever appeared on the operatic stage. It has been defended by heavyweight Germanic thinkers on the ground that it contains profundities of a symbolic nature, but just what these profundities are, aside from crude personifications of concepts like good and evil (which, after all, occur in cowboy films, too), has never been made clear. It has also been defended on the ground that it is a "magic opera"—that is, a fantasy—to which the obvious reply is that it is simply not a very good one, and on the ground that it is engagingly representative of suburban theatrical taste in eighteenth-century Vienna, to which the obvious reply is that suburban theatrical taste in eighteenth-century Vienna must have been extraordinarily bad. "The Magic Flute," unlike "Don Giovanni" and "The Marriage of Figaro," is not a supreme operatic masterpiece. It survives only because it contains some of Mozart's most beautiful music, along with a few rather quaint little tableaux, which have a sort of sentimental charm for the seasoned listener, comparable to that which might be evoked by a Punch-and-Judy show.

The Metropolitan Opera, unlike the National Broadcasting Company, is an institution dedicated to the highest and most traditional artistic standards, and it would be unthinkable for it to tamper with Mozart's score. On Thursday night, it gave "The Magic Flute" a new production, in English, that was lavish and elaborate, and placed its musical direction in the hands of no less an artist than Bruno Walter, with results that were very gratifying. All the same, I couldn't help getting a little restless around the middle of the long second act, when Tamino was at last on the point of attaining the Eagle Scout status that would entitle him to marry the heroine. Most of my restlessness was due to the familiar juvenility of the libretto, but there were also things about the production itself that I didn't like. Harry Horner's sets and costumes, for example, often clashed unpleasantly in color, and seemed to reflect no consistent style—suggesting at one time or another everything from Stonehenge to the ruins of postwar Berlin, with occasional digressions into the sort of ironwork that ornaments the lobbies of Bronx apartment houses. Then, too, the translation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, is not as graceful as the one by Auden and Kallman. At one point, it has Pamina singing the word "betrothed" at the top of her lungs, and if you don't think that the combined pulmonary, labial, and lingual operations involved in this feat are pretty frustrating, just try it yourself. The cast, moreover, seemed to me far from an ideal one, with the notable exception of Theodor Uppman's excellent Papageno. I thought that Roberta Peters lacked the temperament and passion appropriate to the Queen of the Night, and that Jerome Hines lacked the authority and nobility of style appropriate to Sarastro. I found Brian Sullivan's vocal performance as Tamino extremely coarse, and the best I can say for Lucine Amara's Pamina is that it was ingenuous and not altogether displeasing. Curiously, this all-American cast seemed—again with the notable exception of Mr. Uppman—incapable of singing English with any kind of clarity or elegance.

ANYBODY who is under the impression that opera is a dying art form should visit some of our smaller auditoriums, where he will find the sheer quantity of new music dramas of one sort or another practically overwhelming. During the past two weeks, I have listened to no fewer than six of these works, and though I discovered no masterpieces among them, I was occasionally amused or otherwise rewarded. The best of them, to my mind, was a slight but skillful and ingratiating one-act opera by John Duke called "Captain Lovelock," which was produced by the Opera Workshop of the New York College of Music at the Carl Fischer Hall on Monday night of last week, and which proved to have some really good tunes. It was followed by something called "Tom Sawyer," by Jonathan Elkus, which turned out to be a play with incidental music, rather than an opera. . . . On Wednesday evening, the After Dinner Opera Company opened on East Seventy-eighth Street with a triple bill of one-act works, consisting of "Opera, Opera," a concoction by William Saroyan and Martin Kalmanoff; "The Pot of Fat," an opera, by Theodore Chanler, about a cat who married a mouse; and "Apollo and Persephone," an Olympian farce by Gerald Cockshott. Of these, Mr. Chanler's piece seemed a little lengthy but musically of some interest, and the Saroyan-Kalmanoff and Cockshott pieces struck me as of no musical interest whatever but highly entertaining. . . . The most pretentious of the fortnight's new operatic offerings was William Bergsma's "The Wife of Martin Guerre," a three-act job presented week before last in the auditorium of the Juilliard School of Music as part of that institution's recently concluded Festival of American Music. I am afraid I found Mr. Bergsma's rather tame and monotonous musical idiom unsuited to either dramatic or vocal purposes, and the accompanying libretto—a potentially moving variation on the Enoch Arden motif, by Janet Lewis—altogether too wordy and prosaic for operatic use.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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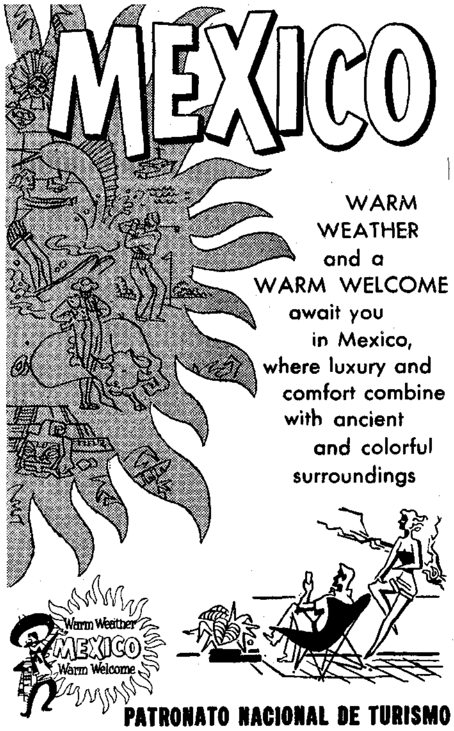

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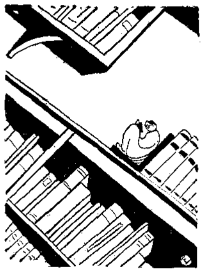

AROUND six thousand years ago, the city came into existence, as the stage setting for a new form of life, which we still call civilization. So great was this change from the earthbound, almost self-contained neolithic village that the archeologist V. Gordon Childe has named it the Urban Revolution. The city had the same dynamic features everywhere, from the valleys of the Indus and the Hoangho to the valleys of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates—specialized labor, intensified production, disciplined organization, and the construction of palaces, temples, pyramids, tombs, and other symbols of the collective imagination, raised to new heights by the internal pressures of urban living.

Most of the civilized institutions that now dominate modern man's life and make the word "civilization" ever more ambivalent and ironic came to life in the city. But if that change of six thousand years ago was a revolution, what words shall one use to describe the urban transformation that is now going on, largely without conscious direction or purpose, throughout the world? Once, cities were islands dotting an agricultural ocean. Today, an urban tidal wave is wiping out the rural hinterland, leaving only scattered patches of forest or arable land, which themselves are gradually sinking in a steely urban sea. (In 274 A.D., Imperial Rome covered only five square miles. Greater London today is a hundred and forty-five times as large.) By the beginning of the present century, England, the leader in the coal-and-iron revolution, housed some seventy-five per cent of its population in areas classified as urban, though a good part of the food this mass consumed still came from less congested portions of the world. What was once true of England alone is becoming true of the rest of us. By now, in America, only fifteen per cent of the population is needed to grow food and the other agricultural staples for the whole country; the rest of us are potential or actual city dwellers, and two-thirds of us are labelled city dwellers in the last census. This situation is a complete reversal of the historical proportions.

Intellectually, we are almost as unprepared to understand this situation as the inhabitants of Ur, Memphis, or Babylon would have been. Except to a few ancients like Aristotle, the city has long been a sort of blind spot in the sensorium of sociologists, historians, and political thinkers; one would hardly have guessed from the writings of such men up to a generation ago that this collective organization of buildings, technical facilities, and social purposes has accompanied man throughout recorded history. (People without cities, such as the Spartans, remained uncouth and "uncivilized.") To add to our misunderstanding of the problem that faces us, the majority of our authorities classify as "urban" both the three or four thousand people who may be scattered over a New England township ten miles wide and sixteen miles long and the three or four million people who occupy an area of similar size in one of our huge cities. Today, the validity of the city as a performer of specific functions is in doubt, for hardly a single activity that is carried on in it is not or has not been carried on in the open country. Ideally, the unique task of the city is to bring together a multitude of economic and social activities within a limited area, for the enrichment of life by the continued interactions and transactions of varied groups of personalities. But one is still confronted by the question of what special advantage an inhabitant of Canarsie, say, derives in his daily life from the piling up of banks, theatres, insurance offices, and advertising salons in midtown Manhattan.

In the ancient world, the city was the prime symbol of order and power, of security and continuity. But by now our big cities, and even most of our smaller ones, have become symbols of chaos, of human intentions that have been flouted and frustrated, of mechanical facilities that have got out of hand, to say nothing of constant insecurity and anxiety, marked by the wail of police, ambulance, and air-raid sirens. Vast numbers of people, discontented with life as they find it in these proud centers, are desperately escaping to the suburbs, settling for just so much of the city as they can take in vicariously through a television set. But they presently find that their escape is unreal; they have only produced a new kind of urban tissue, a little looser than that of the central core but equally disadvantageous to a self-directed life and often even more lacking in collective alleviations.

Most of our urban planning has failed because it has been so limited and hasty that it merely stereotypes present disabilities instead of deleting them. Since we badly need thinking of a wider range, there is good reason to welcome three recent contributions to the subject and to our belated education.

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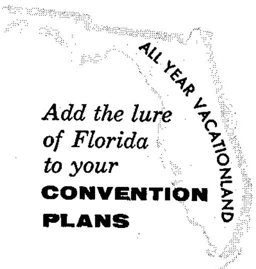

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the first of these contributions, is a detailed survey of the life and ways of the American city during a critical period of our country's development, from 1743 to 1776. His earlier book on this subject, "Cities in the Wilderness," deals with the first century of urban life in America, from 1625 to 1742. In both of these books, he corrects the overemphasis on the role of the pioneer and the folkways of the pioneer that followed Frederick Jackson Turner's brilliant analysis of the role of the frontier in American history. Bridenbaugh shows, instead, how large and influential a part of the Eastern seaboard was committed to the urban way of life. The Colonial cities he selects for his study are Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charles Town (Charleston, South Carolina), and with penetrating as well as exhaustive scholarship he goes into the minutiae of their life at a time when the medieval institutions that had been carried over here from across the ocean were beginning to disappear. The wealthier members of these communities, he demonstrates, formed a compact élite that sought to keep abreast of their contemporaries in England. This perhaps explains why eighteenth-century Americans like Franklin took Europe in their stride, while Mark Twain, a hundred years later, remained an Innocent Abroad.

Possibly because one is appalled at the amount of violence and crime that is daily committed in our big cities, there is a perverse consolation in following Bridenbaugh's account of the same phenomena in those comparatively simple days of two centuries ago—not alone the activities of imported felons but indigenous counterfeiting, criminal assaults, burglaries, murders, and riots, to say nothing of such mild outbursts of juvenile delinquency as the breaking of street lamps. Congested housing, high rents, and the suburban drift began as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. Apparently, the germs of our present urban ailments had already lodged in Professor Bridenbaugh's five big cities, if not in the smaller country towns where the rural folkways and the neighborly surveillance of the village, to say nothing of a rigorous Protestant moral code, still prevailed.

The publisher has paid a tribute to the quality of Bridenbaugh's scholarship by making "Cities in Revolt," in format and typography, an exemplary work of art, and it would be churlish to mar the beautiful surface of this book with mere flyspecks of criticism. But there is one

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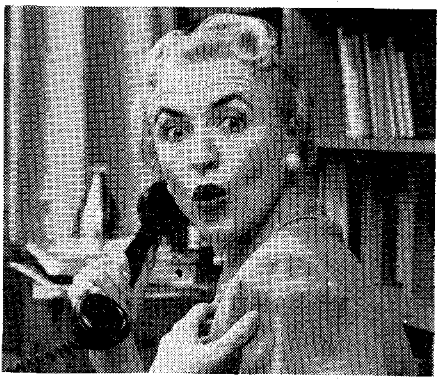
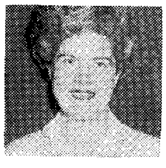
facet of his subject for which the author's method seems inadequate, for he fails to bring out the specific character of the city, which, though it is not an organism or a personality, is endowed with some of the attributes of both organism and personality. These attributes are expressed in its plan, its architecture, its silhouette, its hinterland, the customs and habits and projects and collective dreams of its citizens—its characteristic, day-to-day activities. The materials for such a unified portrait of these cities are strewn through Bridenbaugh's two books, and nobody else has so thoroughly mastered them. But one does not get from his work, as one might from a print of a European city by Merian, an over-all view of the city as an identifiable, highly individualized whole.

"GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD, THEIR GOVERNMENT, POLITICS, AND PLANNING" (Macmillan), a symposium by some twenty specialists on as many metropolises, has been edited by Professor William A. Robson (himself one of the contributors), of the University of London, and perhaps the foremost authority on urban public administration. The book is appropriately almost as elephantine as its subject, and just as full of fascinating details. Professor Robson does not treat mere numbers as a criterion of greatness, so he includes such truly great cities as Amsterdam and Copenhagen, which have not yet reached a population of a million, and, since the big city is a worldwide phenomenon, he wisely takes in Indian and Australian cities. The survey is not as comprehensive as Professor Robson wished—he mentions disappointments in his efforts to get contributions from certain areas—but the sampling of a score of big towns is a fair one, and anyone who studies this book will understand as never before what the great city is up against and how difficult it is even to formulate its problems or to devise the agencies necessary to direct the destinies of such a complex massing of people. That there is a core of life in the big city worthy of love and perpetuation is Professor Robson's conviction, but he realizes that this core can be preserved and rehabilitated only if further city growth takes the form that it is now taking in England, under the New Towns Act—the building of physically self-contained communities, with their own industries and business enterprises, spatially separated from a big city but able, when necessary, to quickly draw on its higher order of

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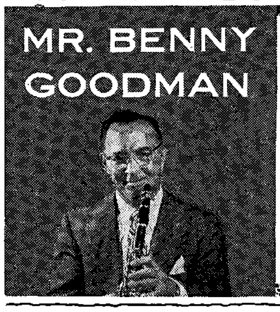

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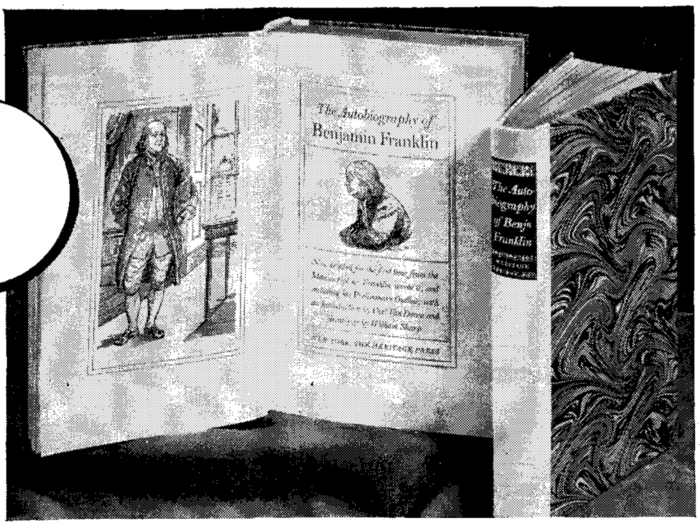

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography has never before been printed in a book as he wrote it, although he wrote it nearly one hundred and seventy years ago. And, although it is known throughout the world as *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin,* he never applied that title to it; for (incredible as it may seem) the word "autobiography" had not even come into the language when Benjamin Franklin sat down to write his memoirs: in fact, it is likely that the word "autobiography" was developed only *because* Franklin wrote his memoirs.

It is strange indeed that such a masterpiece of simplicity, by such a master of both printing and publishing, should have had so complex a history in reaching the world of books. The explanation seems to be that Franklin put off the task of completing his memoirs until it was too late, and therefore he was dead before he could take a hand in the publication. The original manuscript was at his home in Philadelphia when, in 1789, in the month of November, he made two copies. One of these he sent to Benjamin Vaughan in England, the other he sent to Louis Le Veillard in France.

FIVE MONTHS LATER, in April of 1790, he was dead; and the matter of publishing the memoirs was left to the discretion of his grandson, William Temple Franklin.

The copy which had been sent to Vaughan in England has never been found. The copy which had been sent to Le Veillard in France was used as the text for the printed version published by William Temple Franklin in London in 1818. However, a French publisher named Buisson had already printed a pirated version in Paris in 1791, the source for the text not being known, and from the French version a pirated English translation was published.

Then, in 1868, the United States Minister to France, John Bigelow, prepared an edition based upon but not exactly following the manuscript obtained from the descendants of Le Veillard.

But what a complication is all this!

For, if the earliest pirated translation is disregarded, there are still, for the interest of those who take an interest, four "first editions" of *Franklin's Memoirs.*

THEREFORE, since the Huntington Library is now in possession of the original manuscript, that Library combined with the University of California Press recently to issue a large quarto volume which was called *The Parallel Text Edition of Benjamin Franklin's Memoirs* and which printed the four existing versions.

But it was upon publication of this Parallel Text Edition that our good friend Carl Van Doren, whose biography of Benjamin Franklin has for years been considered the definitive life, suggested to us that we would render a service to the world in general, and to the members of The Heritage Club in particular, if we prepared a book in which Franklin's *memoirs* would be printed directly from the original manuscript, in book form, for the first time.

WE AGREED, with enthusiasm and without hesitation; and then insisted that we could not get very far without Mr. Van Doren's assistance. This he gave, without hesitation and with enthusiasm. He directed us in the assembling of the text, and he supplied a fresh and wonderfully interesting introduction. When he sent us his introduction, he wrote "It is the first one in years that has anything new in it. Nobody, so far as I know," wrote Mr. Van Doren, "has before me studied the process by which the life or *memoirs* of Benjamin Franklin came to be called autobiography. The immense vogue of the *Life Written by Himself* may have had something to do with the appearance in English early in the nineteenth century, a decade or so after Franklin's death, of the new word 'autobiography' made up from the Greek to mean a life written by the person who had lived it. Then in 1840 Jared Sparks printed a *Life of Benjamin Franklin* in two parts: called 'Autobiography' as far as Franklin's own narrative went. For a good many years after that the work was more often *Life* or *Memoirs* than *Autobiography,* but John Bigelow's first printing, in 1868, gave it the title *Autobiography* which has since then superseded any other."....

You want more? The words you have just been reading are an excerpt only, they represent the beginning lines of a current issue of THE HERITAGE CLUB SANDGLASS. That is a small and unpretentious and (it is hoped!) inoffensive leaflet which is sent each month to the members of The Heritage Club. If you are interested in reading the remainder of *this* issue of the SANDGLASS, and in receiving future issues too, you need only fill out and send us the coupon below. You will not be offered a membership in THE HERITAGE CLUB! Memberships in the Club are not always available, and this is one month in which they are not. We are willing to put you on the subscription list now because you *might* be interested in having a membership if and when one is available.

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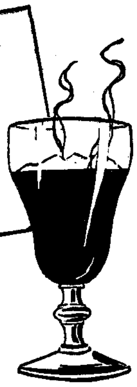

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professional and educational resources. This calls for a new political unit, larger than any existing metropolitan area, scaled to our modern modes of transportation and communication, and capable of establishing and maintaining a balance between urban and rural needs. Perhaps the best contribution of the great city, through its development of technical administrative skills, will be to provide the means and the imaginative audacity to deal with this bigger political unit and this new form of integration.

"American Skyline," by Christopher Tunnard and Henry Hope Reed (Houghton Mifflin), is a book of quite a different order, and insofar as it follows its subtitle in dealing with "the growth and form of our cities and towns" it is, strangely, a unique work, for no one, before these two venturesome pioneers, had made even a swift historic reconnaissance of the way in which our cities have developed. For their enterprise the authors deserve special thanks and praise. Professor Tunnard, who is head of the city-planning department at Yale, is the author of the earlier "The City of Men," a compendious work on the art of civic design, full of brilliant criticisms, capricious insights, and odd aesthetic atavisms—the sort of book an intelligent person can study with profit if he knows anything about the subject, though the unwary student might fall into confusion. "American Skyline," a joint work, nevertheless has the same virtues and prejudices Mr. Tunnard exhibited in his earlier one. In its large sweep, it is admirable; moreover, it constantly relates the two-dimensional surface plan of the American city, often orderly to the point of geometric rigor, to the three-dimensional aspect, as revealed—too often chaotically—in buildings, gardens, open spaces, and urban "furniture" generally. Not the least virtue of the book is the authors' way of drawing upon fiction of earlier periods for the descriptive notes they need. Against these virtues one must note that the evaluations are often superficial and the historic details sometimes vague and inaccurate, by reason of both commission and omission.

A book of only three hundred pages on such a large subject must be selective, and the authors' main criterion of selection is an aesthetic one. They turn away from that current mockery, the City Efficient, to contemplate the moments when a glimpse, at least, of the City Beautiful has been achieved. I would

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not quarrel with their choice of beauty as a measure of health, since beauty—in the sense of order, color, form, bodily grace, and gesture—depends upon general organic soundness. But beauty must be more than skin-deep—a fact that Professor Tunnard too often overlooks—and this concept has been absent from the minds of the most active city planners of the present generation, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Robert Moses and his staff. Unfortunately, by beauty the authors seem to mean a particular kind of order and rhythm that characterized the architectural work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and then enjoyed a limited revival, after 1890, in monumental civic centers and formal approaches, as in the revised plan for Washington, D.C. The authors, however, not merely admire this architecture and planning in its time and place, as one is bound to admire (in *its* time and place) Jefferson's great design for the University of Virginia; they admire it when it is out of place and lacking in relevance to the needs and purposes of a later day. They veer so far away from distinguishing between living symbols and dead ones that they even (shades of St. Paul's and St. Peter's!) call the dome on the San Francisco City Hall a "symbol of democracy."

This limitation of their thought is a serious one. Granted that the concept of spatial order that dominates Burnham and Bennett's great early-twentieth-century plan for Chicago has the breath-taking sweep and generosity of Versailles, the fact is that Versailles is the aesthetic expression of a ruthless absolutism, indifferent to the life outside its palatial environs—the same attitude, in general, as all baroque planning. Most of the niggardly planning that has been done in American cities cannot, one cheerfully admits, compare with the great transformation of Chicago's Lake Shore, even when judged by the meagre standard of practical results. But the texture of Chicago, those vast square miles of the drab and the inane, remains pathetically unchanged. Any city planning worthy to be called organic must bring some measure of beauty and order into the poorest neighborhood. To justify their preoccupation with a purely superficial beauty and order, the authors of "American Skyline" overlook or denigrate a more basic approach to planning. Thus, they dispose of the first important step toward architectural integration in Chicago by lumping all the vigorous work of its architects in the eighties and nineties under the defama-

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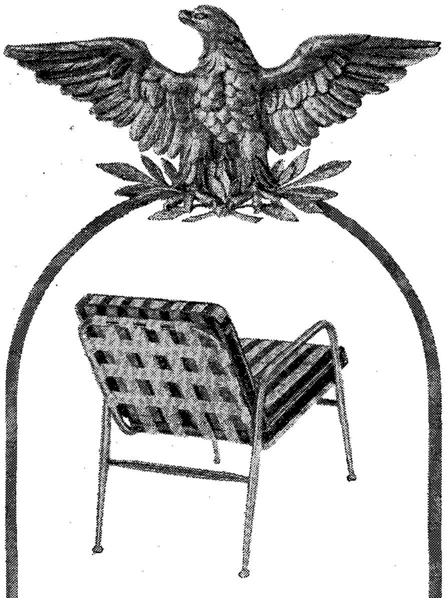

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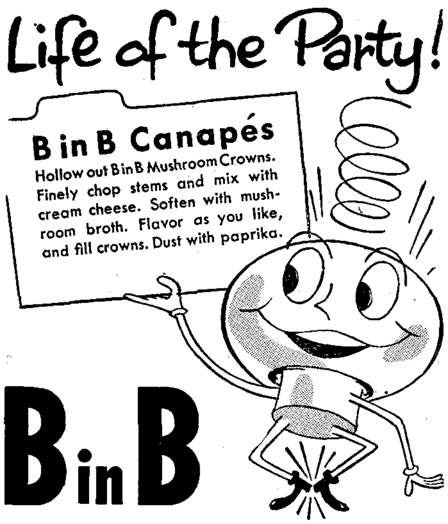
tory title of the "picturesque secessionist school." The attitude back of this absurdly misleading epithet seems almost to suggest an abhorrence of originality in any form. One hardly exaggerates the point of view of the authors when one says that for them the beautiful cannot be original and the original cannot be beautiful. The only comment they have to make on Baldwin Hills Village, in California, one of the best examples of sound modern community design in this country, is that "this attractive 'village' has the unusual feature of a strictly formal plan," whereas its truly unusual features are the segregation of private garages in cul-de-sacs, the large internal green, the complete absence of streets and roads within the superblock upon which this community is built (and the consequent elimination of wheeled traffic), and the treatment of the individual garden spaces as private outdoor rooms—features that make it an expression not of academic formalism but of vital modern needs.

Now, it is true that during the last generation many crass and ill-conceived buildings have been put up in the name of "modern" planning and architecture. The skyscrapers in Pittsburgh's Triangle, for example, which follow Le Corbusier's long-out-of-date Voisin plan, with its freestanding towers, are a mediocre exploitation of the possibilities of modern planning. So, too, the internal clutter and pinchpenny economy of many modern public buildings does not compare with the noble lines and the ancient Roman grandeur of our Pennsylvania Station. But in their impatience to restore a traditional beauty to the American city, Messrs. Tunnard and Reed ignore an important ingredient of all living art—its integrity. An artist cannot and will not regurgitate the undigested past; whatever historical precedent he draws upon must be so well assimilated that its source cannot be suspected, since it has now become part of another living organism. Even for the sake of continuity, no live architecture will consent to dress itself in the castoff symbolic finery of another generation, however freshly these hand-me-downs are refurbished. Olmsted's Central Park was not just a Victorian imitation of the eighteenth-century English romantic landscape architecture; it contained a highly original feature one would have looked for in vain anywhere else—the extensive separation of the pedestrian, the horseback rider, and the wheeled vehicle within the park, and the even more thorough separation of crosstown traffic from all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other traffic. This concept was the daring forerunner of Radburn, the first of the American planned communities, of which Baldwin Hills Village is a later example. The authors mention Radburn's distinctive features, but without indicating their significance for the future. The post-1900 civic centers that Tunnard and Reed now retrospectively praise were, on the other hand, already obsolete in plan and architectural elevation when they were being built; their buildings were empty classic shells, woefully maladapted to the functions they serve, and their aesthetic effect, in almost every city (Cleveland, San Francisco, and Madison, Wisconsin, among them) was ruined because their formal order was undermined by the incongruous surrounding buildings. The modern form for such a center is not an open plaza choked with traffic, difficult to approach or walk through, but a campus that—like the superblock—is completely closed to all but pedestrian traffic. Yet the reader would hardly gather from "American Skyline" that such new forms are beginning to emerge, still less that some of our shopping centers are already demonstrating the possibilities of civic integration. Is this, perhaps, because Messrs. Tunnard and Reed do not recognize beauty when it bears the marks of the "picturesque secessionist school"?

In their final chapter, on the Regional City, the authors have to an extent redeemed themselves, though they have not allowed themselves enough space to do so effectively. Following up Clarence S. Stein's concept of the regional city, which he outlined a generation ago and visually demonstrated in 1939 in a film called "The City," the authors show the need for revising our whole notion of the city in terms of the new scale of distances, which alters the problems of both centralization and decentralization. Professor Tunnard's experience in grappling with the problems of New Haven and other Connecticut towns gives him a fresh insight and perhaps makes the authors' approach here less nostalgic and formalistic—and much more challenging. They see the necessity of creating a new political authority that shall be capable of handling urban and rural planning together, in order to maintain the qualities essential to each within the larger framework of the region. In holding this view, they happily vitiate the main thesis of their book, for they tacitly admit that something more than sound aesthetic decisions is essential if our urban communities are once more to achieve beauty and order. One could wish that the

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whole book had been written with the same vigor of understanding and inventiveness. Nevertheless, this chapter, sketchy and fragmentary though it is, almost makes up for the holes and blind spots in the rest of the book.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

RING IN THE PORRIDGE BOILER

Nearly every morning I make the porridge, using quick-cooking Quaker Oats in an enameled double boiler. Before pouring it out my wife stirs in brown sugar and milk. She then puts the pot under the cold water tap and fills it up to the brim and over. After breakfast I wash up, and I find always a beautiful ring on the surface of the water. It is a narrow ring, not more than ⅛ inch wide, situated about ½ inch from the rim. It looks as if it is composed of fine porridge particles. The water surfaces within the ring and between the ring and rim of pot look equally clean. What is the cause of the production of this ring? Is it that during the breakfast interval the surface tension of the water next the rim is lowered by contact with the remains of the porridge, or by the warmth of the porridge pot so that the colder surface inside pulls away from the water next the rim bringing some porridge (and perhaps small air bubbles) with it? The ring is always complete.

Only once have I found no ring; on inquiry, my wife told me she had used some whipping cream (left over from a party the night before) instead of milk. Now what does the dairy company put into whipping cream? Some foam stabilizer? And why should it have this effect?

JOHN SATTERLY
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
TORONTO 5, CANADA

POSTSCRIPT TO NOTE ON THE RING IN THE PORRIDGE BOILER

On more recent examination of this ring I have come to the conclusion that this phenomenon is not caused by surface tension but by air bubbles bringing fragments of porridge up from the lower (and smaller) portion of the wall of the boiler. Air bubbles are probably entrained in the porridge by the previous beating up with milk and sugar before pouring up. Often too, a distinct pattern of the bowl of the spoon (which has been left in the boiler) and the lower part of its handle appear on the surface of the water. This must be the result of fragments of porridge which have risen from the edge of the spoon. The main circular ring had made me think of surface tension as the agency in action, but the pattern of the spoon convinced me that the phenomenon is more likely the result of the rise of the small air bubbles with their attendant porridge. A touch of soap to the water surface does not displace the ring.

JOHN SATTERLY
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—Letters in the American Journal of Physics, Volume 23, No. 8, page 547.

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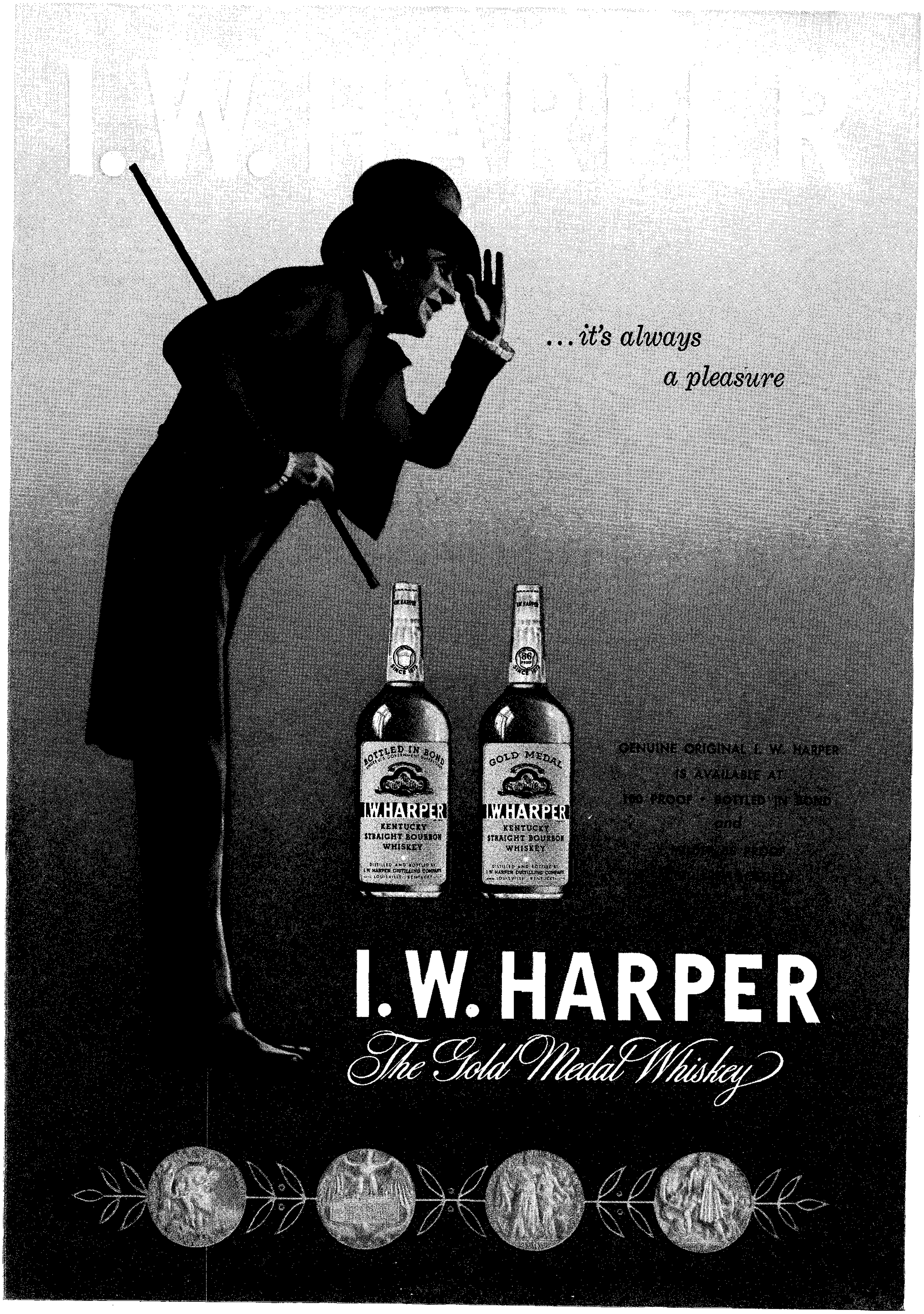
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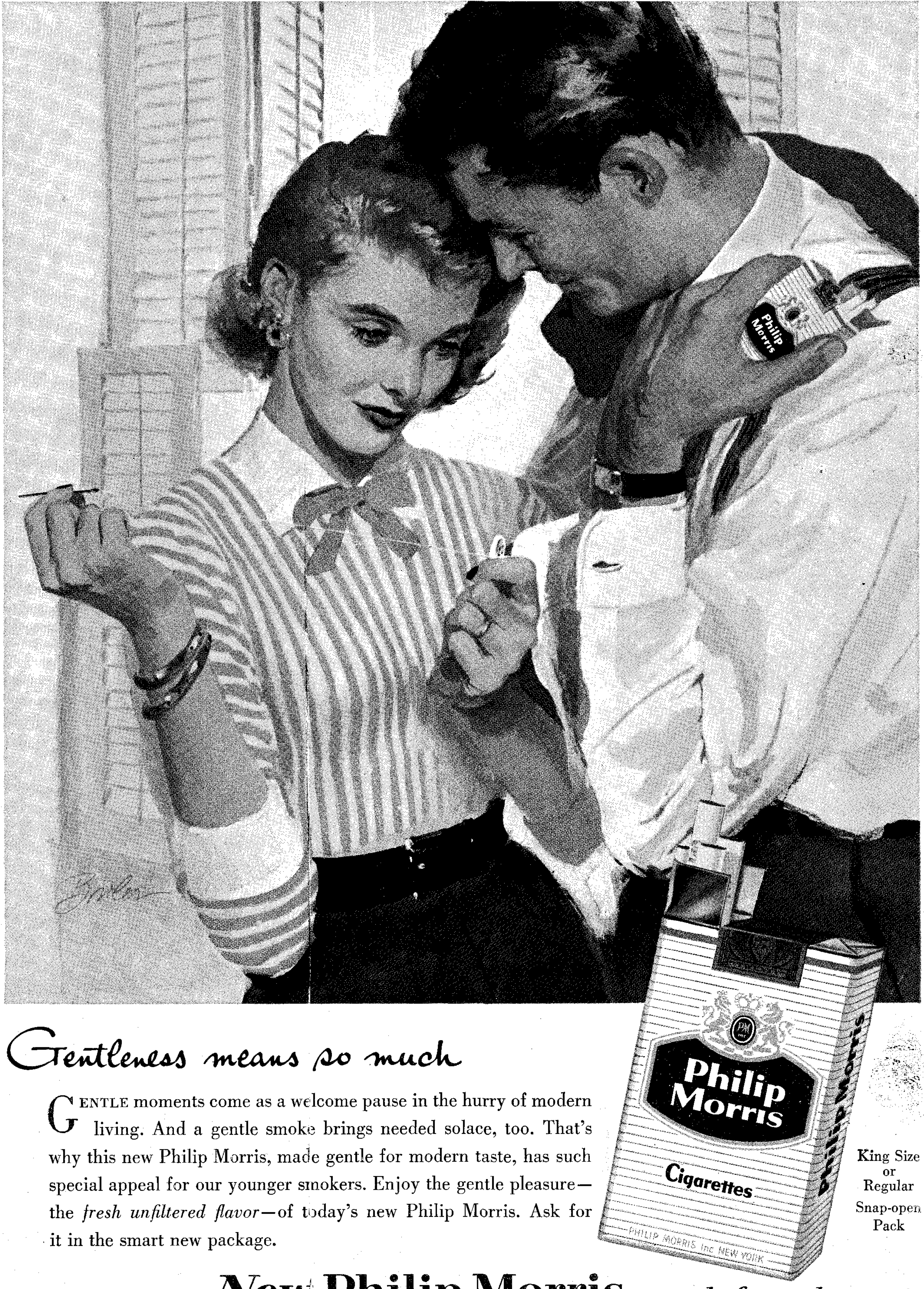
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